

# NATIONAL

MAGAZINE 15 Cents

## THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO

ACROSS THE BORDER WITH

Joe Chapple

Peter Mac Queen F.R.G.S.

Capt. Winslow Hall

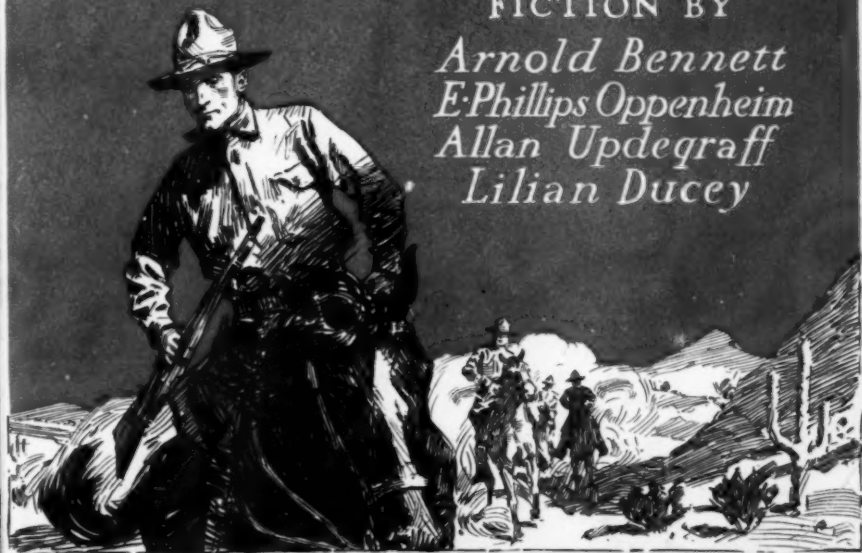
FICTION BY

*Arnold Bennett*

*E. Phillips Oppenheim*

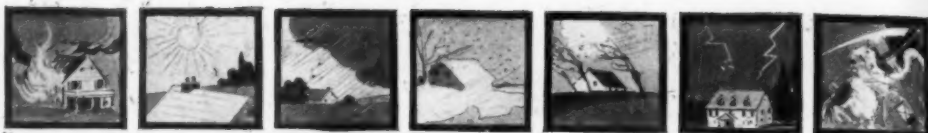
*Allan Updegraff*

*Lilian Ducey*



*The "HEART THROBS"*  
Magazine

JUNE  
1914



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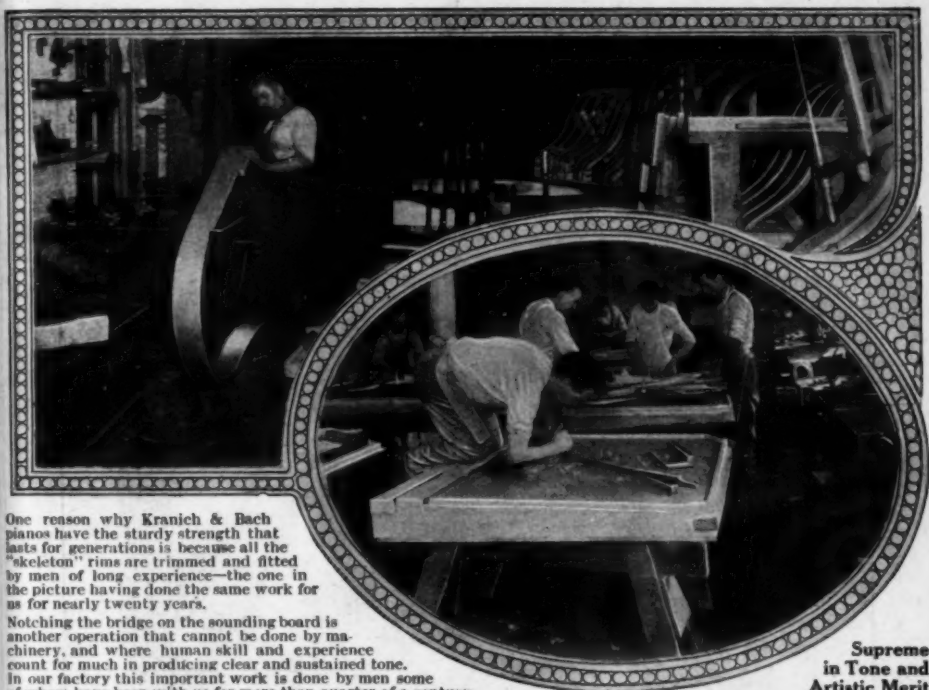


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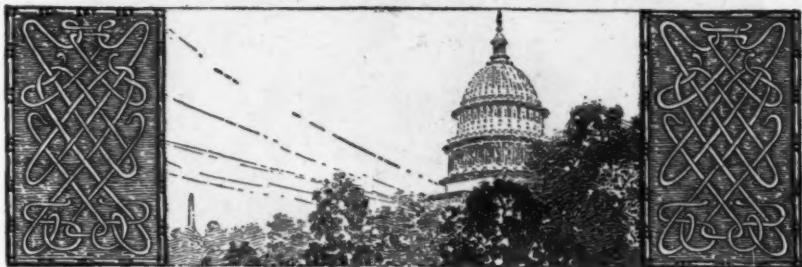
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*I leaned across the table towards him. The muzzle was within a few feet of his cheek. He did not flinch for a moment. "If your object is to live," he remarked, "you would immediately defeat it"*

—See "Daughter of the Stars," page 411

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**R**ETURNING from Mexico, I arrived in Washington on Sunday morning. Flags were flying from every quarter, for the top of the stately dome of the Capitol and every public building was adorned with the Stars and Stripes on that beautiful Sunday in May. Washington never seemed more beautiful in its vernal splendor. The President had just issued a proclamation—not of war—but a proclamation for Mothers' Day. In the churches tributes were paid to the mothers of America, and everyone wore either a white carnation or some other flower in honor of their mother. It was an eloquent expression of filial gratitude, suggesting the spirit of Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, who during the Civil War lost five sons in the Union service. Even at that time the remains of nineteen brave soldier boys, who were killed at Vera Cruz, were being taken on warships to New York from Mexico.

The Mothers' Day resolution, passed by the House and Senate and signed by the President, demonstrated how quickly the American nation responds to wholesome sentiment. The first announcement of a Mothers' Day celebration was made in the NATIONAL some time ago, at the urgent request of Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia. This young lady originated and inspired the observance of "Mothers' Day in the month of May" all over the United States. She told how every year the portrait of her own mother was adorned with flowers, and she wrote to governors, mayors, presidents and editors, appealing to them to advocate an observance of Mothers' Day in May. They were slow to respond at first, but the plucky Philadelphia girl kept on writing and purchased thousands of stamps at her own expense to push the work year by year. Finally the governors of some states took action, then the mayors of cities, and eventually the papers took the matter up, influencing the public at last to endorse her filial devotion. Her success illustrates how much one individual can do even with limited means when their time, energy and whole soul is consecrated to a great idea. The mother of the little family that came from



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THE BLUE ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE IN WEDDING ARRAY

At this altar the marriage of Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson to Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo was solemnized on the seventh of May

the South would indeed have been gratified if she were living, that the devoted appreciation of her daughter had led in a movement that culminated in an executive proclamation by the President of the United States to observe Mothers' Day.

The scenes of Mothers' Day in Washington, with all the rumors of war in Mexico, seemed to accentuate the spirit of peace. During all the stress and excitement, one thing that has restrained government officials in precipitating

war has been the thought of mothers and wives who, far away from the excitement of stirring scenes, must suffer from fears and sorrows which even the terrible scenes of battle do not inspire in brave men. The white carnation is an emblem of purity and peace—two words associated with the thought of mother-love and devotion. When the congregations bowed their heads, with each individual having a vision of mother, whether she were still living, or had become to them an "angel standing in the sun," there was presented to the world an example of the wholesome spirit of the American people—not to be surpassed by the impressive demonstration of great armies and navies.

THE warfare of strenuous debate continued in the Senate when the Panama Canal bill came stalking over from the House. A Democratic caucus was held, for it seemed as if a break in the party line was pending. Senator Hoke Smith, spokesman for the administration, was conferring with Senator Elihu Root, one of the leaders of the opposite party. At the hearing in committee, Senator O'Gorman, as leader of the opposition, valiantly championed his convictions, irrespective of the decree of party leaders. The statement by former Secretary of State Knox as to the interpretation of the treaty was given at this time to clarify the situation. Little does one realize in watching the varying scenes and interesting proceedings of Congress from the gallery that the changing of a word or turning of a phrase may lead to radical differences in the interpretation of treaties as well as of statutory law.

When the Panama Canal project was rapidly approaching an actual beginning, years ago, there was little thought that the treaty, which at that time seemed to evoke little opposition, was not all-sufficient for the purposes of insuring to the United States all her rights and privileges in the operation of the Canal. The ghost of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the "bogie man" that stood in the way of building a canal, was then eliminated. The country seemed gratified when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was agreed upon, but now comes the interpretation of that treaty—defining the intent of the words. There was a demand to have the treaty ratified at once rather than have it go back to England for a revision. That meant delay, and what the people wanted then



MRS. WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO  
Formerly Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, daughter of  
President Wilson



was the Canal, though it was necessary for this treaty to be made before the work could be begun. Americans wanted "the dirt to fly." The dirt has flown—Colonel Goethals has swung wide open the gates at Gatun, and cut a channel through the earth at the Cucarocha slide, and commerce has actually opened at Panama. The necessity for this was occasioned by the closing of the Tehuantepec railroad route. The great achievement of opening the Panama Canal was completed with less spectacular pageant than the embarkation of troops at Vera Cruz.

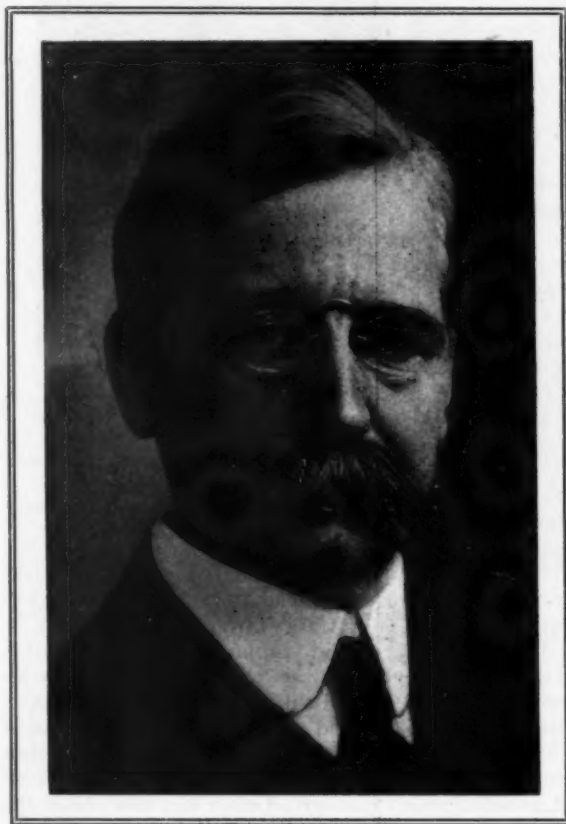
**E**XTENDING back over a century, Vermont, as the first state admitted to the Union after the thirteen colonies had united, has had a long and distinguished line of men in the Senate.

It was Governor Paul Dillingham who appointed George F. Edmunds to the Senate. The name of Dillingham has been indissolubly associated with

the history of Vermont for many years. Anyone visiting the United States Senate today can observe the son of Governor Dillingham, Hon. William Paul Dillingham, senior Senator from the state of Vermont, who is one of the ideal legislators in the Upper House of Congress, having every qualification expected from a member of that body and reflecting honor and distinction upon his state.

Other sons of Governor Dillingham have been prominent in military affairs: Charles Dillingham, a brother of the Senator, was lieutenant-colonel of the 8th Vermont, and Edwin Dillingham, major of the 10th Vermont, was killed in action at Opequon in September, 1864.

Senator Dillingham served as Vermont's



THE SENIOR SENATOR FROM VERMONT

Hon. William P. Dillingham has the confidence of the entire Senate, and is admired in official circles for his simple, sincere habits and unflagging integrity

State Attorney, in both houses of her legislature and as Governor of the state in the same conscientious and dignified manner that has characterized his career in the Senate. When he was elected to the Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justin S. Morrill—a veteran whom every Vermonter will remember with pride—he continued to maintain the uninterrupted distinction that the Green Mountain State has always held in the United States Senate.

Of distinguished appearance, tall and dignified, Senator Dillingham in his simple habits, modesty, thoroughly tested ability and unswerving integrity, is an influence in the Senate today which it would be a national calamity to lose. With unflagging fidelity and broad views upon living questions, he enjoys the esteem and confidence of his colleagues, regardless of party. As the leader of six important and hard-working committees, the Senator has well earned the distinction that will raise him to greater eminence should the wheel of political fortune again bring his party into power. But whether he is in power or out of power, his courtesy, equanimity and spirit of justice has always been conspicuous, and he has always given his public duties conscientious service, reserving nothing. When he speaks, his arguments are forceful and effective,

especially when matters of importance to the nation or his home state are under discussion. He never shirks a duty or seeks popularity by dramatic effect or demagogic appeals to position or interest, but is the embodiment of true old New England zeal for righteous and just legislation, and the people of his own state can scarcely realize his important work in the committee room, because it has been done quietly and without the blare of trumpets. With the courage of his convictions, and the Spartan spirit of a typical New England legislator, he reaches conclusions through the consideration of evidence and facts, never thinking of personal, political or partisan interest when a question of right or wrong is involved.

That is why Senator Dillingham is so much admired at Washington, and especially by those familiar with his work and his long term of loyal service. Firm as Plymouth rock and as stalwart in his ideals as in his physical stature, those who know him well hold that no one in the Senate can compare with him as a man who stands firmly by the moorings of representative government, such as the state of Vermont, once an independent republic and a commonwealth that has never known the rule of king or potentate, holds most sacred.



HON. WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

Whose marriage to the President's daughter binds him more closely to his chief



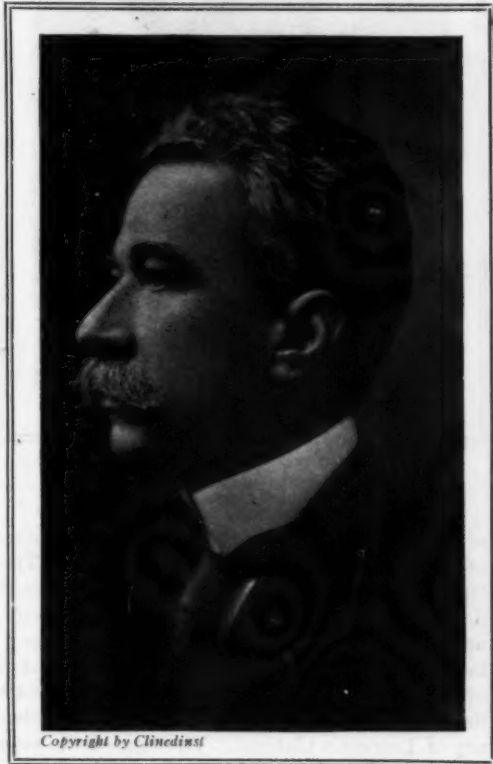
THE AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT NIAGARA FALLS  
 (Left to right) Former Solicitor-General Frederick W. Lehmann and Associate Justice Lamar of the United States Supreme Court

**W**HILE the war in Mexico is summarized by some readers as a contest between the Cowdrey English Oil Company and the Standard Oil Company of America for possession of the greatest oil fields in the world, the fact remains that the Panama Canal is an important key to the situation.

The mediators, headed by delegates from the chief Latin-American republics, are already in session at Niagara Falls, where, amid the roar of the great cataract, deliberations between representatives from Argentine, Brazil and Chile, the American delegates and the Huerta envoys are now making progress. The event promises to be a matter of great moment internationally, for the spirit of modern diplomacy is mediation. The plan to have Mexico adopt a commission form of government under five commissioners, two to be chosen by Huerta, two by the Constitutionals, and one by the two opposing sides, was suggested early in the deliberation. Who can foretell the importance of events in the past month in connection with the destiny of the United States and other nations of the western hemisphere? Incidental and apparently trivial happenings often lead to results of momentous consequence.

**A**MIDST the alarums of war, as we read in Shakespeare, or near war, as we read in "extras," the brigade of newspaper men continue their rambles around the State, Army and Navy Building. The jaunty air of the newspaper man, with his cane and secreted roll of paper, is a feature of wartime activities not known during the Civil War. The first attack for news is usually made at the Navy Department, because Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels still remains a real newspaper man, even if he does mingle with admirals. The Secretary insisted that the dissemination of news should be rendered easy, so he gave newspaper facilities first consideration by providing a "press" room.

In the State Department the intricate problems of diplomacy were handled delicately while Secretary Bryan mopped his brow, and would doubtless have preferred to deliver an hour's address than try to answer all the interrogations of the newspaper men for twenty minutes. Dispatches in cipher and in clippings, rumors and counter rumors are rife in the State Department. The A.B.C. mediators, so named because hailing from Argentina, Brazil and Chile,



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MR. D. DA GAMA

Ambassador from Brazil, who, with the ministers from Argentina and Chile, promoted the Mexican-American mediation plans



SENOR DON EDUARDO SUAREZ

Minister from Chili, who gave his services in an effort to conciliate Mexico and the United States

were there opening up a line of communication from Niagara to Washington.

On to the War Department passed the merry throng of newspaper men. The large entrance to the Secretary's office had been filled with temporary desks for the correspondents, as if anticipating war in real earnest. There was a lull that day, and the rough board desks and the temporary telephones looked lonesome behind the lattice work. Secretary Garrison is proving one of the strong and popular men of the President's Cabinet; as the forty or fifty newspaper men filed in he continued reading his letters with a double pair of spectacles astride his nose. There was a jolly greeting when he looked up, and taking off one pair of glasses as a signal, the Secretary entered right into the spirit of "news gathering," answering quickly the fusillade

of questions, and even getting down the maps that would show the location of the oil wells and fields at Panuco and Tampico. They were pouring out thirty thousand gallons of oil every day into the waters of the Gulf, while the fighting was continued at that very moment between the Constitutionals and Federalists. In the Secretary's room hang the portraits of Alphonso Taft, father of President Taft, and Secretary of War in Grant's Cabinet, while opposite the features of Senator Elihu Root remind one of the Spanish war days. In the corner is a bronze bust of Edward M. Stanton, the sturdy figure of Lincoln's Cabinet. The flag of the Secretary of War and the national ensign furnished a touch of color. Secretary Garrison was induced to remove both pairs of spectacles while his picture was being taken with the Washington wartime correspondents. When the shot was fired from the camera, everybody smiled good-naturedly, and inquiries concerning the fate of Richard Harding Davis and others who had gone ahead of the army to Mexico City were resumed. Before the Secretary were the last dispatches from General Funston at the front at Vera Cruz. There were courtmartial complications, and Lincoln times were recalled when the Secretary directed cases to be "held up until further orders"—for further orders sometimes mean in War Department tradition a time that never arrives.



ON Corcoran Street in Washington, in a cozy little house with a glass door announcing business thereabouts, is located the Argentine Legation.

In one corner, seated at a flat top desk, Mr. Rómulo S. Naón was found wrestling with a mass of correspondence. Mr. Naón will be the last Argentine "minister," for now the ambassadorial rank is given to Argentina, and the representative of our stalwart sister republic of South America in the future will be "ambassadorial" in the full sense of the word. There is a snug arrangement of the offices at the legation that suggests the business spirit of the age. After meeting the people from that country one does not think of Argentina as a Latin country, because Argentina is strictly Argentina as the United States is distinctively America. It is a cosmopolitan country, with topographical conditions ranging from the subtropics on the north, the temperate zone in the center, and the colder arctic zone of the south, developing a distinctive race.

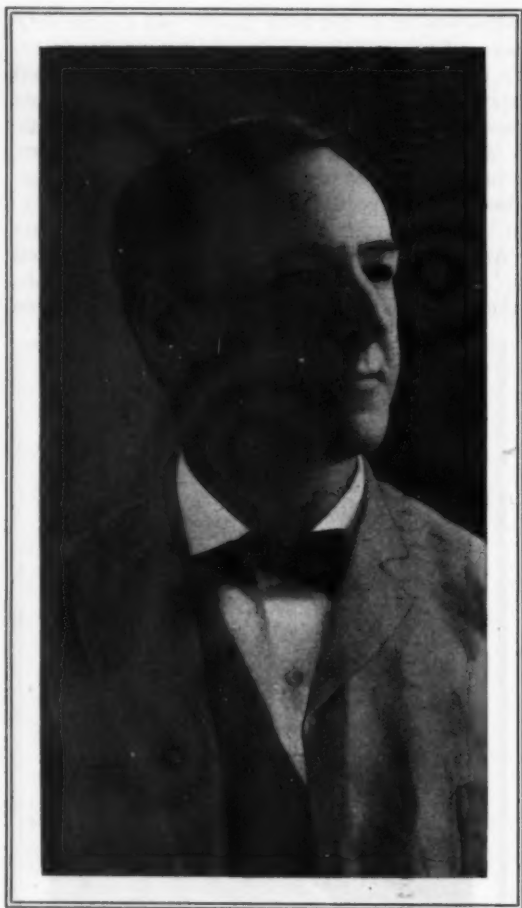
On the walls of the embassy were pictures of Washington and Lincoln, and also the founder of the South American republic, the George Washington of Argentina, and beneath a likeness of Sarmiento, the Lincoln of Argentina. Sarmiento was the first minister from Argentina to the United States, and the portrait of the first minister from the United States to Argentina hangs near a bronze bust of Sarmiento. Everywhere in the rooms are evidences of the distinctive and aggressive spirit of Argentina. The ambassador, Mr. Naón, made his first visit to the United States during the St. Louis exposition, and has always been an enthusiastic student and admirer of the United States. The three years in which he has represented his country at Washington have revealed the splendid executive and statesmanlike character of the young lawyer from Argentina, who dreamed in his school days of some day visiting in the United States, in order to gather suggestions that would add to the glory and substantial development of his native land. He is still in the early forties, and his soft brown eyes and iron gray hair are features of an ideal diplomat. There is none of the oldtime intriguing glance associated with diplomacy in the



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MR. RÓMULO S. NAÓN

Ambassador from Argentina and one of the "A B C" mediators between Mexico and the United States



HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

The energetic Secretary of the Navy. He has his hands full in these days of war and rumors of war, keeping his naval equipment and forces up to a high standard of efficiency

days of Talleyrand. It is strictly business these days, and the minister from Argentina has the ability and the charm of personality that commands respect and confidence. As people of one nation come to know each other there is a broader spirit of tolerance which makes impossible and absurd the old methods of agitation to acute situations in discussing international affairs. The new ambassador of Argentina will be a most welcome and honored addition to the expanding embassy circle of the nations of the world at Washington.

**W**HISTLING the air sung by Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," Secretary Daniels walked briskly to his office one April morning. There were visions of the vasty deep in his mind that day and images of great battleships, and I thought what a robust picture the Secretary, attired in full naval uniform, epaulets, chapeau and lace, would make, for

on that day he was the picture of a jolly tar, promoted to the admiralty and rejoicing in his appointment.

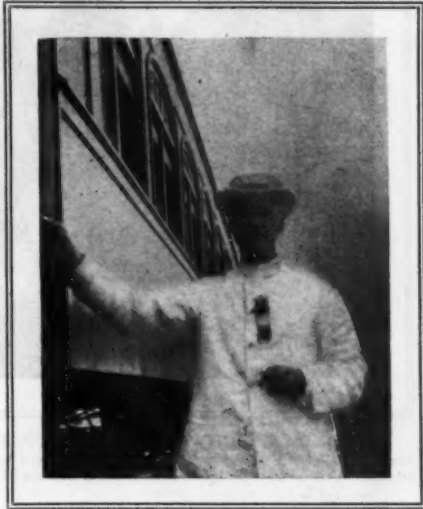
Secretary Josephus Daniels of the Navy, however, is a born newspaper man. To him the navy is something like a big newspaper, and he is working out the problem of recruiting his naval forces with the same care and thought he would give to building up the circulation of his newspaper. During one week, recently, four hundred and thirty-four stalwart young men were enlisted, forty-four more than the best record for a week's work in more than five years. This is a remarkable showing, considering the fact that the standard of the navy is today much higher than ever before and from forty to eighty per cent of the candidates are rejected by recruiting officers. The efforts made

under Secretary Daniels to make the lot of the enlisted man more attractive is bringing young men of ability into the service. As a builder of circulation for his newspaper or the building of the personnel of the rank and file of the navy, the Secretary gets right down to business, and does his construction on the individual unit plan.

CANAL gossip has a real interest in Washington since the Panama project draws near to completion. A group of Congressmen the other day were discussing the visit of a British commission, including Lord Kitchener, Sir Arthur Webb and other prominent gentlemen and irrigation experts, to the Gezireh district lying south of Khartoum, and enclosed by the conjunction of the White and Blue branches of the Nile. With an area of about 5,000,000 acres, this land is nearly level, having only a very gentle slope from the Blue Nile to the White River. A dam on the Blue Nile near Senaar, and a canal one hundred miles long will irrigate 500,000 to 1,000,000 acres of the best cotton-growing lands in Egypt.

Five million dollars has been assigned for the beginning of the work, which when fully completed will cost twenty-five million dollars. The White Nile dam is to be built about forty miles south of Khartoum, and is estimated to cost \$3,200,000. Over a million bales yearly of the finest Egyptian cotton is the estimated annual yield of this land, now a desert, when thus vitalized.

A Southern Congressman who listened intently to this information remarked in passing that this might be a good opening for Afro-Americans who wish to use their knowledge of cotton-growing and plantation management to the best advantage.



COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

His commendable work on the canal zone is greatly responsible for the successful completion of the project

THE selection of John Skelton Williams of Virginia as Comptroller of the Currency was gratifying to his friends. Long identified with the industrial progress of the New South, Mr. Williams has brought to this office efficient training and understanding for the task. The appointment entails great responsibility, because under the new currency law the Comptroller of the Currency, being a member of the Reserve Board, is charged with many important duties, and is possessed of tremendous power.

Mr. Williams comes to his new post with the experience to his credit of an active business career in Virginia and an arduous year in the Treasury



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**THE NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY**  
Hon. John Skelton Williams of Virginia is well fitted for this post through his experience in business and in the Treasury Department

Department, a branch of the government that has worked overtime in getting the machinery arranged for the operations of the new tariff. Even after theater hours lights have been burning in the Treasury Building. Mr. Williams took an important part as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in adjusting affairs to the new currency bill.

Attired in business garb, with blue necktie, the new Comptroller conducts the affairs of his office in a manner that indicates first a business man, courteous and simple—then an official, dignified and commanding. He is generous in his praise of Secretary McAdoo and of the way in which financial crises have been met with in the past year; especially he called attention to the announcement of the department that five hundred millions

of "emergency currency" is available in the event of a tight money market threatening a panic. And when the government offered millions to the banks to remove crops, meeting conditions at a time when even Europe was feeling squeamish over the world's financial condition, a second crisis was ably met.

The reports of the Treasury Department for the last year would be very interesting reading, could all the inside correspondence be made public. The gigantic proportions of our national wealth and resources, compared with that of other nations, is here revealed as nowhere else. With more gold in our vaults than any other power, and more than ever was known to be there before, why shouldn't the confidence of the government be expressed? Some of the banks still insist that there are serious flaws in the currency bill, but the fact of over seven thousand banks taking stock in Uncle Sam's Federal reserve institution is most gratifying. With such banks as the Continental Commercial National Bank of Chicago and National City Bank of New York in the lead, it is felt that banking interests generally will soon be adjusted satisfactorily to the new law, which in the main covers a much needed and imperative change.

Mr. Williams approved designs for the new bank notes carrying the features of Jefferson and Cleveland, together with those of Lincoln and Grant, and felt that he had done an act of justice in preserving to posterity more generously the likenesses of Democratic leaders on the bank notes of the Republic.

A LARGE part of my correspondence from readers, month after month, indicates that popular interest in affairs at Washington centers chiefly in the United States Senate. Although there may not be among its members such notably distinguished men as in former years, it still holds its prestige as the greatest legislative body in the world. No matter what may have been a man's previous distinction, when he once begins to respond to the roll-call in the United States Senate he knows that his actual measure is being critically and accurately taken.

Close observation for many years strengthens my conviction that, in the way of discussion and deliberation, there is a traditional usage that no political upheaval or criticism of the Civil War can seem to weaken or defeat. The personality of a Senator has greatly changed of late years, for the manner, methods and standard of distinction and prestige in public matters has changed with the trend of the times.

The attendance at the sessions of the Senate, having been almost continuous for over a year, is noticeably varied from day to day, different groups being present, when the various subjects are taken up. They seem to work in squads, so to speak, with the few notable exceptions of those who wear the medal for being neither tardy nor absent.

When the Senators begin work, "after the morning hour," their desks tell that something has been prepared the night before. It is certain that no Democratic leader since the time of Andrew Jackson has exerted such potential party influence as President Wilson.

When Senator Lodge arises and states that \$500,000 is needed to pay for the maintenance of Mexican soldiers and refugees in Texas and California, after they cross the border line, in accordance with the treaty signed at The Hague, it is known to be a statement of authority.



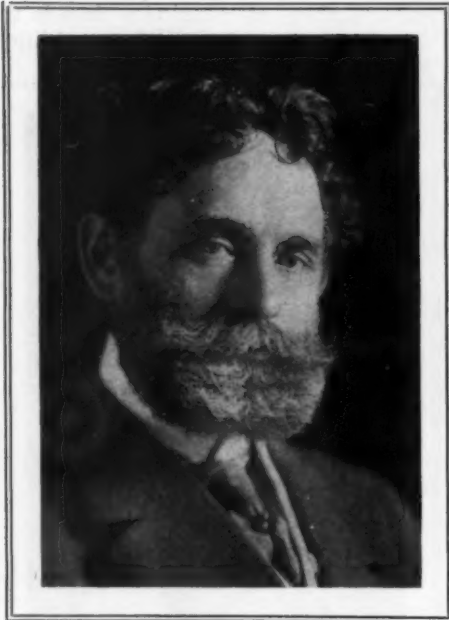
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MISS ELIZABETH CHAPPE

A Southern beauty, and the niece of Senator and Mrs. Ransdell of Louisiana



Or when Senator Myers, with his long, drooping mustache, addresses the Senate, you promptly realize that a lawyer is speaking. Senator Reed Smoot, pointing out with his gesticulating forefinger this and that point of order, is generally conceded to be right. And when Senator Hoke Smith looms up, suave and reserved, to make a practical suggestion, Southern courtesy is exemplified. When Senator Root with his high falsetto voice, in his quiet way, makes a statement on the authority of his wide experience in the War and State departments, you know it is authoritative.



SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS  
Of Illinois, known as the Beau Brummel of the Senate

Senator Williams has a free and easy way of interjecting a gleam of humor now and then into a debate that is refreshing. Although "a little hard of hearing," there are few words spoken that he does not hear. Senator Gallinger, in the front row, is always busy and is a floor leader familiar with procedure. One of the new members who has made a reputation for his solid and substantial common sense in the consideration of state questions is Senator Saulsbury of Delaware.

Senator Ham Lewis, always carefully attired, is "right lively" in debate. The division of the Senate on the suffrage question is thirty-five to thirty-four, and as the resolution to amend requires a two-thirds vote, this was a blow to suffrage largely administered by the Senators from the Southern states.

When Senator Simmons proceeds to quote newspaper reports showing that the country is prosperous and not so badly off as some pessimistic Senators would have it, Senator Smoot confronts him with his pockets loaded with newspaper clippings to the contrary.

The products of over half a million acres of American land, estimated at the yield of last year, has been imported to compete with the American farmers, without reducing the cost of living or helping out the farmers at home, according to Senator Sherman of Illinois. This discussion of public matters during the summer continues and the question naturally comes up, "Will President Wilson go on the stump, swing around the circle and otherwise complete any work that he feels has not been accomplished by legislative action?"

The same tireless capacity for hard and earnest work that characterized him as a Congressman has been brought to the Senate by Senator Joe Ransdell of Louisiana. Senator Pomerene and Senator Burton of Ohio make a characteristic representation of the Buckeye State.

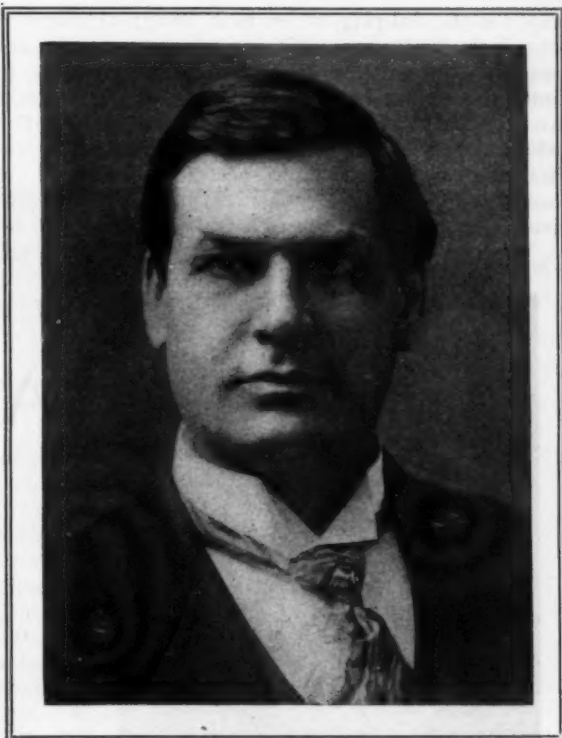
Judge O'Gorman, with deliberate diction and gestures, always lends a judicial aspect to a debate when he arises. Senator Jones of Washington, who was told by the President that "he was skating on thin ice," in his manner and method is the very embodiment of persistence.

Senator Reed of Missouri cannot resist the temptation "to stir things up a little" whenever he sees a chance, and many a member has found him a keen fencer in the thrust and parry of debate.

Even Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, still wearing his hair long, has come to realize that the Senate is too strong a body to face when attempting to repeal the fifteenth amendment. Senator La Follette has insisted that there is too much public access to sessions, and desires to keep the doors open only when treaties are being considered.

Meanwhile Senator Dillingham of the Green Mountain State continues his work in the same characteristic, conscientious and quiet way, and Senator Page is always present, a busy and attentive member who answers every roll call.

Altogether the personal characteristics of United States Senators furnish an interesting study of representative American personalities.

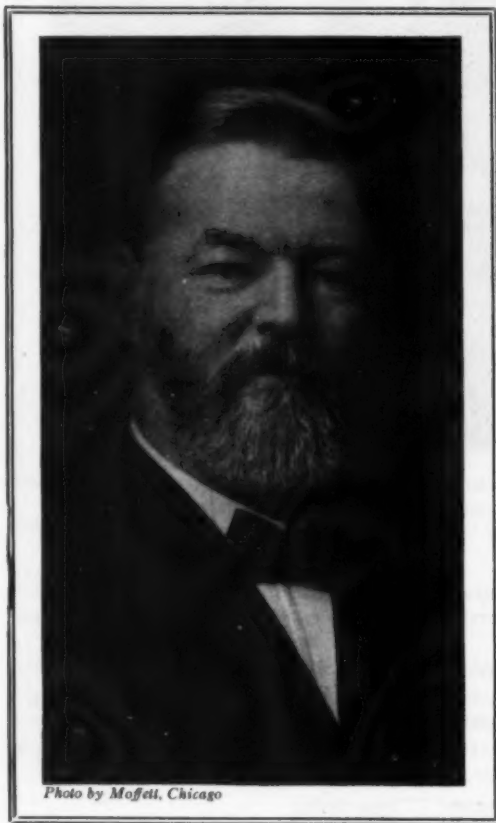


A SENATOR WHO LIKES A GLEAM OF HUMOR  
Hon. Wesley L. Jones of Washington does his work in a forceful way that usually produces results

THE closing hours of a session prior to adjournment are always interesting, for everyone is in a hurry. Under the glow of the hidden light from the ceiling, the debate at evening sessions seems more spectacular than in the regular grind of day business. The various conventions assembling in Washington during the spring made the most of their opportunities to stage the pictorial impression they carry back home with the actual presence of men prominent in public life. The American people always like to have the real

person in the real place where he is doing real things. The "Gridiron dinners" contain the lively aspect of having the actual personages present who are to be roasted. The sharp reprimand from the President following the "Caribou" dinner proceeding, indicates that there is a limit to which government officials can go. The President does not seem to appreciate the sort of humor that twits his policies, participated in by men in the government service, when Philippine legislation is in prospect, looking toward a plan for early independence of the little brown brother. President Wilson did not serve in the Philippines as did former President Taft, and he could not be expected to appreciate

a joke made of matters involving legislation promised in his party's platform.



*Photo by Moffett, Chicago*

MR. ANDREW J. GRAHAM

A popular Chicago business man, who heartily approves of Secretary Redfield's whiskers

**A**MONG the momentous problems which perplexed Washington during the last administration was "whiskey, whiskey," and now comes a rumor of trouble in the President's Cabinet, in the baffling question, "When is whiskers whiskers?"

When the Cabinet was formed there were insistent rumors that Secretary of Commerce Redfield, in the interest of "Jeffersonian simplicity," was immediately to whisk from his face the Burnside-model beardlets, because no other member possessed facial hirsute adornment, and even he was averse to the knightly mustache, to say nothing of feather dusters that gather insidious disease germs. In spite of all protest, Secretary Redfield clung to his bushy biplanes, and still the question, "When is whiskers whiskers?" retains its Huerta-ized condition.

This precedent has not been altogether condemned, for now comes Mr. Andrew J. Graham, popular business man and banker of Chicago and formerly a candidate for mayor, a Democrat of Democrats, mild and gentle-mannered, who declares that Secretary Redfield has proven himself a heroic defender of the faith of the fathers in preserving his whiskers from the threatening

tonsorial blades—safety or otherwise. With a humorous twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Graham gravely announced that in matters of such import, he usually prepared formal statements for the press, but he would run the risk of being told that he vocalized through his whiskers should he declare that Secretary



*Photo by Koehne, Chicago*

#### FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE GRAHAM FAMILY

(Left to right) John M. Graham, 1835; Frank J. Graham, 1885; Andrew J. Graham, 1861, and his grandson, Andrew J., 1911

Redfield's beard is an assured asset of the Administration. He ascribed the protest as instigated through the jealousies of beardless rivals. Andrew J. Graham may well feel proud of his successful upholding of whiskers in this barefaced age, and he can "point with pride," as the party platform reads, to the twin Titians of Secretary Redfield. This firmness in maintaining that, today, as in all times past, "whiskers is whiskers" is a triumph for bearded men over modern razor friends, captious grammarians and political rivals.

**I**NFORMATION flowing into the Consular Department at Washington chronicles the activities and names of cities once known to us only in old school books as associated with the remote past, but now being revived by the all-pervading spirit of the times.

Thus Nantes, famous in French history as the seaport of the Loire, whence Henri IV issued his famous "Edict de Nantes," which for the first time guaranteed religious liberty in France to Protestant and Catholic alike, is nearly

two hundred miles nearer New York and the Panama Canal than any other large port of continental Europe, and in 1704 had a greater number of vessels and more tonnage than any other city. In 1912 it had again greatly increased its commercial importance, as evidenced by exports and imports of 2,040,257 tons, carried by a vessel tonnage aggregating 2,307,682.

To prepare for greater things, the quays of Nantes are being increased in length a little over three-quarters of a mile—from 5,020 to 6,233 yards; the entrance and ship channels are to be deepened, and a tidal basin will be created in the Loire, above the city, at a cost of \$772,000. This, it is believed, besides being incomparably safer and cheaper, will be quite as effective and convenient as a former plan to dredge out and enlarge the ancient haven, which would

have incurred heavy land and real estate damages and would have given a very limited space of deep water area. An immense dry dock, a large importation of coal, lumber, sugar and coffee, and heavy exports of iron ore to England, Belgium and Germany, which it is believed can be largely extended to the United States, are all rapidly making Nantes, always a great city industrially and as an exporter of French agricultural products, a potential rival of Havre and Marseilles. The idea of excavating deep water anchorage above the city where a shallow river, or bogs, or even low marshes exist, is one which promises cheap filling of contiguous lowland and safe and convenient dockage at low cost.



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#### MISS IRAS HAWLEY

The young daughter of the Oregon Congressman. Though she has not yet been formally introduced to Washington society, Miss Hawley has been present at many gayeties of the younger set at the Capital

tesy, threw a gleam of light on congressional proceedings as to the cost of initiating new Senators and Representatives into the time-honored customs of Congress.

Senator McCumber had the right of way on his Grain Bill, No. 120, providing for a standard in grading grain that will not require changes as it moves from local market to market, but he gallantly gave way to Senator Myers' Bill No. 41, with the understanding that he was only temporarily sidetracked. Then when Senator Reed of Missouri appeared on the scene, he objected to Senator McCumber swinging back on the main line. Senator Hughes was in the chair and a succession of explanations were made that consumed hours of

**A** RUNNING debate for hours, on a point of order and a kink in the rules, growing out of senatorial courtes-





SENATOR PORTER J. McCUMBER OF NORTH DAKOTA

time discussing versions of facts that have already been put on the records. The majority party was able to bring an adjournment, and "senatorial courtesy" received an unusual shock. It was like an old-fashioned country debating society, wrestling at their first meeting over Roberts' "Rules of Order"—and order, as we usually understand the term, is not always the result.

The Montana Senator, because of the North Dakota Senator's courtesy to him, tried hard to get McCumber's Grain Bill, No. 120, back into the calendar track, but the unity of a party vote decided to keep an eye on "41" with clearance orders. A railroad man in the gallery followed the debate with me. "Good thing these gentlemen are not dispatching trains instead



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MR. BENNETT C. CLARK

The chum and constant companion of his distinguished father, Speaker Champ Clark. He is now serving as parliamentarian in the House of Representatives

of dispatching legislation or there would be a head-on collision, the way they 'float by' the signals."

JUST eight persons gathered one morning at the railroad rate hearing of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the mezzanine floor of the New Willard. There was a member of the commission presiding, an attorney for the railroads, Mr. Butterfield, the stenographer, and Mr. Brandeis. Mr. Thorn of the Iowa State Railroad Commission took the witness stand with a valise full of documents and blue prints, giving an array of figures and tables that were unique specimens in calculations. He had figured out from the census reports that every family was paying \$141 per year in railroad pas-

senger and freight revenue, that is, that would be the average cost if everybody paid the same amount. The figures were an illustration of the methods of some of those opposing advancement of rates, who charged the railroads with juggling figures. The tremendous work involved in producing this elucidation of fancy figures, which the witness proceeded to set forth with all the fervor of a stump speech, cost money.

Even Mr. Brandeis protested when the witness indulged in a side remark that the attorney for the railroads was smiling sarcastically. The railroad attorney promptly denied the allegation, and none of those present observed the smile which the witness had fancied, in his eagerness to start a colloquy, and make copy for the newspapers. It was all struck from the records. The government is paying a fancy price for hearings to empty chairs.

**N**EARLY twenty-five years ago, a stalwart young Congressman hailing from Cleveland, Ohio, began a career in Washington that has been notable even in the state of notables, for Senator Theodore E. Burton was a member of the fifty-first Congress. He was subsequently elected to the fifty-fourth Congress and served there until chosen United States Senator from Ohio.

Senator Burton was born at Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, and attended school at Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, and at Oberlin College. He graduated during the panicky times of 1872-73 and took up the practice of law a few years later in Cleveland.

Characteristic of the senior Senator from Ohio is his deep, sonorous voice that fills every corner of the Senate Chamber; when he speaks it is as one who has studied his subject long and faithfully. As chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee in the House, he made a conscientious study of every harbor and stream in the United States, until it was said that he knew the soundings of everything navigable from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, east and west. International peace is one of his pet projects, and he has been president of the American Peace Society since 1911. He took a prominent part in the discussion of Mexican affairs, and is a man of thorough habits of study. When he puts on his glasses and looks up an authority, he places his finger right on the point he wants to make.

He has given to his work devoted attention, and if ever there was anyone who seems to love and comprehend the real essential of legislation at every



HON. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

One of the foremost participators in the recent railroad rate hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission



THE GENIAL SENATOR FROM OHIO

Hon. Theodore E. Burton has seen almost twenty-five years of active service in the halls of Congress

angle and phase, it is Theodore E. Burton. He has never depended upon the usual tactics of the politician to secure the positions with which he has been honored. He just works and works, and seems to like it, and is looked upon in Washington as a worthy successor to Hon. John Sherman, whose biography he wrote years ago, after an intimate acquaintance with the distinguished statesman of Ohio, whose name was given to the Sherman law. Those were indeed stirring days when John Sherman was foremost in the public eye, and when his young friend Burton entered the lists for a public career. Besides the Sherman volume, he wrote in 1902 a book on "Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial and Commercial Depression," which is today consulted as one of the authentic reference books on that subject, and in 1911 he published another, entitled "Corporations and the State."

**I**N the archives of the government are now preserved moving picture films as well as graphophone records. One of the most interesting shows ever given occurred in the Interior Department at Washington

when Colonel William Frederick Cody, otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill," presented to the Department moving pictures of "Life on the Plains." It was an event of unusual interest, for the pictures were explained and presented by the veteran scout himself. He wore his broad-rimmed hat, his mustache and goatee, long hair and buckskin trousers, and left with the Department a rare heritage in the vivid pictures of the days on the plains.

He had gathered together his "wild west" people and made a series of moving pictures which is both graphic and interesting, as reflecting early life in the frontier West. There were actual Indians engaged in the combats, illustrating the death of "Sitting Bull" and the scenes of "Custer's Massacre." Colonel Cody has given to the making of these pictures the careful study of an artist making a historic painting.

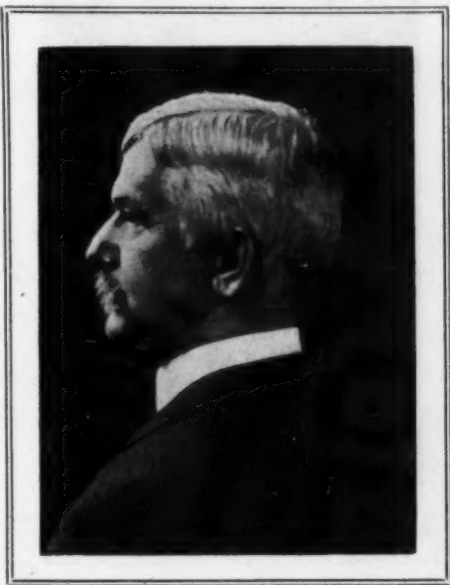
Although he never held any public position, the life of "Buffalo Bill" will always present a picture of American life that will appeal to American youth, for he never seems to outgrow his interest in life among the Indians with whom his forefathers contended. In his wild west shows Colonel Cody has awakened all over the world an interest in picturesque American history that, while in some aspects it represents only the "Plains" or "Horse Indians," illustrates incidents and life of a frontier type associated with the very creation of the nation. He is still an active and enthusiastic champion of the red man.



THE splendid tribute paid him by the American Medical Association must have been gratifying to the professional pride of Surgeon-General Colonel Gorgas, who now holds the rank of Brigadier-General. Never since the Civil War has an appointment been made that caused more general satisfaction among the American people. As organizer of the work and chief of the Sanitary Department on the Panama Canal Zone, the region thereabouts, long regarded as a plague spot, has been transformed into an attractive home-place at all seasons of the year. It is a demonstration that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, which has been the keynote of progress in the medical profession. The work done by Colonel Gorgas in Panama would seem to prove that every section of the earth can be made fit for human residence, provided the cost of proper sanitation is expended thereon. He has shown that health can be furnished to municipalities and communities at a certain cost, as with any other commodity, and that the responsibility for a high death-rate today rests directly upon those in authority who refuse to provide funds to check the onslaught of disease.

Colonel Gorgas not only enjoys the public honors due him, but the affectionate and sincere regard of the people of all countries, for all time, who join in universal tribute to that rare genius who perfected the beneficent work of conserving human life and which promotes the progress of civilization by making the waste places of the gods habitable.

The Malthusian doctrine that men must be killed off in numbers to make



COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS

The army medical officer who was instrumental in making the canal zone habitable for white men. He is now in British South Africa at the request of the British government, trying to stamp out the deadly diseases of the diamond regions, but may be recalled to Washington as Surgeon-General of the American army, succeeding the late Brigadier-General George Torrey



MRS. THEODORE P. ARTAND

A social favorite. Wife of the new Supervisor of the Land Department, Division of Valuation, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Mr. T. P. Artand of New York

room for later generations has been exploded, for what Colonel Gorgas has done in his day and generation, other men will also do, until this old planet fairly teems with the happy and healthy people ever coming closer together in response to the social instinct of the race. Perhaps when the earth is fairly filled the progress of aerial navigation will discover that there are available residential districts remaining in the heavens above, and a few uninhabited planets nearby will be pre-empted by the real estate promoters of the future.

**I**MPETUS has been given by the present tariff to foreign labeled condiments. Thoughts of Dr. Wiley as a sedate resident of Washington by no means recall Dr. Wiley in his official terrors as an investigator of fake food preparations. Despite his epicurean sermons, however, American globe-trotters do occasionally bring back something new from foreign lands to titillate satiated palates, the result of wealth and the "progress of civilization," as the school essay reads. Foreign foods and condiments are nowadays a regular feature of first-class restaurants. A Hindu chef in native costume will serve you dishes originated to please Asiatic rajahs—chutneys from

a score of factories in Bombay, chilies from South America, and a score of torrid sauces from Europe that keep the palates on the *qui vive* and the doctors busy. Tabasco sauce still chases down the no longer nature-flavored oysters—with horse radish, pepper sauce and cayenne never overlooked.

With new tariff restrictions, an influx of sauces and condiments that "mother" never knew about invades the republic. The "hot" varieties remind the novice of the man who, describing a very "warming" beverage, declared, "I swallowed a hull torchlight percession."



# Across the Border in Mexico

*Recounting the experiences  
and observation of a wand-  
ering magazine man in a  
war-ravaged land*

*by The Editor*

PERHAPS it was because the *New York Sun* once insisted that I was the only private in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, organized in 1638 (that ancient lineage), that I caught the war germ in Texas. Anyhow, when I found myself on the farther side of the Mexican border during the real hostilities of the days following the landing of American sailors at Vera Cruz, I could understand for the first time in my wanderings the inherent heroic self-worship of a war correspondent—booted and strapped for the fray. Visions of Kipling's "Dick" in "The Light That Failed"—the war correspondent arrayed in turban hat, with his field glasses, leggings and the inspiration of "Maisie," to say nothing of "music by the band," came to my mind. Then I inventoried myself and my outfit and wondered whether I was properly staged and costumed for the part—for how would the world know aught of war if the pen and pencil were idle? True, I had about me a large belt attached to which was an empty pistol-sheath nearly a foot long, wherein an old Colt six-shooter had once snuggled—the kind you read about in the adventure stories of dime novels. Never mind, here I was actually on Mexican soil, where armed forces were arrayed for mortal combat. The sultry atmosphere of the tropics was felt even as I crossed the Rio Grande with Postmaster F. H. Legarde of Laredo, an excellent guide, for Laredo is his native town and he seems to know everyone thereabouts, and has kept in

most thorough touch with the situation, since the inception of the revolution.

There were eighty bulging sacks of war-delayed Mexican mail to deliver at Nueva Laredo, to the Carranzista postmaster, upon orders from Washington. When we approached the bridge, Uncle Sam's keen-eyed soldiers in brown with jaunty hats, anchored by a string back of the ears, made a search to see that the embargo against firearms was enforced. The soldier smiled at me as he looked at my white vest and black derby. He instinctively seemed to know the condition of an editor's pocket and let me go without the vigorous searching bestowed on other candidates. Deep into the pockets of all Mexicans they delved and even dusted the skirts of the women, to make sure that no more weapons should add to the tragic war drama being enacted across the border.

Midway on the bridge was a monument, about the height of a Mexican, marking the actual boundary between the United States and Mexico, which was decided upon after Santa Anna's downfall in '48. When I drew my first breath "across the border," I began to feel soldier-like, for like Mark Antony, my swelling nostrils drank the tide of fight, "and I now knew the smell of the villainous saltpetre" (or rather more lethal chemicals) that was killing men. On the Mexican side of the bridge the Carranzista immigration and postal officials met us. They wore no uniforms, but little printed, white ribbons,

ink-smeared from the press, indicated the rank of the numerous officials recently appointed, for there had been a "change of administration" in Nueva Laredo. For several years this city had been held as the Gibraltar of the Rio Grande by the Federalists, and the scene now presented was in sharp contrast to that of a few days before, when the Federals had evacuated, burning the city and leaving ripe dynamite bombs as thick as cabbages planted all over the city.



REBELS AT NUEVA LAREDO

On entering the city Villa's forces found it left in ruins by the fleeing Federals

THE sacks of mail were crowded into a dark room that had escaped destruction, and was dumped on a little iron bedstead that had been saved. The dingy U. S. bags looked grimly formidable compared with the Mexican sacks fresh in green, yellow and white colors. For a long time no mail had passed over the border, and what heartrending messages those grim mail pouches must convey. When the first ones were opened and distributed, the refugees who had returned to the de-

serted city waited anxiously in line and eagerly ripped open the envelopes, as they received their letters. There was a burst of tears in one corner, where a woman with three little children clinging to her skirts was reading a penciled note which announced the death of the husband and father. Across the street stood a young boy, not over five feet high, wearing huge cartridge belts and leggings intended for a six-foot soldier, with a letter evidently from his mother, which a friend was reading to him. He wiped away a tear with the long sleeve of his dirty uniform and passed on to report for duty. Here was an object lesson of what war means.

In times of peace Nueva Laredo was a busy railroad center where the roundhouse and shops of the Mexican Central Railroad were located, and eight thousand people called it home. Now, practically deserted, the business portion was in ruins. Many of the former inhabitants had fled to the interior, being told that war had been declared, and that the Americans would kill them if they crossed the river. Home after home was passed, where the doors were not even closed. Everywhere were evidences of hasty flight, for wearing apparel scattered about and broken dishes and jumbled bedding mutely told the sad story of the last days of the siege. At every step the changing scenes told the graphic tale of war ravages. The old post-office had been blown up, and a solitary black cat held the fort, crouching amid the still smouldering ruins. It was an omen of good luck, as the old folk held, so I wished the cat better times and pushed on over the arena of the recent Carranzista successes, with Postmaster Legarde, who spoke Spanish fluently and was received with friendly greetings by the few remaining people of the devastated town and the soldiers of Villa and Carranza.

The office of the American Consul, Mr. Garrett, had been dynamited as a special mark of Huertista sentiment. The large opera house was a gruesome wreck. The Federal soldiers had evidently chosen the buildings and homes of all those suspected of sympathizing with the Constitutionalists. The Juarez Plaza shone out like an oasis in a desert of crumbled ruins, with its palms and tropical foliage, brilliantly

verdant in the scorching sun, and the statue of Mayor Belin was the only picture of municipal serenity in sight.

The depot, roundhouse and customs building had been the centers of active hostilities and little resembled the places I had looked upon a few years ago. An improvised train was being made up, to bring in the refugees scattered down the line toward Monterey, for the railroad was now in the hands of the Carranzistas. Scattered about and in the railroad yard were hundreds of cars of accumulated freight. On the spur running toward the roundhouse was a long line of flat cars filled with iron car wheels and iron scrap, and anything that would afford protection for the entrenchment from behind which the soldiers had repulsed savage attacks in several battles. The water tank which had served as a watch tower still remained intact, and here and there scaffoldings suggesting a fireworks celebration showed where deadly machine guns had been mounted to mow down, like the very scythe of Death himself, the attacking forces. On the other side, the city was encircled by entrenchments which commanded an unobstructed view of the surrounding plains for miles, and even the trees for miles away were cut down so that even the approach of a stray goat could not escape detection. From the roundhouse to the river double lines of trenches were thrown up against wire fencing, involved and cruelly barbed, while all along the line were platforms and emplacements for artillery, and defences and corrals for cavalry near the river. The miles of trenches and fortifications, it is said, were planned by a Danish engineer, who was promptly assassinated after he had completed his plans—so that he could not carry them away.

The night Nueva Laredo was evacuated, as the Federal troops were leaving, an attempt was made to blow up the railroad bridge and the international foot bridge (which by the way is owned by a New York company in which Colonel Roosevelt is said to have stock), but the American soldiers from Fort McIntosh, with a searchlight and unlimbered guns, soon dispatched the Mexicans who attempted the work of destruction.

EVERYONE was still talking of the battles of January and March 14th, in which hundreds of men were killed. A little Frenchman, who operated a machine gun mounted in a little hollow, and who shot down scores with every sweep of his quick-firer, was the hero of the battle. When the Federals advanced in skirmish line or



#### QUALIFYING FOR SUPPRAGE

The Constitutionalist army contains many women who fight in the ranks with the men. They also do the cooking when the fighting is over

single file, they fell like dominoes, and the Federal batteries were unable to silence him. The spectacular deployment of the Federal cavalry was one of the most picturesque features of the battle, probably one of the last reminders of the old Napoleonic dash of hussar and cuirassier, in the headlong charge led by gallant officers, with sabres aloft, depicted on the famous battle pictures of David in the Louvre or on those gruesome pictures in the Wurtz Museum at the Hague, where the atrocities of war are displayed, a ghastly mockery of the martial glories of Napoleon and his generals, on horse on the field of battle, directing a brilliant charge. Now, alas, that splendid array of horsemen were shot down like huddled wild-fowl, while trying to rally their men when the hail of bullets from machine guns covered the

plain with kicking horses and writhing men. The Mexican hostilities have demonstrated that modern war is mainly a contest with machine guns, not the flintlocks used by American soldiers under Zack Taylor in '48.

Surrounding the city the great plains were dotted with straggling trees and cactus, and the landscape was a fit setting for a typical Mexican battle picture. And



ALL ABOARD!

Colonel Holland, a Texas editor and publisher of *Holland's Magazine*, ready to go to Mexico with his Texas troops

amid it we watched the Mexicans digging up buried mines, tracing them out by the electric wires with which it was planned to destroy the central station by pressing the electrical keys. Fortunately they did not go off, and the Mexicans laughed and chatted as they dug out the box-like mines and took out the dynamite cartridges in their sausage-like packages. Many of the soldiers were taking a "sausage" package of dynamite home as a souvenir in their hip pocket, laughing at the good joke on the Federals that the mines did not explode.

**N**OW I began to feel like a veteran correspondent. Colonel Legarde presented me with a cane made of cartridge shells, picked up on the field whereon five hundred men were killed. With the cane as my only side-arms, I called on Major Soto, in charge of the Constitutionalist

forces, and here found the background for the staging of a "Sultan of Sulu" opera. Before Major Soto's quarters paced two sentries—one an old man past eighty and the other a boy with a hat larger than himself, not over twelve. The youngster was leaning on a gun bedecked with tassels; girded about his waist was a huge cartridge belt, and he reminded me of a picture of my boyhood self playing soldier on the banks of Big Creek. Every man available was in the field, and the Major himself suggested the Villa type of soldier, and Villa is the real hero of the Constitutionlists. The civil war in Mexico is between north and south, but the soldiers call themselves Huertistas, Carranzistas, Maderistas or Villistas, rather than Constitutionlists or Federals. Personal leadership is paramount among the peons.

Amid the very environment of a war drama, one begins talking and thinking in a militant way. All the houses left standing in the city were those of Federal sympathizers, now being occupied by the stragglers coming back with household goods in ox-teams, for only one handsome brick house was left behind, and that was owned by a Federal sympathizer. It was a stirring sight when the refugees' train returned from the south. On top of the cupola on the yellow caboose was a "Carranzista," or Constitutional soldier, wearing a huge sombrero with a Mexican flag unfurled to the breeze, for the rebels have never changed the flag of their country.

On a flag was inscribed in large black letters "Vive Constitucion." Tank cars were placed in front of the engine and caboose in case the track should give way or a bomb were struck. In a leisurely way preparations were made to bring in more refugees—but even the military detail of six soldiers took their time about it. Women with bleeding feet, their silk skirts torn and showing marks of travel, presented a touching picture of wartime distress. Some of the most worthy people of Laredo had found themselves in the interior begging a morsel to eat from the peons—and had returned home only to realize that if they has only made their escape over the bridge, Uncle Sam would not only have protected but would have fed them—even with a declaration of war pending.

As I passed along, swinging my cart-ridge cane, there were many flattering marks of friendly respect, for the Constitutionalists here now seem to realize that the Americans are their friends, and the messages from refugees going from Vera Cruz to Mexico City carried a story of friendliness. We stopped at a little shack and watched an elderly Mexican woman pat tortillas in her hands like putty after the corn had been ground by hand on crude stone. We had a lunch of enchilades—tortillas fried in lard and dressed with a mixture of smearcase cheese, chopped onions and red peppers—and "it sure was hot stuff." Nevertheless, rolled up like a pancake, it tasted delicious and the black coffee was refreshing after a day of fasting—but how I did long for an ice cream soda or the sniff of an east wind as I sweltered there in the torrid atmosphere. Every one looked in wonderment at the fat man with a white vest carrying a cartridge cane.

On that day, Jesus Carranza, a brother of the Constitutionalist leader, arrived from Brownsville in an automobile and took charge of the advance on Saltillo. Between Laredo and Monterey, the very territory the refugee train was traversing, there were two thousand Federal soldiers scattered somewhere—but they could not be found. When he returned to Nueva Laredo, the new Carranzista postmaster, Ceferino Espanizoa, was busy trying to put his new office into operation, and other new officials were celebrating the change in administration. Two thousand Constitutional postage stamps had been ordered, and mail was held up pending their arrival. The Constitutionalist money of February 26th was selling at fifteen cents on the dollar, and when Villa arrived with his troops, the paper currency soon passed at par with the wealthy residents of the captured town. The Mexican peso was passing for twenty-five cents less than its value as silver.

While the border town of Laredo contains only little over two thousand Americans out of population of fifteen thousand, one can almost feel that he is already in Mexico, although still on American soil. Along the

banks of the Rio Grande are individual stations for pumping water out of the river to irrigate the large fields of onions on either side. Mexican soldiers work in the fields and get money and then go back to fight, for soldiering is the popular occupation on Mexican soil today. It does not matter about uniforms, anything in khaki will do, but the distinguishing mark is the diagonal cartridge belt. The assault on Nueva Laredo began in January, and later, in March, five hundred men were killed in storming and defending the entrenchments. Sniping was not a new thing at Vera Cruz, for all during the Laredo siege Federal soldiers were shooting across the river border whenever they saw a "gringo" American in sight.

The Mexican Laredo lies on a plain under the heights of the American city; almost every movement of the attack and defence could be witnessed as plainly as if on a stage in the amphitheater below. The Rio Grande is not deep, and many soldiers would swim across to get something to eat and drink, and then go back to fight. There have been no regular pay days for the Constitutional army, and the strength of Villa has been his generous distribution



SOME OF VILLA'S SOLDIERS

The rebels have no regular uniform and they appear in the ordinary garb of the peon



of the loot among his men, and that means they must fight for it if the "ghost is to walk," and the excursion party is to continue.

There have been dreams and talk of admitting the new northern states of Nuevo Leon, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Sonora, Tamaulipas and Coahuila into the Union if Villa should apply to the United States for annexation; but now since victory has perched on the Constitutionalist banner, the talk has subsided, but Villa has evidently held Carranza close to the policy of an American alliance against Huerta.

The revolution started in 1910, with the peons in battle against the bosses and land owners, and it has dragged along in its various phases until now the people are tired of it all. Even confiscation has not proven altogether satisfactory. All the money that has been collected from customs and selling stamps goes to the soldiers.

After you cross the border you realize that Villa (pronounced Veá) is the hero of the hour in northern Mexico. He is the bandit whom Huerta once ordered executed, and was saved by Madero. Huerta made Villa salute the flag, so to speak, and now Huerta has the same medicine offered him. Villa's father ran two butcher shops in Chihuahua, and the young lad of fifteen or sixteen used to go far afield in the country to buy goats and cattle. He was an expert in picking out cattle in the regular channels of trade and a regular expert in picking them out in other ways, but Villa has one idea at a time. He was a good horseman, and after he had shot a Mexican officer who had seduced his sister, he became an outlaw and was as familiar with one side of the border as the other and, could almost claim Texas citizenship as far as length of residence is concerned. Porfirio Diaz tried to catch him, but he laughed at him, for the people admired the bold bandit. This wounded the pride of the Rurales,

but once, near the outskirts of Chihuahua, he agreed to fight their officers one by one, and three accepted his challenge—and the three fell before the pistol of Villa, for he has faith in his destiny. They never did catch him, and he was about the only bandit at large when Madero enlisted his support for the Constitutionalist's cause and pardoned him when the revolution proved successful. At the time of Madero's uprising, Villa was as notorious a bandit as the American Jesse James.

In the Mexican language there is a paucity of words containing the letter "k," and "x" has the sound of "h," so that the proper pronunciation of Texas is "Tehás." "Kiosco" and "kermis" are two of the few words containing the letter "k." This letter is said to have been a sign used by Villa as he wandered over into Texas and along the border, among his supporters. Villa, the intrepid fighter, met a young girl, while in Torreon serving as a Maderista soldier. She was a cashier in a restaurant, but later he returned and married her, so that the bitter fight at Torreon had mingled with its horror a love romance for Villa. She was born in Villa Duma, speaks English, and dreams that some day she will be the "first lady of the land" in Mexico.

Villa is a man of medium height, does not drink or smoke and is an intrepid leader, working right along with his men. When he loads stock in the cars he gets in and loads, and is not afraid of musing his uniform or gathering dust on his epaulets. His one great passion is to capture Huerta and thus avenge the death of Madero, his friend and patron.

Returning to historic Fort McIntosh on the border, the Stars and Stripes looked very enticing. No coercion was used to make me salute the flag or to put aside my cartridge cane. A battalion of artillery had just arrived, and the guns, covered



A VILLISTA RECRUIT  
The double cartridge belt is distinctive of the Mexican soldier



during the tropical rains, were ready to be unlimbered on short notice. Colonel Chase, in command of the fort, who hails from Texas, although born in Virginia, was master of the situation. There was a strong contrast between the American soldiers, lithe-limbed, energetic and intrepid, and the undersized and childish men serving as soldiers across the border in the Mexican armies, who nevertheless know how to fight and to die for their cause. The maneuvers and drills at the fort were an impressive object lesson to Mexicans. The disturbances along the border the past few years have kept the American boys in fighting trim.

The Mexican Civil War records, recounting that 184,000 rounds of ammunition were used to kill four men in battle, seems to smack of opera bouffe fighting; but the statistics of the Civil War reveal that 176,000 rounds of ammunition were used in killing the same number of men—but that was fifty years ago, when even flintlocks, smoothbore muskets and muzzle-loading rifles were slowly giving place to more modern arms. In the Mexican War, flintlock muskets were the rule and not the exception.

Here's the story of my enlistment: In the quaint and poetic city of San Antonio, containing the historic shrine of the Alamo, there was a banquet given to the editors making a tour of Texas. During the dance that followed I was reminded of Byron's description of the ball at Brussels, the Belgium capital, before the battle of Waterloo. After partaking of a Mexican feast of real "hot stuff," and making a speech I learned that I had ten minutes to catch a train leaving for the border. Hailing a taxi, I swept through the ancient streets, caught the train with no time to spare and all night long traveled toward the border in a Pullman car. I was still wearing the white vest of my dinner outfit, with not even

a clean collar for luggage. I had caught the fever, and even the cry of "smallpox aboard" had no terrors. In the smoking car nothing else was talked of but the war. Mexicans, smoking cigarettes and talking



REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES J. BADGER

A Maryland boy, distantly connected with Francis Scott Key. He is now in charge of the Atlantic fleet at Tampico

war news, on their way back to find scattered relatives, filled the coach. Among them were several wealthy men who had lost all their property when Villa arrived, for Villa has a way of taking everything in sight when a town is captured, and there is no holding back or concealing usable property when he appears. He not only takes everything at hand, but insists on an assignment of things that may be somewhere else or due in the future.

In recent years the apprenticeship and grip of popular novelists' careers appear to be service as a war correspondent. The call of the wild to Alaska and the descrip-

tion of scenes far remote makes up the most popular story of the day. Jack London and Rex Beach have told the story of the rush for gold to the Klondike. The Spanish War furnished its quota of novelists, and you cannot think of Richard Harding Davis' novels without a picture of a "Gringo" in South America. Connelly and his sea stories would not be complete without a little tinge of war-blood somewhere on the horizon.

So novelists and authors of modern times have been recruited as war correspondents. Kipling was among the first. In San Antonio, at the St. Anthony Hotel, was Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," spoiling for a chance to get across the line. A number of young correspondents from the North were at Brownsville, eager to see a real battle and actually to witness scenes in which men were killed. The impulse of barbaric days was rampant.



EMBARKING AT GALVESTON

Soldiers astern preparing for the voyage to Vera Cruz

The war correspondent must find material that the people may have some kind of news, real news, near news, and some of it not at all news, but the insatiable demand for news from Mexico must be supplied in some way, even though Mexican prisons yawn for the rash reporter.

The guns which have been pouring across the border in some instances fire bullets that can travel two thousand feet a second, and some have a range of nine

thousand yards, nearly three miles. Why these bullets have not had more deadly effect is explained by the fact that Mexicans rarely take aim and shoots into the air, except when "sniping."

The high-water mark of real war fever, so far as the United States was concerned, after the fall of Vera Cruz, was at Galveston, when the troops were embarking. All were keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The situation in Mexico could not be completely described without reference to my visit to Galveston, all ablaze with popular interest in the embarkation of troops for Vera Cruz. Over fifteen thousand people assembled there to see the soldier boys embark. The transports were loaded, and there was a feeling in the air that war was imminent. A little lady from the North arrived on the train with us, who had come to bid her husband, a lieutenant, good-bye. They met only a few minutes before the boat sailed. There was a lingering embrace and then, with the Spartan spirit of a soldier's wife, she left, while he went on with his work; but from a box car, where she could keep her eye upon him to the last, the little wife of the American soldier waved her husband "good-bye." Mothers and aunts and sisters watched the departure with tear-dimmed eyes, but the most gleeful of all men was the war correspondent. There was Jack London, just arrived from the West, having a wordy duel with General Funston, in a barber's chair, but Jack nevertheless went on board the transport. His pockets were bulging with notes of the war, taken on the Pullman trip through Texas. Medill McCormick, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, his blue eyes sparkling, was pressing on to the City of Mexico, and Richard Harding Davis, the veteran "gringo" story writer, was on hand without his valet.

At Hotel Galvez the officers in brown uniform with spurs and leggings were the heroes of the hour, on the piazza or in the corridors. Some of the soldiers and sailors spent a week's pay on one meal at this hostelry, for this was a resort hotel and not the barracks.

The land on which the city of Galveston is located has been raised seventeen feet behind the gigantic sea-wall, a grim reminder of the mighty fortress. Old Galvez

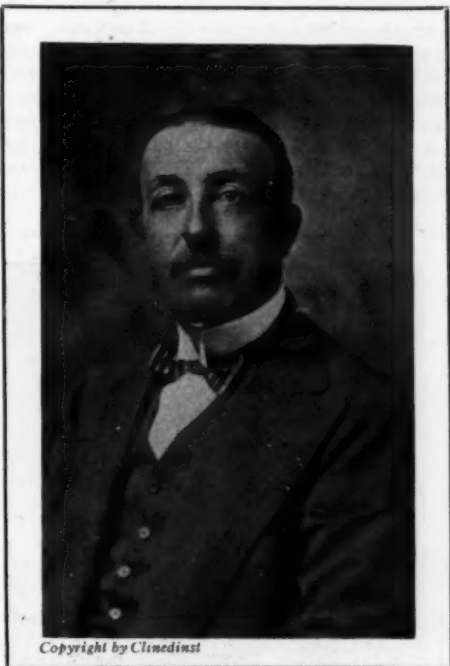
was alive with martial and social activity those days. Within a few squares of the hotel, scattered over the city, were cemeteries containing the graves of over eight thousand people drowned in a single day during the tidal flood. The mortality of that battle with breakers and the ravages of the sea was greater than all the deaths in the United States army in battles for forty years past.

Dictator Huerta continues his diplomatic bout with the State Department in Washington, evidently with good success, for when it comes to a mere diplomatic bout or bluff, the general opinion is that Huerta gets the best of it, for he would rather be taken by the United States than by Villa, and if in a diplomatic skirmish he seems ready for all comers.

While unfavorable impression concerning Huerta, growing out of his brutal policy, is common in Mexico, there are those who still maintain that Huerta is the one strong man that can solve the situation, for he has shown himself to be an indomitable fighter. The story is also told that Carranza was under indictment for defaulting at the time Madero was arrested, but Dame Fortune was on his side and he was subsequently freed from the charge, later on taking charge of the Constitutional forces in the north of Mexico. Intrigue is rife on every hand, but Carranza, the country lawyer and leader, with dignified beard, seems to recognize that Villa, the fighter, who has maintained at least an appearance of friendly relations with the American government, is the hope of the cause.

Even after crossing the border, the inclination to indulge in a prophecy cools off. The situation is chaotic, and after the battle at Vera Cruz, when the American marines landed under the sniping fire and lost nineteen brave boys, interest shifted to the situation at Tampico where the rebels gained their victory, and even the Federal gunboats sought protection of American battleships.

The Mexican situation has aroused the irrepressible spirit of adventure among young red-blooded Americans. The craving for doing something on the field of battle far away is the same as that felt by the English soldiers in India and Africa.



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#### NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY

Charge d'affaires of the American embassy at Mexico, recently returned from the City of Mexico to Washington. "Made good" is the opinion of official Washington with regard to the man who, during the past ten months, has held the most trying job in the diplomatic service of the United States. Through three difficult administrations Mr. O'Shaughnessy, an appointee of Roosevelt, was "friend at court" of the United States, saved many American citizens and their property, and prevented clashes with Huerta.

The goggled English war correspondent is in Mexico taking notes.

The contrast between the embarkation of Americans at Galveston and entraining a brigade of Mexicans tells a story in itself. One of the Mexican officers was asked if he was going to start that day. The engine was already blowing off steam and the men in the cars. "No, not today—perhaps—tomorrow." They were not just

ready to start, and seem to enjoy the leisure life of "soldiering" and after viewing a Mexican army you can understand the significance of the word "soldiering," as applied to men working in city streets or government contracts. There is scarcely any other way for a man to make a living in Mexico except to go into the army. Everything that is available to eat or wear is secured by one side or the other, and the Mexican idea of a soldier is to ram him into a uniform, in any way possible, give him a rifle and let him fight as best he can or stand up and stop the bullets from killing other men. The Federal troops were recruited largely from the criminals

demolished his foe with his machine gun.

After returning from across the border I was interested to learn that two Federal generals in retreat had been thirty miles away from us trying to get back to the frontier.

\* \* \*

Very little attention is given to the medical corps. The field force breaks camp at dawn when the women with pots and pans and babies start off in advance to prepare dinner and sleeping quarters, cook frioles and make tortillas. It seems like an excursion party. The losses reported by Mexicans are counted by the rank rather than the number of men killed, for when they lose a colonel or captain it is counted a disaster as compared to an engagement where a few hundred privates are killed.

Down the harbor at Galveston on Sunday, following the first embarkation of troops, the American battleships looked entirely different from their appearance in time of peace. There was an atmosphere of grim war pervading the decks and on the faces of the men as they stood at quarters in white duck uniforms. The decks of the flagship Connecticut was crowded with refugees brought from Mexico. The cruisers and sea hornets, ready for action, and a line of five torpedo boats stripped to the water-line, and even the plebeian colliers and dredgers made an impressive naval-war picture. On the deck of the torpedo destroyer was a fat cook peeling potatoes, and he handled the knife in a hostile way. The very atmosphere was surcharged with the realization that this great armament was ready for

action at the touch of a button. Even the large collier Cyclops with its trestle for coal buckets looked militant. The refugees aboard the Esperanza shouted and cheered as we passed within a few feet of the rail. Bands were playing on the battleships, and the sailors gaily caught the flowers thrown up to them. The war-fever



REAR ADMIRAL CAMERON McR. WINSLOW

In command of a special service squadron of sixteen vessels which has joined the fleet now in Mexican waters

turned out of prisons into the army, and the leaders claim they had hard work to keep their troops from deserting even under fire, and explain that that is why they dare not deploy their men. One Federal leader took out his watch and gave his orders, "cease firing, it is time for dinner," when he could have followed up and

hovered over Galveston harbor that day, and late into the balmy night under the witching white light of the moon, one could think of the days when the pirates of the Spanish Main sailed here to dispose of their treasures. Vera Cruz and Tampico are only a short sail away, and here were more troops ready to join General Funston, who is holding his line at Vera Cruz and making the people who had fired upon his troops realize what the American flag represented. They were surprised that they were not taken prisoners or even shot when the Stars and Stripes were floated over the town, but instead the Americans helped to bury two hundred dead Mexicans strewn in the streets and the buildings. Funston served in Cuba, captured Aguinaldo in the Philippines, and he thoroughly understood his problem.

On top of a building while giving the signal, a sniper first shot down Daniel A. Haggerty, and the story of the fall of Vera Cruz is already history. The tribute paid by the President and Secretary of the Navy to the memory of the stricken sailors who were brought back to New York emphasized the appreciation which the American people have for soldiers, sailors and marines in time of war. Yet it is only a year ago in time of peace when the boys wearing the sailor garb were forbidden to enter public places in certain cities or even to mingle in society. Such are the contradictions of American life.

To me, one of the most inspiring features of the occupation of Vera Cruz was the conduct of the American soldiers after arriving, applying themselves to every kind of service that came to hand, fixing up automobiles, rigging up wireless stations, repairing engines, etc. The American soldier has again, as in past wars, proven himself a builder as well as a fighter. The bluejackets of the Florida manned a train completely, and even had Sambo, a regular porter, on the job.

When I saw the patient, dumb-like, under-sized Mexican soldiers crowding around their lieutenant as children gather around their father, I realized that, while they might not have the intelligence of the American soldier, yet in their hands were up-to-date guns that could kill better and wiser men. When one surveys

a war-demolished street on the border, the result of a bombardment by the skilled marksmen of the American gun-boats could be realized, and one shudders to contemplate the fact that in ten minutes Vera Cruz could have been demolished, with scarcely a soul escaping; but it was to save and conserve the property of the Mexicans that the American marines pushed on through sniping fire and saved Vera Cruz from itself.

The push and initiative of the American will assert itself, whether in peace or



ON THE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT

Here were the last good-byes said to the brave men on their way to the front

garbed in a soldier's or sailor's uniform, and it is glory enough for the American service that under the direction of the United States military authority the Panama Canal has been built, Havana and Cuba liberated and the Mexicans saved from themselves; for when, on April 27th, the American flag was formally raised over Vera Cruz, Mexico was saved from itself.

In New Orleans I came across Nelson O'Shaughnessy, returning from Mexico with his wife and boy. He is tall and quite young and could be taken for a Spaniard. He waited for several days before his conference with the President; but in the annals of diplomacy Nelson O'Shaughnessy must be given credit for capable and courageous work in his dealings with



## ACROSS THE BORDER IN MEXICO

Huerta, and the American fearlessness and poise with which he looked into the eyes of Huerta, told him the truth and commanded the respect which few other Americans had ever received from the dominant dictator.

\* \* \*

Alone and unarmed, even with a cart-ridge cane, I felt as secure on Mexican soil as upon the streets of Washington. The likelihood of involving this country in bloodshed over the fevered incident of refusing to salute the flag made war seem remote, in these days of enlightenment. The problem of today is a Mexican problem between two factions, fighting for supremacy, such as characterized the Civil War in England in Cromwell's time and the Civil War in the United States. They must fight out their own battles. There is no question involved of liberating them from a foreign power, as was the case of Cuba when the Spanish War was declared. The old story of the man who attempted to interfere in a conflict between husband and wife or between fighting brothers, and found out in the end that both were ready to turn on him, is worthy of remembrance.

While Villa may maintain friendliness toward America, the fact remains there is a racial chasm which is not to be obliterated in a day or a year. The average Mexican does not like the American any more than the Cubans, in the full flush of their liberty and prosperity, like us. We are not popular, nor should the fact be lamented.

It is curious how vivid are the pictures of the Mexican War when we re-read our histories and obtain a new light on the Mexican troubles of 1846-47, and the school boys are right there with the dates. Modern ideals must be maintained for our own sake, for we have problems within our own borders that are influenced by our attitude on international questions. Ever since I studied a school geography and looked up and down the coast lines, giving the boundaries of the Western Hemisphere in pink and the seas of blue, I have felt that sooner or later there will be a federation of commercial interests, extending from the north to south pole, no matter what may be the national lines of division. The world has outgrown mere racial or political prejudices and war as

war belongs to a past age. As the population of the globe increases, the vast area of unoccupied territory must inevitably be utilized to provide food for the increasing millions, who are ever obliged to push onward with the march of civilization. That does not mean merely flying the American flag with a soldier in control, or compelling races to give up their mother tongue and the customs of centuries and adopt American habits and methods.

Mediation does not mean arbitration, because none of the parties are bound by the findings, but if South American mediators point the way to peace and a better understanding between all the nations of the Americas—North and South—the Mexican embroglio may prove an episode of paramount importance in the future destinies of the great Americas, reaching from pole to pole, even if the war correspondent finds his occupation gone.

Traveling over the arid plains and smiling valleys of Mexico, it would seem that if the haciendas or great ranches now confiscated were thrown open to settlement by homestead entry, as were the great areas secured by the United States from the Indians, the peons might have homes and furnish a basis of permanent prosperity and stable government. This might check the tragedy in Mexico, which is largely a land question—a revolution against medieval feudalism.

There is always a tingle in the talk of real war, even when listening to the tender peroration of a peace propaganda. There is something curious about seeing the boys go marching away to the music of the bands, with the love and flush of adventure in their eyes and cheeks. Even womankind, loth as they are to part with loved ones, seem to glory in the bravery and strength of the man who is ready to go to war when his country calls.

If the A. B. C. mediation at Niagara will lead to a broad, unbiased and correct understanding between all the peoples and nations of the Western Hemisphere, it will be worth to future generations all it has cost in human blood and the millions of money invested to prove that the Stars and Stripes is a salutation to all peoples for liberty and progress in the broadest sense of the word.



# Goldie Precipitates a Romance

*A Humorous  
Story written  
in its famous  
author's hap-  
piest mood*

by **Arnold Bennett**

*Author of "Paris Nights"  
"Your United States"  
"The Great Adventure," etc.*

THE secret history of the Ebag marriage is now printed for the first time. The Ebag family (who prefer their name to be accented on the first syllable) once almost ruled Oldcastle, which is a clean and conceited burg, with long historical traditions, on the very edge of the industrial, democratic and unclean Five Towns. The Ebag family still lives in the grateful memory of Oldcastle, for no family ever did more to preserve the celebrated Old-castilian superiority in social, moral and religious matters over the vulgar Five Towns. The episodes leading to the Ebag marriage could only have happened in Oldcastle. By which I mean merely that they could not have happened in any of the Five Towns. In the Five Towns that sort of thing does not occur. I don't know why, but it doesn't. The people are too deeply interested in football, starting prices, rates, public parks, sliding scales, excursions to Blackpool, and municipal shindies, to concern themselves with organists as such. In the Five Towns an organist may be a sanitary inspector or an auctioneer on Mondays. In Oldcastle an organist is an organist, recognized as such in the streets. No one ever heard of an organist in the Five Towns being taken up and petted by a couple of old ladies. But this may occur at Oldcastle. It, in fact, did.

The scandalous circumstances which led to the disappearance from the Oldcastle scene of Mr. Skerriitt, the original organist of St. Placid, have no relation to

the present narrative, which opens when the ladies Ebag began to seek for a new organist. The new church of St. Placid owed its magnificent existence to the Ebag family. The apse had been given entirely by old Caiaphas Ebag (ex-M. P., now a paralytic sufferer) at a cost of twelve thousand pounds; and his was the original idea of building the church.

WHEN, owing to the decline of the workingman's interest in beer, and one or two other things, Caiaphas lost nearly the whole of his fortune, which had been gained by honest labor in mighty speculations, he rather regretted the church; he would have preferred twelve thousand in cash to a view of the apse from his bedroom window; but he was man enough never to complain. He lived, after his misfortunes, in a comparatively small house with his two daughters, Mrs. Ebag and Miss Ebag. These two ladies are the heroines of the tale.

Mrs. Ebag had married her cousin, who had died. She possessed about six hundred a year of her own. She was two years older than her sister, Miss Ebag, a spinster. Miss Ebag was two years younger than Mrs. Ebag. No further information as to their respective ages ever leaked out. Miss Ebag had a little money of her own from her deceased mother, and Caiaphas had the wreck of his riches. The total income of the household was not far short of a thousand a year, but of this quite two hundred a year was absorbed by young

Edith Ebag, Mrs. Ebag's stepdaughter (for Mrs. Ebag had been her husband's second choice). Edith, who was notorious as a silly chit and spent most of her time in London and other absurd places, formed no part of the household, though she visited it occasionally. The household consisted of old Caiaphas, bed-ridden, and his two daughters, and Goldie. Goldie was the tomcat, so termed by reason of his splendid tawniness. Goldie had more to do with the Ebag marriage than anyone or anything, except the weathercock on the top of the house. This may sound queer, but it is as naught to the queerness to be unfolded.

## II

IT cannot be considered unnatural that Mrs. and Miss Ebag, with the assistance of the vicar, should have managed the affairs of the church. People nicknamed them "the churchwardens," which was not quite nice, having regard to the fact that their sole aim was the truest welfare of the church. They and the vicar, in a friendly and effusive way, hated each other. Sometimes they got the better of the vicar, and, less often, he got the better of them. In the choice of a new organist, they won. Their candidate was Mr. Carl Ullman, the artistic orphan.

Mr. Carl Ullman is the hero of the tale. The son of one of those German designers of earthenware who at intervals come and settle in the Five Towns for the purpose of explaining fully to the inhabitants how inferior England is to Germany, he had an English mother, and he himself was violently English. He spoke English like an Englishman, and German like an Englishman. He could paint, model in clay, and play three musical instruments, including the organ. His one failing was that he could never earn enough to live on. It seemed as if he was always being drawn by an invisible string toward the workhouse door. Now and then he made half a sovereign extra by deputizing on the organ. In such manner had he been introduced to the Ebag ladies. His romantic and gloomy appearance had attracted them, with the result that they had asked him to lunch after the service, and he had remained with them till the evening service. During the visit they had learnt that his

grandfather had been Court Councillor in the kingdom of Saxony. Afterwards they often said to each other how ideal it would be if only Mr. Skerritt might be removed and Carl Ullman take his place. And when Mr. Skerritt actually was removed, by his own wickedness, they regarded it as almost an answer to prayer, and successfully employed their powerful interest on behalf of Carl. The salary was a hundred a year. Not once in his life had Carl earned a hundred pounds in a single year. For him the situation meant opulence. He accepted it, but calmly, gloomily. Romantic gloom was his joy in life. He said with deep melancholy that he was sure he could not find a convenient lodging in Oldcastle. And the ladies Ebag then said that he must really come and spend a few days with them and Goldie and papa until he was "suited." He said that he hated to plant himself on people and yielded to the request. The ladies Ebag fussed around his dark-eyed and tranquil pessimism, and both of them instantly grew younger—a curious but authentic phenomenon. They adored his playing, and they were enchanted to discover that his notions about hymn tunes agreed with theirs, and by consequence disagreed with the vicar's. In the first week or two they scored off the vicar five times, and the advantage of having your organist in your own house grew very apparent. They were also greatly impressed by his gentleness with Goldie and by his intelligent interest in serious questions.

One day Miss Ebag said timidly to her sister:

"It's just six months today."

"What do you mean, sister?" asked Mrs. Ebag self-consciously.

"Since Mr. Ullman came."

"So it is," said Mrs. Ebag, who was just as well aware of the date as the spinster was aware of it.

They said no more. The position was the least bit delicate. Carl had found no lodging. He did not offer to go. They did not want him to go. He did not offer to pay. And really he cost them nothing except laundry, whisky and fussing. How could they suggest that he should pay? He lived amidst them like a beautiful

mystery, and all were seemingly content. Carl was probably saving the whole of his salary, for he never bought clothes, and he did not smoke. The ladies Ebag simply did what they liked about hymn tunes.

## III

YOU would have thought that no outsider would find a word to say, and you would have been mistaken. The fact that Mrs. Ebag was two years older than Miss, and Miss two years younger than Mrs. Ebag; the fact that old Caiaphas was, for strong reasons, always in the house; the fact that the ladies were notorious cat-idolaters; the fact that the reputation of the Ebag family was and had ever been spotless; the fact that the Ebag family had given the apse and practically created the entire church; all these facts added together did not prevent the outsider from finding a word to say.

At first words were not said; but looks were looked, and coughs were coughed. Then someone, strolling into the church of a morning while Carl Ullman was practising, saw Miss Ebag sitting in silent ecstasy in a corner. And a few mornings later the same someone, whose curiosity had been excited, veritably saw Mrs. Ebag in the organ loft with Carl Ullman, but no sign of Miss Ebag. It was at this juncture that words began to be said.

Words. Not complete sentences. The sentences were never finished. "Of course, it's no affair of mine, but—" "I wonder that people like the Ebags should—" "Not that I should ever dream of hinting that—" "First one and then the other—well." "I'm sure that if either Mrs. or Miss Ebag had the slightest idea they'd at once—" And so on. Intangible gossip, mere criticism, floating in the air.

## IV

ONE evening—it was precisely the first of June—when a thunderous storm was blowing up from the southwest and scattering the smoke of the Five Towns to the four corners of the world, and making the weathercock of the house of the Ebags to creak, the ladies Ebag and Carl Ullman sat together as usual in the drawing-room. The French window was open, but banged to at intervals. Carl Ullman had played the piano, and the ladies Ebag—Mrs. Ebag, somewhat comfortably stout,

and Miss Ebag spare—were talking very well and very sensibly about the influence of music on character. They invariably chose such subjects for conversation. Carl was chiefly silent, but now and then, after a sip of whisky, he would say "Yes" with impressiveness and stare gloomily out of the darkening window. The ladies Ebag had a remarkable example of the influence of music on character in the person of Edith Ebag. It appeared that Edith would never play anything but waltzes—Waldteufel's for choice—and that the foolish frivolity of her flyaway character was a direct consequence of this habit. Carl felt sadly glad after hearing the description of Edith's carryings-on that Edith had chosen to live far away.

And then the conversation languished and died with the daylight, and a certain self-consciousness obscured the social atmosphere. For a vague rumor of the chatter of the town had penetrated the house, and the ladies Ebag, though they scorned chatter, were affected by it; Carl Ullman, too. It had the customary effect of such chatter; it fixed the thoughts of those chatted about on matters which perhaps would not otherwise have occupied their attention.

The ladies Ebag said to themselves: "We are no longer aged nineteen. We are, moreover, living with our father. If he is bed-ridden, what then? This gossip connecting our names with that of Mr. Ullman is worse than baseless; it is preposterous. We assert positively that we have no designs of any kind on Mr. Ullman."

Nevertheless, by dint of thinking about that gossip, the naked idea of a marriage with Mr. Ullman soon ceased to shock them. They could gaze at it without going into hysterics.

As for Carl, he often meditated upon his own age, which might have been anything between thirty and forty-five, and upon the mysterious ages of the ladies and upon their goodness, their charm, their seriousness, their intelligence, and their sympathy with himself.

Hence the self-consciousness in the gloaming.

To create a diversion Miss Ebag walked primly to the window and cried:

"Goldie! Goldie!"

It was Goldie's bedtime. In summer he always strolled into the garden after dinner, and he nearly always sensibly responded to the call when his bed-hour sounded. No one would have dreamed of retiring until Goldie was safely ensconced in his large basket under the stairs.

"Naughty Goldie!" Miss Ebag said comprehensively, to the garden.

She went into the garden to search, and Mrs. Ebag followed her, and Carl Ullman followed Mrs. Ebag. And they searched without result, until it was black night, and the threatening storm at last fell. The vision of Goldie out in that storm desolated the ladies, and Carl Ullman displayed the nicest feeling. At length the rain drove them in, and they stood in the drawing-room with anxious faces, while two servants, under directions from Carl, searched the house for Goldie.

"If you please'm," stammered the housemaid, rushing rather unconventionally into the drawing-room, "cook says she thinks Goldie must be on the roof in the vane."

"On the roof in the vane?" exclaimed Mrs. Ebag, pale. "In the vane?"

"Yes'm."

"Whatever do you mean, Sarah?" asked Miss Ebag, even paler.

THE ladies Ebag were utterly convinced that Goldie was not like other cats, that he never went on the roof, that he never had any wish to do anything that was not in the strictest sense gentlemanly and correct. And if by chance he did go on the roof, it was merely to examine the roof itself, or to enjoy the view therefrom out of gentlemanly curiosity. So that this reference to the roof shocked them. The night did not favor the theory of view gazing.

"Cook says she heard the weather vane creaking ever since she went upstairs after dinner, and now it's stopped, and she can hear Goldie a-myowling like anything."

"Is cook in her attic?" asked Mrs. Ebag.

"Yes'm."

"Ask her to come out. Mr. Ullman, will you be so very good as to come upstairs and investigate?"

Cook, enveloped in a cloak, stood out

on the second landing, while Mr. Ullman and the ladies invaded her chamber. The noise of myowling was terrible. Mr. Ullman opened the dormer window, and the rain burst in together with a fury of myowling. But he did not care. It lightened and thundered. But he did not care. He procured a chair of cook's and put it under the window and stood on it, with his back to the window and twisted forth his body so that he could spy up the roof. The ladies protested that he would be wet through, but he paid no heed to them.

Then his head, dripping, returned into the room.

"I've just seen by a flash of lightning," he said in a voice of emotion. "The poor animal has got his tail fast in the socket of the weathervane. He must have been whisking it about up there, and the vane turned and caught it. The vane is jammed."

"How dreadful!" sobbed Mrs. Ebag. "What ever can be done?"

"He'll be dead before morning," sobbed Miss Ebag.

"I shall climb up the roof and release him," said Carl Ullman gravely.

They forbade him to do so. Then they implored him to refrain. But he was adamant. And in their supplications there was a note of insincerity, for their hearts bled for Goldie, and further, they were not altogether unwilling that Carl should prove himself a hero. And so, amid apprehensive feminine cries of the acuteness of his danger, Carl crawled out of the window and faced the thunder, the lightning, the rain, the slippery roof, and the maddened cat. A group of three servants was huddled outside the attic door.

In the attic the ladies could hear his movements on the roof, moving higher and higher. The suspense was acute. Then there was a silence; even the myowling had ceased. Then a clap of thunder, and then, after that, a terrific clatter on the roof, a bounding downwards as of a great stone, a curse, a horrid pause, and finally a terrific smashing of foliage and cracking of wood.

Mrs. Ebag sprang to the window.

"It's all right," came a calm, gloomy voice from below. "I fell into the rhododendrons and Goldie followed me. I'm

not hurt, thank goodness! Just my luck!"

A bell rang imperiously. It was the paralytic's bell. He had been disturbed by these unaccustomed phenomena.

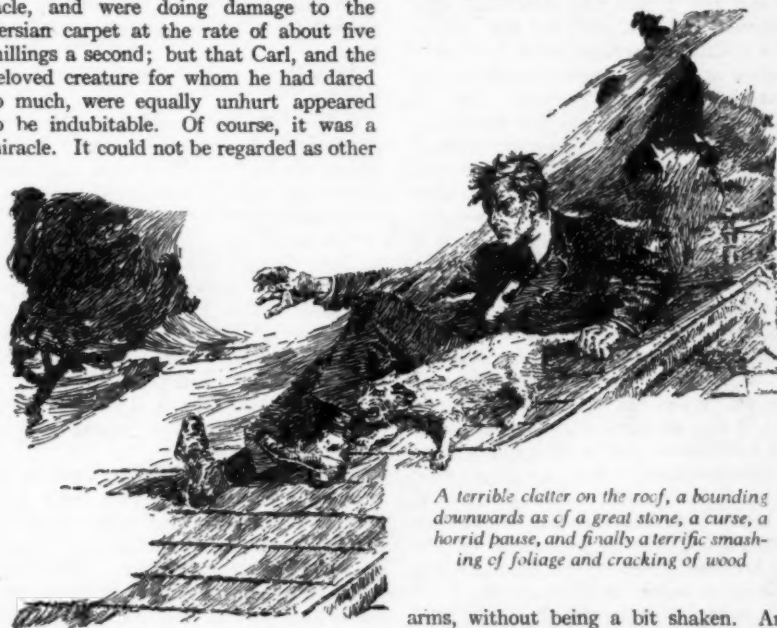
"Sister, do go to father at once," said Mrs. Ebag, as they both hastened downstairs in a state of emotion, assuredly unique in their lives.

V

MRS. EBAG met Carl and the cat as they dripped into the gas-lit drawing-room. They presented a surprising spectacle, and were doing damage to the Persian carpet at the rate of about five shillings a second; but that Carl, and the beloved creature for whom he had dared so much, were equally unhurt appeared to be indubitable. Of course, it was a miracle. It could not be regarded as other

"Nothing?" Mrs. Ebag repeated after him, with melting eyes, as if to imply that instead of being nothing, it was everything; as if to imply that his deed must rank hereafter with the most splendid deeds of antiquity; as if to imply that the whole affair was beyond words to utter, or gratitude to repay.

And in fact Carl himself was moved. You cannot fall from the roof of a two-story house into a very high-class rhododendron bush, carrying a prize cat in your



*A terrible clatter on the roof, a bounding downwards as of a great stone, a curse, a horrid pause, and finally a terrific smashing of foliage and cracking of wood*

than a miracle. Mrs. Ebag gave vent to an exclamation in which were mingled pity, pride, admiration and solicitude, and then remained, as it were, spellbound. The cat escaped from those protecting arms and fled away. Instead of following Goldie, Mrs. Ebag continued to gaze at the hero.

"How can I thank you?" she whispered.

"What for?" asked Carl, with laconic gloom.

"For having saved my darling," said Mrs. Ebag. And there was passion in her voice.

"Oh!" said Carl. "It was nothing."

arms, without being a bit shaken. And Carl was a bit shaken, not merely physically, but morally and spiritually. He could not deny to himself that he had, after all, done something rather wondrous, which ought to be celebrated in sounding verse. He felt that he was in an atmosphere far removed from the commonplace.

He dripped steadily on to the carpet.

"You know how dear my cat was to me," proceeded Mrs. Ebag. "And you risked your life to spare me the pain of his suffering, perhaps his death. How thankful I am that I insisted on having those rhododendrons planted just where they are—fifteen years ago! I never anticipated—"



She stopped. Tears came into her dowager eyes.

It was obvious that she worshipped him. She was so absorbed in his heroism that she had no thought even for his dampness. As Carl's eyes met hers, she seemed, to him, to grow younger. And there came into his mind all the rumor that had vaguely reached him, coupling their names together; and also his early dreams of love and passion and a marriage that would be one long honeymoon. And he saw how absurd had been those early dreams. He saw that the best chance of a felicitous marriage lay in a union of mature and serious persons, animated by grave interests and lofty ideals. Yes, she was older than he. But not much, not much! Not more than—how many years? And he remembered surprising her rapt glance that very evening as she watched him playing the piano. What had romance to do with age? Romance could occur at any age. It was occurring now. Her soft eyes, her portly form, exuded romance. And had not the renowned Beaconsfield espoused a lady appreciably older than himself, and did not those espousals achieve the ideal of bliss? In the fact of saving the cat, he had not been definitely aware that it was so particularly her cat. He had been aware merely of saving the cat of the household. But now, influenced by her attitude and her shining reverence, he began to persuade himself that an uncontrollable desire to please her and to win her had moved him to undertake the perilous passage of the sloping roof.

In short, the idle chatter of the town was about to be justified. In another moment he might have dripped into her generous arms . . . Had not Miss Ebag swept into the drawing-room.

"Gracious!" gasped Miss Ebag. "The poor dear thing will have pneumonia. Sister, you know his chest is not strong. Dear Mr. Ullman, please, please, do go and—er—change."

He did the discreet thing and went to bed, hot whisky following him on a tray carried by the housemaid.

#### VI

THE next morning the slightly unusual happened. It was the custom for Carl Ullman to breakfast alone, while

reading *The Staffordshire Signal*. The ladies Ebag breakfasted mysteriously in bed. But on this morning Carl found Miss Ebag before him in the breakfast-room. She prosecuted minute inquiries as to his health and nerves. She went out with him to regard the rhododendron bushes, and shuddered at the sight of the ruin which had saved him. She said, following famous philosophers, that Chance was merely the name we give to the effect of laws which we cannot understand. And, upon this high level of conversation, she poured forth his coffee and passed his toast.

It was a lovely morning after the tempest.

Goldie, all newly combed and looking as though he had never seen a roof, strolled pompously into the room with tail unfurled. Miss Ebag picked the animal up and kissed it passionately.

"Darling!" she murmured, not exactly to Mr. Ullman, nor yet exactly to the cat. Then she glanced effulgently at Carl and said: "When I think that you risked your precious life, in that awful storm, to save my poor Goldie! . . . You must have guessed how dear he was to me! . . . No, really, Mr. Ullman, I cannot thank you properly. I can't express my—" Her eyes were moist.

Although not young, she was two years younger. Her age was two years less. The touch of man had never profaned her. No masculine kiss had ever rested on that cheek, that mouth. And Carl felt that he might be the first to cull the flower that had so long waited. He did not see, just then, the hollow beneath her chin, the two lines of sinew, that, bounding a depression, disappeared beneath her collarette. He saw only her soul. He guessed that she would be more malleable than the widow, and he was sure that she was not in a position, as the widow was, to make comparisons between husbands. Certainly there appeared to be some confusion as to the proprietorship of this cat. Certainly he could not have saved the cat's life for love of two different persons. But that was beside the point. The essential thing was that he began to be glad that he had done nothing definite with the widow on the previous evening.



"Darling!" said she again, with a new access of passion, kissing Goldie, but darting a glance at Carl.

He might have put to her the momentous question, between two bites of buttered toast, had not Mrs. Ebag, at the precise instant, swum amply into the room.

"Sister! You up!" exclaimed Miss Ebag.

"And you, sister!" retorted Mrs. Ebag.

#### VII

IT is impossible to divine what might have occurred for the delectation of the very ancient borough of Oldcastle if that frivolous piece of goods, Edith, had not taken it into her head to run down from London for a few days, on the plea that London was too ridiculously hot. She was a pretty girl, with fluffy, honey-colored hair, and about thirty white frocks. And she seemed to be quite as silly as her staid stepmother and her prim step-aunt had said. She transformed the careful order of the house into a wild disorder, and left a novel or so lying on the drawing-room table between her step-mother's "Contemporary Review" and her step-aunt's "History of European Morals." Her taste in music was candidly and brazenly bad. It was a fact, as her elders had stated, that she played nothing but waltzes. What was worse, she compelled Carl Ullman to perform waltzes. And one day she burst into the drawing room when Carl was alone there, with a roll under her luscious arm, and said:

"What do you think I've found at Barrowfoot's?"

"I don't know," said Carl, gloomily smiling, and then smiling without gloom.

"Waldteufel's waltzes for four hands. You must play them with me at once."

And he did. It was a sad spectacle for archangels to see the organist of St. Placid's galloping through a series of dances with the empty-headed Edith.

The worst was, he liked it. He enjoyed it. He knew that he ought to prefer the high intellectual plane, the severe artistic tastes of the elderly sisters. But he did not. He was amazed to discover that frivolity appealed more powerfully to his secret soul. He was also amazed to discover that his gloom was leaving him. This vanishing of gloom gave him strange sensations, akin to the sensations of a man who, after having worn gaiters into middle age, abandons them.

After the Waldteufel she began to tell him all about herself; how she went



*Her taste in music was candidly and brazenly bad*

slumming in the East End, and how jolly it was. And how she helped in the Bloomsbury Settlement, and how jolly that was. And later she said:

"You must have thought it very odd of me, Mr. Ullman, not thanking you for so bravely rescuing my poor cat, but the truth is, I never heard of it till today. I can't say how grateful I am. I should have loved to see you doing it."

"Is Goldie your cat?" he feebly inquired.

"Why, of course!" she said. "Didn't you know? Of course you did! Goldie always belonged to me. Grandpa bought him for me. But I couldn't do with him in London, so I always leave him here for them to take care of. He adores me. He never forgets me. He'll come to me before anyone. You must have noticed that. I can't say how grateful I am! It was perfectly marvellous of you! I can't help laughing, though, whenever I think what a state mother and auntie must have been in that night!"

Strictly speaking, they hadn't a cent

between them, except his hundred a year. But he married her hair, and she married his melancholy eyes; and she was content to settle in Oldcastle, where there are almost no slums. And her stepmother was forced by Edith to make the hundred up to four hundred. This was rather hard on Mrs. Ebag. Thus Mrs. Ebag remained a widow, and Miss Ebag continues a flower uncultured. However, gossip was stifled.

In his appointed time, and in the fulness of years, Goldie died, and was mourned. And by none was he more sincerely mourned than by the aged, bedridden Caiaphas.

"I miss my cat I can tell ye!" said old Caiaphas pettishly to Carl, who was sitting by his couch. "He knew his master, Goldie did! Edith did her best to steal him from me when you married and set up house. A nice thing, considering I bought him and he never belonged to anybody but me! Ay! I shall never have another cat like that cat."

And this is the whole truth of the affair.

## THE MEMORY OF MUSIC

By RICHARD M. HUNT

HOW tender and low was the music  
That out from the silence stole;  
But it struck like fire from the heaven,  
And burned its way to my soul.

And my soul leaped up like a warrior;  
I forgot I was weary and wan;  
And under the spell of the music  
I battled—a mighty man!

The music died. For a moment  
I lived in its memory,—  
And then, in the crushing silence,  
I sank again unto—me.

An atom again in the turmoil  
But I'd stood for an instant, strong!  
And I called to God in my weakness  
To make my life such a song!

# Something Good in the World

64

*A Real Heart Throb  
ending in a Happy  
Romance*

**Harry A. Earnshaw**

*Author of "Mme. Vezzini's Pearls"  
"The Light of the Morning," etc.*

THE little town of Westbury had not been very kind to Johnnie. He was seven years old when the family moved there from Indiana, and his mother died during their first year in the new country. Although his sister Ellen was ten, and his brother Bill thirteen, he felt the loss of the mother more keenly than either of them, for his frail little body housed a tender heart, and his mind was more than usually active for one of his years.

It was the very day after his mother's funeral that he fell from the wagon and twisted his back so terribly. After he was able to sit in his invalid's chair, he used to lie back and watch the fleecy white clouds sailing in the dreamy blue of the Minnesota sky, and weep silently as he thought of his dear mother who had gone away and left him yet in his babyhood. He often wished that the angels that Miss Alice told him about would come and carry his poor, crippled body up into the bright, golden Heaven, where he would be made new again, and where he could romp and play before his mother as he used to do.

The father was a blacksmith, but the town was too new as yet to enable him to make more than a bare living for himself and the little family, for there were few horses to shoe, and still fewer wagons to repair.

Without Alice Frazer, Johnnie's life would have been desolate indeed. Alice taught in the little white schoolhouse on the hill. She had been boarding with the

Kirks when Mrs. Kirk died, and she had been almost a mother to Johnnie ever since that misfortune darkened his young life. Johnnie's grandmother, who lived with them, found the task of keeping house for the blacksmith and his children all that her failing strength could stand, and Alice had stepped into the breach and taken care of Johnnie through the months of suffering that followed the accident. Afterwards, when they found that he would not be able to walk again, she gave him lessons every evening, and during the long Saturday afternoons whiled away the time for him by reading aloud, while he watched the other boys playing the games he could never enjoy again.

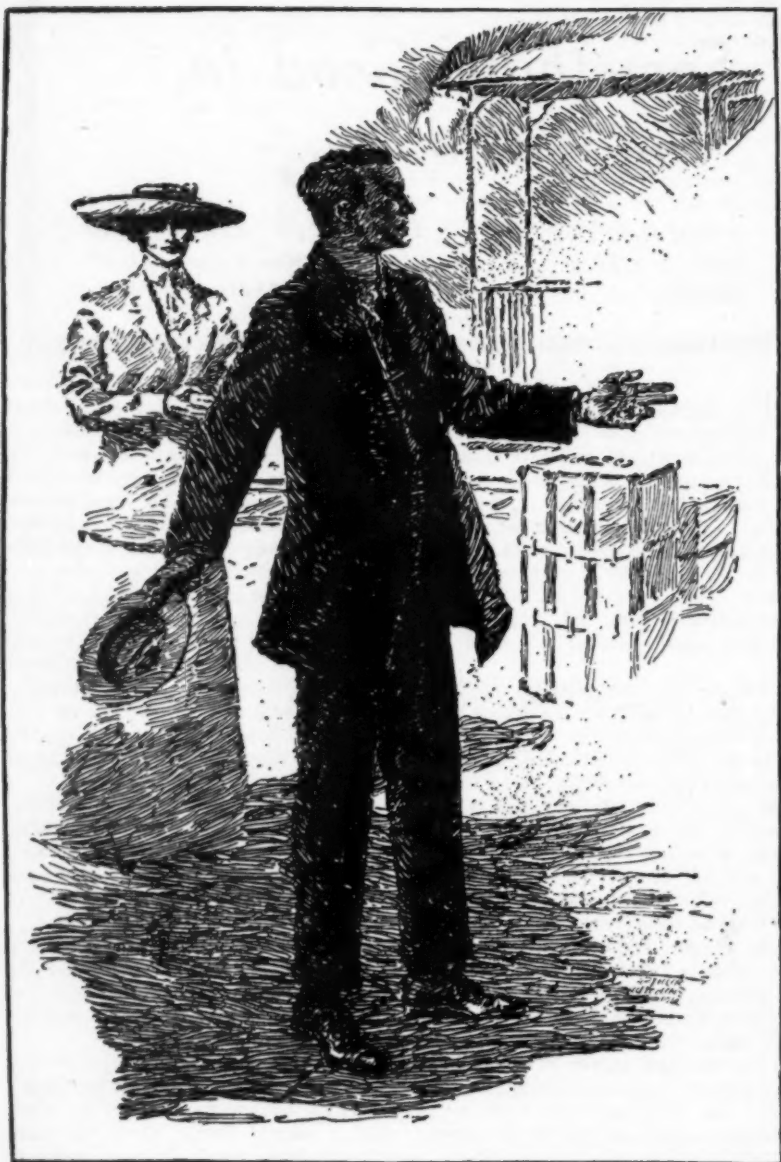
He had grown to love the sweet-faced, cheery girl, and as he listened day after day to her stories of the One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," he learned the lesson of patience in the midst of pain.

One day, after she had finished the story of Christ's healing of the blind and the lame, he asked her, "Miss Alice, could God fix my back so that I could walk and run and play again?"

"Yes, Johnnie, dear," she answered, patting his hand, "God can do anything."

"Why doesn't he fix it, then?" he asked, after a silence during which his mind struggled futilely with the great problem.

"Well, Johnnie, you see sometimes God does things in ways that we cannot understand. Perhaps He thinks it is best for you to be as you are, dear. I know it is



*"Gentlemen," he said, "I have just learned of some facts that I think you will want to know"*

hard for us to understand it—indeed, we cannot hope to understand many things until after we have crossed over the Great River to where God is. All that we can do is to try to be patient and sweet-tempered here, no matter what our troubles may be, and to remember that just in proportion to our trials and sufferings on earth shall we be rewarded in Heaven.”

THEY had many such talks as this, and, as time rolled on, the girl, with her genial optimism and her sweet, abiding faith that all wrong would eventually be righted, molded and shaped the boy's character for good.

He never knew the extent of the sacrifices she made to save from her meager salary enough money to take him during the vacation period down to Chicago, where an eminent surgeon examined him. The great specialist told her that he could restore the twisted back, but that an operation of the nicest skill, and months of careful nursing and treatment afterwards would be required.

All this meant that they would have to come to Chicago again, and it meant that much money would be needed. The amount seemed a princely fortune to Alice as she counted up her small resources.

But she breathed a prayer that some way might be shown to her, and then set about with determination to save what she could from her earnings. She begrudged herself even the simple frocks which her work in the schoolroom required her to buy from time to time, and as for the books that she loved, or the vacations that would have given her the rest and change she so much needed, she put them out of her mind.

In the little spare time at her disposal she worked at short stories and sketches, mostly about children, the ideas for which came to her from pathetic and humorous incidents that came under her observation in her school work. For a whole year she met with discouragement in her efforts to dispose of her work. Each time she sent in a manuscript to the publishers, she waited in fear and trembling to receive their verdict. She would alternate between the heights of joyous anticipation and the depths of despairing anxiety. Would the letter bring her a generous check which

could be added to the fund for Johnnie, or would the familiar white rejection slip, with its courteous wording, flutter out? As weeks glided into months, and each trial resulted in nothing more than a waste of postage, even her heroic courage was staggered. How she labored over her little stories! It seemed to her that into each line she put some of her very blood, and a story in itself could have been told of the long nights of work by the light of an oil-lamp, of the brown-haired girl who wept her own tears as she wrote of the tears of others. But she was too unconscious, in the sublimity of her devotion to the motherless boy, to mar the perfection of her sacrifice, the beauty of her heroism, by even a tinge of self-pity.

One day she sent away a manuscript that never came back. In its stead she received a check. The amount was modest, but in the solitude of her own room she sat down upon the edge of her bed and kissed the insensate slip of paper, and laughed and cried over it, and laughed again; and then she told Johnnie, and he cried and laughed too. The encouragement had come just in time, for she had almost concluded to give up her literary efforts. But now she felt justified in working harder than ever, and to her great joy, her contributions suddenly seemed to find a market for themselves. She was soon able to add substantially to Johnnie's bank account. She kept the money in the little bank over at Amery, the county seat, four miles away.

Finally the day came when the money in the bank had grown to the amount which Alice had calculated would be needed for the journey to Chicago and for the expenses of the operation. On the morrow she was to drive over to Amery and draw out the money, and the two were to take the train at noon for Chicago.

That afternoon they sat under the big tree in the front yard, Johnnie propped up in his chair with pillows. Alice gave him, as she had done many, many times before, a glowing account of the new life that would be his when the great doctor had fulfilled his promise and restored him to health.

“And I can run and play marbles and baseball with Lou Seitz and Bobbie after I get well, can't I, Miss Alice?” he asked.



"Yes, Johnnie," she answered; "if all goes well, you will be just like any other little boy then."

"Oh, I will be so happy!" he exclaimed. "And I shall love you always, Miss Alice, because I will owe it all to you! I can go up to the school, and you can give me my lessons there," he added, as the possibilities of the new life crowded in upon him.

He was silent for a time, and then he spoke again suddenly.

"Miss Alice, will you always stay here and be my school teacher?"

"Always is a long time, Johnnie," she replied, smiling. "Just think, you will grow up and be a man soon, and then you won't want me any more."

"I shall want you all my life," the boy said earnestly, stretching out his thin hand to her. Her white, slender fingers closed about his. "I was afraid you would go away and get married. Dad says that's what Miss Kimball did—who was school teacher here before you."

"Why should I get married, dear? I am happy here with you. I want to see you happy and free to run about again, and that will please me more than anything else."

"Did anyone ever ask you to be married?" he asked, with boyish directness.

SHE caught her breath and looked away from him across the valley, where the tall corn was waving in the soft breeze.

"Maybe I ought not to have asked you that," he said, with a quick intuition that he had touched some hidden chord.

"It was all right for you to ask me, Johnnie, dear," she answered, turning to look at him and smiling; "and I will tell you a secret, just between us two. A man did ask me to be his wife. That was just before I came here to Westbury. He was a good man, Johnnie—" She was silent awhile, as if in reflection, and then went on, "—and he loved me—I truly believe he loved me, and that he loves me now. And—oh, Johnnie!" she touched his hand impulsively "—you are only a little boy, but you seem to be the only one in all this world that I can talk to about what is nearest to my heart of hearts—I—I love him, too!"

He looked at her in silent sympathy, not knowing what to say at first. Finally

he said softly, "If he married you, Miss Alice, he would have to be a good man, for you are very, very good. I often think God must be just like you."

"Oh, no, dear, you mustn't say that," she said hastily.

"Why didn't you marry him, if you loved each other?" he asked.

"Because—because I didn't feel that I was worthy of him. He wanted me to be his wife, and would have made me a fine lady, for he is rich, oh, very rich, Johnnie, rich enough to buy all of Westbury; but it seemed wrong to me that I should go to him with nothing to give him but my poor self. I wanted first to do something in the world worth while. I told him I wanted to try myself in the hard school of life, to learn to be unselfish by doing something—even a little—for others; that when I had accomplished something, when I had learned patience and unselfishness and charity, if he still loved me, I would be his wife, and then I could come to him not wholly empty handed; that I could not accept the life of wealth and ease which he offered me until I had in some measure made myself worthy of it."

She had been talking in a low voice, as if she had forgotten the boy's presence and were communing with herself.

When she was silent, Johnnie sighed, and said, "Miss Alice, I guess I am too little to understand some things, but it seems to me that you are as good and patient and unselfish now as anyone could ever be."

"It is only your love for me that makes you think so, dear boy," she said to him fondly. "Well, let us leave all these things to work themselves out as they will. Tomorrow we will start for Chicago and then—then the new life begins for my dear little man. God has been good to both of us, Johnnie; I have learned much during these quiet years here."

The sun was sinking, bathing all the fields in a golden glow. She wheeled his chair into the house.

The next morning Alice arose early and put on her neat traveling dress. It was of inexpensive stuff, and she had made it herself to wear on the journey to which she and Johnnie had looked forward for so long. There was a grace to her trim figure that



seemed to transform the simple gown into a work of some noted Parisian modiste.

The blacksmith had borrowed the doctor's old white horse and the dilapidated buggy in which the good man was wont to drive about the pleasant country roads. Alice went out the front gate and climbed into the buggy, and then drove down the road toward Amery.

She crossed the railroad, with its white-washed sign-post and cattle-guards, and urged the old horse into his nearest approach to a trot. The result made him resemble nothing so much as a ship laboring in a quivering sea.

The heavy dew of the night just passed still lay in sparkling diamonds upon the fields on either side, and in the air was the



JOHNNIE

first delicious tang of the early fall. The girl's heart was happy. She breathed rapturously the cool, fresh air of the morning, fragrant with its smell of growing things, and the gentle air seemed to be in harmony with her joyous mood, for it kissed her tenderly, and tossed her brown tresses in playfulness about her face, while the rising sun bathed her in its glorious radiance.

A RABBIT hopped slowly across the road in front of her, as if he knew he was safe in her presence, and he turned after he had gone into the field a little way, and, standing on his hind-legs like a little dog, "begging," he watched the girl go by. She laughed aloud at him in the bubbling excess of her joy, and the laugh ended in a few bars of a half-forgotten song. She saw a spirited team coming down the road toward her, and as it came near she recognized the driver as Jim Whittlesey, the big sheriff from Amery. He was driving furiously, but drew up sharply as he came alongside and tipped his hat.

"Mornin', Miss Frazer," he said, "was you drivin' over to our town this mornin'?"

"Good morning, Mr. Whittlesey," she greeted him cheerily. "Yes, I am going over to the bank. Johnnie Kirk and I are going away today, you know, on the twelve-three. You seem to be in a hurry this morning."

"Ain't you heard the news?" the sheriff inquired.

"No, what's the matter—tell me what has happened," she replied hastily. Even then a premonition of disaster smote her in a strange tremble.

"Robbers broke into the bank last night, busted open the safe and stole all the money. Frank Clark, the cashier, is almost crazy over it. He says he had nine thousand dollars in there last night, and they got every cent of it. It will bust the bank sure. But we're after the rascals—got a shot at one of 'em last night, just as they were pullin' out of town. I'm on my way to the telegraph office at Westbury now to wire down the line each way to head 'em off if they try to catch a train on the Soo. Hello! What is the—Golly, I forgot! You had your money in there, didn't you?" He stopped his excited narrative, as he saw

the girl sink down in the buggy, with her hands up to her white face.

"Oh, Johnnie—Johnnie—they've—taken—your—money," she sobbed hysterically; "now—now we can't go—" and the rest was lost in a convulsion of sobs.

The sheriff leaned over and patted her shoulder.

"There—there, girl, don't be takin' it too hard—we may get 'em yet."

She made no answer, but her shoulders continued to heave in her uncontrollable grief. The sheriff sat a moment in silence, watching her, and then, with a feeling that such sorrow was something too sacred for him to witness, he drove on toward Westbury.

THE palatial special train of the Duluth Boosters' Excursion was scurrying down the glistening steel ribbons of the Soo Line. The great locomotive tugged the ten ponderous cars onward, past fields of ripening wheat and corn, past placid lakes that gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, over bridges and culverts spanning cool brooks in whose quiet pools lurked the speckled trout, past meadows in which the peaceful cattle browsed, raising their heads for a moment only to look at the train whose noisy rush had disturbed them.

It was the annual fall trip of the trade extension committee of the Duluth Commercial Club. In the party were representatives of nearly every business in Duluth. This was the third day out, and the boosters had visited from twenty-five to thirty towns each day. In each town a parade was given, headed by the Third Regiment Band, the boosters trailing out behind for several city blocks, swinging their red-pennanted canes, and waving their natty white caps to the parties of ladies that were always to be seen on the hotel balconies.

As the train made its way through the prosperous, fertile lake region of Minnesota, it left behind it a white wake of advertising pamphlets, souvenirs, and literature descriptive of the city by the lake. At each town the representatives of the various jobbing houses hunted up their customers, and renewed old acquaintances or formed new ones.

From the buffet-car ahead, back to the

broad-windowed observation car in the rear of the train, a spirit of boyish hilarity and enthusiasm prevailed among the excursionists. Staid, gray-haired vice-presidents rehearsed between stops with the "song-birds," as the rooters' brigade had been dubbed, and at each station a score or more of voices joined in a song appropriate to that particular town, the words of which had been adapted to some catchy, popular air.

Big Frank Seaton, chairman of the committee, and therefore in charge of the special train, paraded up and down the aisle in the observation car, illustrating, with a tremendous gravity that was irresistibly funny the steps of a cakewalk in which the boosters were expected to indulge during the progress of the parade that was to be given that night at one of the largest towns on the route.

The vice-chairman went through the train, calling out in each car the name of the next town, and the length of the stop that would be made there. Frank Seaton had just finished his performance amid a whirlwind of applause, when the vice-chairman slammed the door of the observation car behind him, and, steadying himself as the train swayed round the curves, he called out his announcement.

"Westbury! Westbury next, gentlemen! Stop ten minutes! Everybody get out here and whoop 'er up good!"

AS the name "Westbury" was called out, Frank Seaton gave a quick start, and then he withdrew himself a little from the rest, gazing in silence out of the window at the blurring landscape.

The long-drawn-out whistle of the engine reached those in the rear car above the roar and the rattle of the fast-moving train, and then as the air-brakes were gently applied, the speed began to reduce gradually. The train came into Westbury station with the engine emitting a series of fantastic toots which notified the people that the much-heralded Duluth Special had arrived.

As the train stopped Seaton swung off on to the platform and hurried forward to the depot.

Up ahead, the band piled out of their car, and when the musicians had congregated on the platform the parade-master

gave a signal, the cornetist sounded a call, and the band moved off up the main street to the tap, tap, tap-tap-tap of the snare-drum. The boosters followed as usual in open order, and the populace of Westbury kept step on either side. Soon from over the hill came back the faint strains of music, as the band arrived at the main square.

Frank Seaton had not gone with the crowd. Instead, he hurried to a blue-eyed girl, with soft brown hair, who was standing at the corner of the station. He rushed up to her and seized both her hands eagerly.

"Alice—Alice—it is really you!" he exclaimed. "My eyes have been hungry for the sight of you!"

She was very pale, and her voice trembled a little as she greeted him.

"O Frank, I'm so glad to see you," was all that she would trust herself to say just then.

She looked so fresh, so sweet, so young, that his heart bounded within him. He stood close to her, and the perfume of her hair swept about him. Looking down at her, his eyes told of his yearning, and of the longing that was ever in him to take her to himself and keep her always.

"Alice, dear—yes, I will call you that—" she had raised her eyes to his in quick protest— "Oh, won't you put an end to my heartache? Why do you keep away from me? Why do you continue to bury yourself in this little place? I am lonely for you, Alice! My arms are ever longing to take you—they are ever stretched out toward you. Abandon this idea of yours; give up this work that is taking the best part of your life! You who are so good, so merciful, such a ministering angel to others—why don't you look with charity upon me?"

He had spoken in a low voice, but with the vehemence of long-confined feeling. She listened with downcast eyes, and her lip quivered as she made him answer.

"Frank, you don't know how much I treasure your regard for me. I don't want you to think that I am working out my life here without any plan—above all, I don't want you to think that I am thoughtless or cruel, or that I would play with the

heart of a strong, true man, as I know you to be. I know you think my philosophy is foolish, and my ideas quixotic, but let me try to do my little part in life as I see it. I may be wrong, I may be foolish, but it does not seem right for me to give up now, when I am still so far from accomplishing anything worth while. Some day, Frank, I hope that my answer may be different."

The sound of the drum beating regularly in brisk tempo warned him that the party was returning. Soon the leaders began to climb the steps to the platform.

"O Frank, I forgot to introduce my young friend," exclaimed the girl. "Johnnie, forgive me for neglecting you, won't you, dear? This is Mr. Seaton, one of my old friends."

Frank bent over and shook hands with the little fellow warmly, his quick eyes taking in the boy's condition at a glance.

"Alice, I suspect this represents another dark place in life that you are helping to light. You are ever playing the good angel." He said this aside to her, so that the boy did not hear.

In the excitement of the past few moments she had forgotten temporarily the calamity that had befallen them, but now the sight of Johnnie's feeble frame and his pallid cheeks brought back to her with a rush the full import of their misfortune.

**W**HEN the train had pulled into the station, Johnnie had sat with his black eyes beaming in anticipation of hearing the band. In the confusion no one had noticed the sigh of patient resignation with which he sank back in his chair as he saw the band move off up town.

"Why, bless your heart, Johnnie, what is the matter?" asked Alice in sudden solicitude, as she glanced down and noticed his tears. The girl knelt quickly by his side and placed her arm around him. "Tell me, Johnnie, tell me, dear!" she urged him anxiously.

He could only sob out, "The—the—mu-mu-sic—music's—gone—away—and"—and then he gave way utterly to his sorrow.

Seaton's mind grasped the situation in an instant, and he acted as quickly as he thought. The conductor had already signalled to the engineer thinking that

Seaton would swing as he often did on to the last car as it came by, and the train was slowly gathering way when Seaton shouted to the man, "Stop your train!"

The conductor promptly sprang up into the vestibule of the dining-car and pulled the signal-cord. The train came to a quick stop and Seaton ran forward to the head car. The leader of the band was still standing on the platform, and Frank called out to him, "Get your men out here, Johnson! I want you to play again."

Johnnie dried his tears as the men began to play softly, and he listened to the music with his very soul. It seemed to him that he was in Paradise; that he could feel his dead mother's arms around him again; and that these figures before him in the beautiful blue and gold uniforms were angels playing some glorious anthem at the foot of the Great White Throne.

Alice placed her lips close to Seaton's ear, that the music might not drown her words, and said: "You have made me happier by this kind act of yours than I remember of ever having been before. If you knew this poor boy's history as I do you would realize how much this means to him. He has been so unfortunate, Frank!"

"Is his infirmity incurable?" he bent down to ask.

"No," she returned. "An operation would restore him to health. In fact, we were going to start for Chicago today, but—"

She stopped in a sudden realization that she had said too much.

Something told Seaton to follow up the clue she had unwittingly given him. "But —?" he suggested insistently.

She did not know what impulse forced the story from her, and perhaps it was the music, or the subtle mastery that his neat presence seemed to exert over her, but almost before she knew what she was doing, she had told him the whole story. She attempted to gloss over her share in the raising of Johnnie's money, but with the quick apperception that love gave him, he mentally filled in all the blanks she left. As he looked down at the face so dear to him, and just now so close to his own, his mind, with the rapidity of lightning, sketched a plan.

The band ceased playing, and he raised

his hand for silence. His voice was a little husky when he first began to speak, but, as he proceeded, he warmed to the subject, and his clear, resonant tones rang out over the crowd in words that thrilled them with enthusiasm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have just learned some facts that I think you will want to know. I brought this band back here to give a special concert for this little boy. He has been very unfortunate, as you may observe. A certain young lady, with the heroism of devotion and love, made it the work of her life during the past two or three years to raise the amount of money necessary to take this boy to a specialist for an operation which will restore him to health and activity. Yesterday the fund which this girl has been slowly accumulating for this noble object had reached the amount that had been determined upon. Today these two were to start for Chicago. Last night yeggmen broke into the bank four miles from here and stole all the cash. It is a large sum for a small bank to lose, and this boy's money is probably gone forever."

He paused for a little, as if to give greater effect to what was to follow, and then continued, "I have been ready for several minutes to write a check for the amount of this lad's loss. I am still ready to do it. But it has just occurred to me that the men around me at this time are men who, if I know you rightly—and I think I do—would hold such an act on my part up against me; I mean by that, that I believe you would hardly forgive me under these circumstances if I did not tell you this story and give to every man of you here the opportunity to take part in reimbursing this poor boy. Have I said enough?"

He had said more than enough, evidently, for Vinton Vail, president of the Trust National, was wiping his eyes suspiciously. Vail was the first man to advance to the little fellow, who had during all the proceedings sat motionless, comprehending only vaguely what it was all about. Vail took Johnnie's cap from his head, laid it on the boy's knees, and placed a yellow-backed bill in it. Then he stepped

aside for the next man, who crowded close upon his heels. Even the band-men pushed and jostled good-naturedly for their turn, and a steady stream of money flowed into the little cap as the throng filed by. When the last man had made his contribution, the little cap was not only full, but running over into Johnnie's lap.

"Gentlemen," said Seaton, after a moment during which the crowd kept a queer silence, as though in a church, "I want to say one thing more. This is, no doubt, a very unconventional proceeding, but I want to make an announcement. This young lady here is Miss Alice Frazer. I love her dearly. I have loved her for years. Long ago I asked her to be my wife, and she would not consent because she said she wanted to accomplish something good in the world first."

Every hat had come off at Seaton's first words, and the boosters waited in breathless, respectful stillness.

"I submit that this dear girl has taught me such a lesson of devotion as I shall never need to learn anywhere else in this life. I submit to you all that I am most unworthy of her. I submit that she is going to marry me. And I submit that if she will—or rather, when she does, she will make of me a better man. All those in favor of these propositions will please signify by saying 'aye!'"

Such a mighty roar of "Aye" went up that the windows in the depot rattled. He had drawn the girl's head down upon his breast and she had not resisted. In spite of his half-quizzical speech, his eyes were gleaming, and his strong face was pale in his emotion.

"Can't a woman vote, Frank?" she said.

"The motion is carried," said he, gravely, and with a certain tinge of solemnity in his tones which made it seem as if they were taking part in a sacred rite. "No remarks will be in order."

"Then—then I guess I won't say anything," she said with a happy nervous laugh that ended queerly in a half sob of gladness. In lieu of further speech she put her arms around his neck, and reaching up on tiptoe she kissed him with the kiss of surrender.



# *Fiddlin' Joe*

*by*

AGNES MARY BROWNELL

WHAT—didn't you ever know  
Fiddlin' Joe?  
He lived in these parts some odd years ago.

Joe never seemed to take a holt of work,  
Altho' you couldn't say the fellow'd shirk—  
He'd sort o' labor.  
Work never seemed to get him anywhere—  
He never asked much but a breath o' air,  
A bite o' food, and his old fiddle there;  
And when o' summer eves he'd take it down—  
Or winter nights—he'd get the whole blamed town  
To sort o' neighbor.

You couldn't keep your feet still anyhow—  
Seemed like the music's bound to make you bow  
'S if to your partner.  
And when he played upon his silver G  
In a sorter dumb, hauntin' minor key,  
Awanderin' up and down it lonesomely;  
Or to his sweet, shrill E he laid his bow,  
Laughin' and playin' with his fiddle so,  
'S if to hearten 'er—

He seemed to travel on its four white roads  
Out of the world, its hardships and its loads  
Of work and worry.  
Sometimes upon a high and mellow note,  
Seemed like he hung and wavered like a mote  
Of sunlight, in a golden room afloat.  
Sometimes upon a quiet middle way,  
He'd dream and while a pleasant hour away—  
No care, no hurry.

A stranger, walking evenings past his place,  
Was sure to stop and linger for a space,  
Head bendin' low.  
Joe had his little joke on everyone—  
It was our heart strings he was playin' on.  
He had his cue for every mother's son.  
"Who's that?" would ask the folk just come to town,  
Most anyone 'd answer, glancin' roun',  
"Just Fiddlin' Joe."



One night Joe got a chill—'twas his last dance.  
 Poor chap—the night he shivered his last lance,  
     They hung his bow  
 Where his dead eyes gazed on it mournfully.  
 His fiddle on its nail there seemed to be  
 Swept by a hand to ghostly melody.  
 And now that poor Joe's wand'ring spirit had fled,  
 Seemed like the soul of his old fiddle hed.  
 Seemed like we missed his fiddle more than him;  
 "Who's dead?" asked one who'd seen the buryin',  
     "Just Fiddlin' Joe."



Sometimes I think—I'm just a common chap—  
 That when poor Joe arrived and gave a rap  
     So sorter low,  
 Saint Peter looked out from the pearly gate  
 And called: "Who's this upon the way so late,  
 And with a fiddle for a travellin' mate?"  
 And Joe in that soft, drawlin' voice of his,  
 Easing his old green baize bag, 'd answer this:  
     —"Just Fiddlin' Joe."

# Restoring the Flag to the High Seas

by Hon. J. Sloat Fassett

*In the discussion on Panama tolls, there has not been a speech nor expression that more vividly or comprehensively covers the subject of "restoring the American flag to the high seas" than the address delivered in Congress several years ago by Hon. J. Sloat Fassett. The facts as brought out at that time are now even more definite and pertinent than when presented, although few speeches in Congress ever awakened more widespread interest.*

THE question is often raised as to whether it is ever profitable to invest capital at a loss; in other words, Is it ever profitable to invest capital without a profit? I answer unhesitatingly, "yes." It has frequently proven so; it all depends upon the meaning and interpretation of the word "profit," for that word involves more than the immediate return; it involves a contemplation of ultimate results. There is a scriptural inquiry: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So I say, What shall it profit a nation if it exclusively contemplates sordid considerations of immediate gain, if it yields to the seductions of the law of the jungle—the law of the tooth and the claw—and for immediate profit allows the strong to prey upon the weak through unrestrained competition, under which the weaker must go to the wall?

I am further asked, now as then, whether it is justifiable to use the taxing power of government to aid a business which otherwise would run at a loss. Again I answer, unhesitatingly and emphatically, "yes."

The argument is the old familiar argument of the free trader; it has been heard in every campaign from every free-trade orator; it is the law of the doctrinaire, the theory of *laissez faire*; it is, the doctrine of free and unrestrained competition, a doctrine which Christian nations have repudiated, and particularly a doctrine detested in this country and utterly departed from in all our cities and in all

our States and in the Union of all our States, and in this entire Nation we long ago relegated this relic of barbarism to the limbo of outgrown superstitions.

We do not believe that the strongest forces and the strongest men should be permitted to assert their powers unrestrained. It is contrary to the whole doctrine and policy of our law; contrary to all the teachings of our experience; and it is obnoxious to all our recent reform legislation.

IS it ever justifiable to use the taxing power of our Government to enable men to engage in an otherwise losing business? Yes; a thousand times, ten thousand times, yes! The answer comes from the experience of every community in our history. The answer comes from every factory; the answer comes "yes" from every American industry established in every valley and upon every hill in the United States. The answer comes, "yes," "yes" from every city securing new factories and new enterprises through the subsidies of its chamber of commerce. The answer comes "yes" from every State and every community that ever appropriated money for a railroad, a canal, or any industry to tide over its initial years of experiment and loss. The answer comes "yes" from every industry and every vocation in the United States. The answer comes "yes" from forest reserves; from arid-land reclamation; from the destruction of the cotton-boll weevil; from

the holding in check the advance of yellow fever; it comes from every department of human industry everywhere in the United States; it comes through the experiences of every day in every year; it comes from the common practice in the application and expenditure of almost every appropriation of money made on the floor of Congress.

This beneficent policy, with its splendid protection, has brought us as a Nation to where we have 90,000,000 people—the richest people, the happiest people, the most comfortable people, the most contented people, the most interesting people, the best housed, the best fed, the best informed people, and with the best hope of any people in the world.

This question of the restoration of our merchant marine cannot be viewed from any false, isolated or selfish standpoint; it must be considered from the broad outlook of the best interest of the masses—of all our people for all time. It cannot be measured by the tiny foot rule of immediate cent for cent profit and loss; such an attempt is stultifying and ineffectual; it must be measured from a viewpoint broad enough to take in not alone individual interests, but national welfare and ultimate destiny.

OUR navy in 1909 had completed its trip around the world—sixteen large ships of war. It was said that the trip was an imprudent trip, but it is now admitted that the trip was a glorious inspiration; it has given a thrill of pride to every patriotic American; established a world's record; put America first in a great and daring undertaking; established the fact to the world that we can build as efficient and as excellent fighting machines as any of our rivals; the excellence of our commanding officers in the American Navy and of the boys in blue and their superiority in ability to perform the duties of their lower, but important, positions.

The trip was an object lesson to the world and to ourselves; but there are more lessons than those of war. From the time our fleet left our own shores until our fleet returned again the only American flags our navy saw were those carried at their own mastheads. The accompanying col-

liers, without whose help they could not move beyond the steaming radius of each individual battle ship, carried the flags of our trade rivals. And this because the lowest price at which American bidders could carry coal at a profit was \$8 per ton, whereas our foreign rivals carried the coal for us at \$5 per ton; and so our battle ships were followed around the world by the commercially triumphant flags of our commercial rivals.

All the long thousands of miles about the coasts of South America our men looked in vain for a single American flag flying from a single American ship.

At Honolulu they may have seen a few; at Yokohama, a few; at Shanghai, a few; and at Hongkong a few; but from Hongkong until they returned home again they saw no trading ships carrying the Stars and Stripes.

We have some trade with the growing markets of the world, but our goods are carried by our trade rivals. This was not always so. One hundred years ago there was engaged in deep-sea foreign trade under our flag a total of 981,019 tonnage, more than we have today; one hundred years ago we carried in American ships 90 per cent of our trade. In 1861, the highest point we ever reached in deep-sea tonnage, the total number of tons was 2,496,894, and we carried 65 per cent of our own trade. In 1909, in ships of all kinds—sailing vessels, steam vessels, and vessels of small size up to the largest size—all told, we had a tonnage of 940,068, and were carrying less than 10 per cent of our trade. There were less than seven first-class steamers on the Atlantic plying to European ports; no steamers plying between South American ports and our own ports under the American flag, save four on the Red D Line to ports in the Caribbean Sea. There were six on the Pacific Ocean engaged in the business of this country; we are already almost eliminated from the great struggle of the ocean-carrying trade. To be sure, we have a coastwise tonnage, the largest of any coastwise tonnage in the world, amounting to 6,371,862 tons; but this is strictly coastwise and cannot be considered as affecting this question, for this trade we protect by laws forbidding foreign vessels

to engage in it. The tonnage among our foreign trade rivals was distributed as follows:

British .....	18,709,527
German .....	4,202,553
French .....	1,952,660
Japanese .....	1,242,699
Norwegian .....	1,977,978

And the world's total, 40,325,618. All these nations subsidize, and since 1890 British tonnage has doubled, German tonnage has trebled, and Japanese tonnage increased by ten times.

THE contests of the future are not to be contests with arms. They are to be trade wars and conducted upon a war basis. Already the doctrine of our free traders, so far as summed up in the sentence that the strongest and fittest must survive, is in full swing. It is profit that counts in trade wars as well as patriotism; but it has been the universal experience of the world that those nations enjoy commercial supremacy who dominate the trade routes of the world, and there is no exception whether these routes are upon land or water. The great contests of the coming years are to be to secure trade, and to secure new markets for the manufactures of the country. If we are to secure these new markets, if we are to supply the trade of the world, we must be prepared to fight with the strongest in the world, who are competing for the same opportunity. In every contest for trade supremacy, it is true, we are at liberty to select our own weapons, but it must be remembered in this connection that we are not at liberty to select the kind of weapons with which we would like our rivals to fight. This is a privilege they reserve for themselves, and our method of warfare of necessity must shape itself in each instance in accordance with the weapons which our rivals use, and they all use substantial subsidies—subsidies in one form or another—and they all subsidize enough. While they have been gaining on the seas, we have been vanishing. There is only one single American steamer, the *Dakota*, running on the high seas in open competition, unfavored by legislation or governmental assistance, and that is running at a loss.

What has brought about this decadence?

What has produced this deplorable and alarming situation, rendering it inevitable? There must be a cause for conditions so lamentable. The gentlemen opposing us insist that the cause is wrapped up in what they are pleased to call our "outgrown, antiquated and discredited navigation laws." But what are these laws and what do they provide? In what respects do they differ from the navigation laws of other countries? I answer, chiefly in three respects: First, the navigation laws establish a better standard of food for the American sailors. This is an item of expense. Second, they require better pay for the American sailor than his comrades under other flags receive. This is another item of expense. The third distinction is that our navigation laws require that no vessel shall sail under the American flag not constructed in an American shipyard, which requires American workmen employed at the American scale of wages. This is another and important additional expense.

THE situation is that we ourselves are today at the tail end of the race; but if our navigation laws were wiped off the statute books, if we were permitted to buy our ships in every market of the world and to place the ships so purchased in the deep-sea traffic under the American flag, we could not, as matters stand today, live in competition against England, Germany, France and Japan.

If the ten best ships in the world were presented to an American corporation on the sole condition that it operate those ships for twenty years, it could not afford to accept the gift. Our handicaps are not alone those created by the conditions of our navigation laws. Our handicaps are many and serious, every one of them almost enough to eliminate us from further competition; but when combined they exhibit at once the unhappy condition of our marine.

First, the cost of labor, higher by from fifty to one hundred per cent.

Second, the higher cost of material, from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

Third, the higher cost of money, from two and one-half to three per cent per annum.

Fourth, the higher cost of wages and salaries, running from fifty to one hundred per cent higher, man for man.

Fifth, the higher cost of fuel, twenty-five per cent.

Sixth, the higher cost of repairs, one per cent per annum.

The seventh handicap is in the fixing of freight rates. When once an American freight rate is fixed, an American vessel cannot change those rates under thirty days. Any tramp may come in and cut the rate and take away the cargo, and our people are helpless to move a hand to cut the price.

The eighth handicap, which alone would make it impossible for us to operate our ships, even if the navigation laws were repealed and our ships bought in open market in competition with our rivals, even if all these handicaps could be eliminated, is the character and amount of government aid given directly and indirectly to the owners and builders of every one of our foreign rivals. I was amazed and astounded that the apparent hatred for our American marine could go to the extent of denying the well-known official facts of history. Gentlemen have denied the existence of subsidies. This denial must be based upon a technical use of words. I care not whether you call it government contract, government aid, government subsidies, government subvention or bounties or rebates on state railroads, in whatever form or whatever manner the aid is given, it constitutes a subsidy, governmental assistance.

The gentlemen have said that Japan does not subsidize.

I give the following figures from *Fairplay*, London, February 11, 1909:

	Regular lines	Navigation	Shipbuilding
1896 .....	\$134,775	.....	.....
1900 .....	4,205,729	\$1,288,761	\$152,903
1905 .....	2,162,820	240,097	618,640
1906 .....	6,196,182	1,492,020	722,500
1907 .....	6,942,569	1,538,004	788,500
1908 .....	7,686,300	3,438,955	1,905,440

In 1908 the Nippon Yusen Kaisha received about \$6,483,707 and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha about \$1,763,880. It is stated that in 1907, without the subsidy, the Nippon Yusen

Kaisha would have lost about \$2,500,000, while the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, despite the large amount of subsidies received, only paid 6 per cent for 1907. It is believed that the large amount of tonnage on the stocks indicates that a heavy increase in the subsidies will have to be reckoned on for the next fiscal year.

In replying to these criticisms the directors of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha state that in the event of the Government stopping its bounties the company will have no alternative but to discontinue the regular lines; and as other Japanese companies—such, for instance, as the Osaka Shosen Kaisha—would not be in a position to take up the services, which but for the subsidies could not be kept up with profit, the lines would have to be abandoned to the encroachment of foreign competitors.

WITH these handicaps, we cannot possibly meet our rivals on even terms, in open competition; and knowing that very fact, the opposition invoked the law of the jungle and free-trade platitudes and sophisms of worn-out philosophy to prevent us putting our hands, as they are pleased to say, in the pocket of the Nation for the purpose of helping an industry in the manifest interests of the welfare of the whole people.

But they are inconsistent in their attitude. The same argument that they apply here, if applied and followed elsewhere, would have prevented nine out of every ten appropriations which have been made on this floor and made, too, with the assistance and approval of the very gentlemen who are opposing so vigorously this appropriation.

At the mere word of one member of Congress, we appropriated \$84,000,000 this year for the rivers and harbors of the country, and who advocates the future appropriation of untold billions of dollars for the improvement of our inland waterways, never advocated the appropriation of one dollar that did not begin its general blessing in universal benefits by blessing some one particular locality somewhere, somehow, first. All appropriations proceed to be generally useful by being specifically applicable. No appropriation has been made on this floor this winter that did not accomplish its general benefits through special conduits. Every law that appropriates money appropriates it for something, someone, somewhere, and under no circumstances, of course, is it justifiable



unless the entire object is the universal good, and we have been in all other respects, save this particular respect, generous and broad gauged in our interpretation of the language of the Constitution. We gave \$800,000 to Italy the other day, directly for individual good—the money of the people of the United States. Under the American flag and under the impulse of pure benevolence we approached the treasury without warrant or authority under the Constitution and withdrew this vast sum, and I am glad we did it. It benefitted twice. It blessed those who received and those who gave.

**T**HE law to reclaim arid lands first helps someone, some individual who owns the arid lands, before the profits from the enterprise can spread themselves abroad to all the land. When we built the great transcontinental railroads we appropriated billions of dollars' worth of public lands and bestowed them upon private corporations. What for? To help the private corporations build the railroads. What for? To open up the West. What for? To make homes for the people. But how were the people to get the homes? Why, we gave them billions of dollars' worth of public lands, the property of all the people, to individuals. What for? In order that the country might be developed. Develop what? Develop enterprises of all kinds; develop population; develop means of turning the raw-material gifts of nature into the finished materials of commerce, sending them east and sending them west and north and to the south to build up facilities for the creation of values and exchange of values, so that we might rise, be enriched, enlightened, have greater opportunities, and so make it possible for this land to be improved and individual benefits to be conferred in the first instance upon single, separate, private enterprises and people. And so we have made this land, as I said before, the envy and the despair of the world, the joy of the present, and the hope of the future.

"But," some object, "the railroads were subsidized as a military necessity." Military necessity was the salve applied to sensitive consciences. But this same consideration would apply now, for this sub-

ject has two aspects—the commercial and the national-defense aspects—and the Constitution gives us full authority to build and maintain a navy and provide for the national defense. We not only helped the railroads, but in the early days, while the forests were still surrounding us and our battle was against the deep woods our forefathers adopted the policy of putting their hands into the Public Treasury and appropriating for private enterprises to build what? To build roads—plank roads, turnpikes, canals, stage lines and railroads. What for? To develop means of transportation. What for? To develop the country.

Again, we appropriate \$146,000,000 for pensions to individuals because of wars that have been and to create encouragement for individual enlistment in case of war that may yet unhappily come.

We appropriate liberally for the extermination of the cotton boll weevil, a matter that does not directly interest the North and West and East, but does interest the very gentlemen who persist in their opposition to this measure.

Again, we have entered upon the enterprise of building the Panama Canal, which will cost from three hundred to five hundred million, for no one yet knows what its final cost will be, and when it is completed we shall not have a deep-sea vessel carrying the American flag to pass through the same.

We have spent millions upon millions of dollars under the leadership of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Burton) to improve the rivers and harbors and to make forty and fifty foot channels, and there is not a single vessel flying the American flag that needs a forty-foot channel.

Again, this very Post Office Department illustrates in its annual appropriation bill this year the fallacy of the gentleman's proposition. In the post office bill this year we appropriated public money for private benefits.

**I**N the city of Washington, the departmental mail, if sent out by the public at regular rates, would cost \$20,000,000 annually; private benefit for public advantage. The periodicals carried free in the county of their publication cost

\$531,560.94 last year; that is a subsidy pure and simple to individual newspaper owners, but a public benefit.

Again, all second-class matter is carried at the actual cost of eight and two-thirds cents a pound, but it was actually carried for one cent per pound, a loss of seven and two-thirds cents a pound, and the Post Office Department lost last year \$57,000,000 to aid in the distribution of this matter. The very newspapers that denounced merchant marine subsidies took their pro rata share of this \$57,000,000.

This appropriation I am not criticising; I am approving it; it is in the line of public policy. These appropriations were not made by men who keep their eyes glued upon the pages of a ledger, but men who take a wide view of things, who see way beyond today into the requirements of tomorrow, because they see in the general distribution of things these appropriations work out to the uniform general welfare and benefit of all the country.

There are two great lines of thought and consideration to this question. One appeals to commercial ambition, to the desire for profit, to the love of expansion, to the ardor for trade conquests; the other is the patriotic purpose to provide for national defense and national security.

Whatever objection can be attached to the policy of a ship subsidy, no such constitutional objection can be urged to the maintenance of the navy and providing for the national defense. There are two great American questions. One is, Will it pay? The other is, Is it right? If the first question is decided in the affirmative, we sometimes do not linger to ask the other. But this particular proposition is both right and it will pay.

It is indisputable that a navy can only be defensive when it becomes offensive, and that when the dire necessity comes, it must strike the hardest possible blow at the farthest possible distance from home, in the shortest possible time, with safety to itself. This cannot be accomplished without an army and a navy completely equipped in every regard. We need supplemental auxiliary vessels both for the battle ships and for the army. We need transports, scouts, hospital and supply ships, and collier ships.

WE have already spent \$300,000,000 upon the new navy, and we must continue to spend large sums constantly in order to meet its requirements. It would require \$200,000,000 to build and equip the necessary supplemental ships. This is a serious question. If we are to undertake to build for the Nation's ownership an adequate supply of the right kind of ships and auxiliaries for the complete auxiliary navy, and a complete fleet to move not less than two army divisions at any given moment, the initial cost to the Government would be not less than \$200,000,000. But the outlay of \$200,000,000 would require an annual fixed charge of three per cent for interest, for the Government can borrow at that rate; five per cent for maintenance, for iron ships only last twenty years; six per cent for insurance; three and one-half per cent for repairs; six per cent for salaries and labor; six per cent for food; and six per cent for fuel; or a grand total expenditure of \$71,000,000 in the way of fixed charges annually. If this were done, and the American people would meet such an outlay to maintain our national honor, we would have the difficulties and friction contingent upon finding the men and officers and of controlling and disciplining them; and there would be the increased expense for mere operation, for so large a body of ships and men could not be kept in absolute stagnation, unoccupied in times of peace. They would be earning nothing, and all our naval resources would be in first line of defense. They would have to be constantly occupied to keep them in proper condition for immediate response in times of peril.

There is no other way for us to save our merchant marine save by subsidies, and subsidies in amount and in methods which will meet the amount and the methods of our trade rivals, for, as I have said before, we cannot select, ourselves, the weapons with which our enemies will fight us; we can choose our own, and they will choose their own. They have chosen subsidies, and we must inevitably go into a war of subsidies. Our trade rivals subsidize to the extent of nearly thirty-six millions a year. It has been said on this floor that Germany does not subsidize. The gentleman is mistaken; she does subsidize, and

gives aid in more than one way and gives aid sufficiently; she gives rebates on all freights carried on her state railroads intended for the export trade.

It has been said here that England does not subsidize—she is the chief offender. In rebates and gifts and contracts, in subvention, in government loans, and in direct subsidies, she expends every year more than \$8,000,000.

The different subsidies of our trade rivals in 1908-09 aggregated as follows: Great Britain and colonies, \$8,118,540; Germany, \$1,839,414; France, \$8,606,907; Japan, \$6,698,771; Norway, \$163,748; Sweden, \$31,844; Austria-Hungary, \$2,854,298; Italy, \$8,872,917; Portugal, \$53,000; Russia, \$1,878,328; Spain, \$1,879,581; grand total, \$35,996,879.

IT is not generally known that the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*, then the finest steamers afloat, were practically donated to the Cunard Line. Nothing has been spared to make them swifter, stronger and more useful; to secure economy of administration, of maintenance and of operation. These magnificent vessels cost \$6,500,000 each. The English Government loaned the money to the Cunard Line under terms, and in accordance with an agreement, whereby the subsidies paid by the Government meet every payment of interest and principal the moment it becomes due. At the end of twenty years the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania* will not have cost the Cunard Company one cent. All the Cunard Company will have to do is to make a profit over and above the cost of maintenance and operation. Now, where would an American company be in undertaking to do anything against the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*? Even if it bought the ship in England, it would cost six and a half million dollars. So would the Englishman; but the Englishman would get his money for two and three-fourths per cent and the American would pay five per cent, a handicap of \$146,250 every year on interest. Add one per cent annually more for repairs; that is, \$65,000; \$130,000 more yearly for the wages and salaries of the officers and crew; and \$48,750 more a year for the food for the crew, because under our "inadequate

navigation laws" it is made necessary to feed a sailor like a man. At the end of one year before the American owner was on an even keel with the Englishman, he must earn \$390,000 more than the *Lusitania*, and the same is true of the *Mauretania*. And this in case we were permitted to buy in the foreign market.

But as conditions actually exist, were we compelled to build one of these ships, it would cost \$8,125,000 and five per cent for the money, \$406,250. The Englishman would get his boat at \$6,500,000, at two and three-fourths per cent interest, or \$178,750. It would cost us \$248,375, or three and one-half per cent, for repairs; the *Lusitania* costs two and one-half per cent for repairs, or \$162,500. It would cost us five per cent for wages. The Englishman would pay three per cent for wages. We would pay \$406,250; the Englishman would pay \$195,000. We would pay four per cent for food; the Englishman would pay three and one-half per cent for food. We would pay \$325,000; the Englishman would pay \$211,250. We would pay for insurance six per cent; the Englishman would pay the same. For depreciation we would have five per cent, the same as the Englishman pays. But we are paying this on \$8,125,000, so that our insurance bill is \$487,500, against the Englishman's of \$390,000, and our depreciation is \$406,250, as against the Englishman's \$325,000, or an annual handicap on account of difference in cost and charges of \$995,875. For twenty years, which is the life of the English contract, with the *Lusitania*, the handicap would amount to \$19,917,500.

To pay a five per cent dividend the American would have to earn \$406,250; the Englishman would have to earn \$325,000, or an annual increase of earnings on the part of the American amounting to \$81,250, which, in twenty years, would amount to \$1,625,000; or, in other words, in order to be on an even keel with the English boat the American boat in twenty years would have to earn more than the Englishman \$21,542,500. In the meantime the *Lusitania* gets a subsidy of \$6,500,000, plus the interest at two and three-fourths per cent.

This is the kind of competition which we are obliged to meet; it is bitter and it

is destructive, for, of two ships of equal capacity, officered and manned with equal intelligence, managed by a crew of equal ability, directed by a company of equal sagacity, that one ship will get the business which can carry the trade the cheapest, and that ship can carry the cheapest which costs the least to build, maintain and operate.

If to get free ships would solve the problem, I would be for free ships at once. It must be remembered that already all materials for building ships and equipping ships are admitted free of duty for ships built for the foreign trade, the only restriction being that they can only enter our coastwise trade for two months in any one year, and only one ship has been built under this law on account of this restriction.

The free-ships proposition is a delusion and a snare.

It is proposed that we should establish preferential duties, and that goods brought in American ships should be permitted to enter on payment of less duty, and that goods exported in American ships should receive a rebate. The trouble with this proposition is three fold.

First, we have treaties with all our trade rivals, some forty-three treaties in all, of which we have agreed that there shall be no distinction in charges upon goods brought in American and foreign ships, either coming in or going out; and in order to reduce our difficulties and solve this particular problem along this particular suggestion, we would have first to ignore or renounce these treaties, forty-three in number, and then rewrite all of them with all our trade rivals and endure all the bad feeling thus engendered and run the risk of all possible friction thus developed, and even meet the possibility of war if we should attempt this backward movement. The next objection to this proposed solution is that the world has abandoned that method; it has been tried and failed; it created difficulties in every country where tried, leads to suspicion, jealousies and charges of corruption, so the differential duties have been abandoned. They are antiquated, impracticable, impossible.

A third objection is that more than half of our imports are already on the free list,

and there could be no preferential allowances of duties where no duties exist; and as there are no duties on any exports, there could be no rebates on outgoing tonnage. The suggestion, if not a subterfuge, is a meretricious one.

Under the protective tariff we have lifted up the Nation to a higher plane of living than is enjoyed by our trade rivals. We have come to enjoy better pay, pleasanter homes, more luxurious surroundings. We are living on a better basis, and it is only by virtue of the law of protection that we are thus enabled to live. We have established this higher and more merciful and blessed condition of things by the persistent efforts and the intelligence and virtue of the Republican majority of this country represented here in Congress. We have established it, and we are going to maintain it. (Applause.) We refuse to subject the American people to the remorseless competition of the crowded nations whose toilers are willing to live on the lowest scale and for the smallest pittance.

**T**HIS industry of carrying goods upon the high seas is the one American industry that has been slaughtered on the altar of protection. I have no qualms in facing it. I agree with the gentleman from Mississippi for once, and I agree with the gentleman from Missouri for once, that the protective tariff has slaughtered our American merchant deep-sea marine. (Applause.) We propose now by means of this bill to change the situation, to bring it under the aegis of protection, and get down to a square deal and fair play.

Adopt free trade, tear down the tariff walls; and when we shall have reduced to the lowest point paid in the country of our closest competitor the wage scale, when material has been reduced to the point reached in the country of our keenest competition, when the whole plane and scale of living has been cut down to the scale enjoyed by our keenest competition, then we shall be able to build ships as cheaply as our competitors. But even then we shall have to face the enormous handicap of the subsidies given by other governments.

It has been said that on the high seas

all is free and open; that protection cannot extend out into the great, broad reaches of the ocean. I say there is no sea broad enough to shut out human competition; and where competition can go, protection can follow. The seas have not been broad enough nor deep enough to shut out foreign subsidies; to this complexion you must come at last.

We may adopt the policy of buying your ships in open market, of differential treaties, of free trade; but we will still yet have to face the foreign subsidies. They are the Ossa of subsidies piled upon the Pelion of lower cost of labor and materials.

**F**OREIGN subsidies amount to nearly thirty-six millions a year. Suppose it cost us fifty millions a year? The national profit enjoyed in the form of national safety and security, in ultimate business prosperity, would be purchased cheaply at \$50,000,000 a year. We are paying \$210,000,000 a year for transportation and importation of our goods in foreign trade. We receive one-tenth of this, leaving \$189,000,000 to our foreign rivals. If we could recover our fair proportion by an expenditure of even fifty millions annually, it would prove a profitable business investment.

In Ford's edition of "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," volume 4, page 69, will be found a letter from Thomas Jefferson to Richard Henry Lee on the beginnings of an American navy, in the course of which he says:

"I should be happy to hear that Congress thought of establishing packets of their own between New York and Havre.

... Could not the surplus of the post-office revenue be applied to this?"

There is a popular objection to the term "subsidize." Personally I would never use the synonyms, or any equivocal terms, such as "subvention" or "promotion" or "protection." War is war, and we are engaged in a supremacy war for markets and for trade. We are fighting for permanent present prosperity and future supremacy. We are fighting with enemies who do not hesitate to employ any and every possible means for victory, and when you recall that our success in this line contemplates not only trade expansion,

but national security in times of war, I think we may well call upon you to subsidize; subsidize these other nations off the sea; they have commenced the policy; they are continuing the policy; they are driving us off the sea; they have, indeed, practically driven us off the sea. Now, we must meet the situation as it is and not as it ought to be; we must meet conditions as they arise and not conditions as they are imagined. Japan cannot afford to, but she subsidized to the extent of \$8,000,000 this year, and next year she will be obliged to use more, but she has succeeded in driving us off the Pacific.

We have only one steam vessel under all the stars that is in actual, unmodified competition, and that is the *Dakota*, the sister ship of the *Minnesota*, and the *Dakota* travels at a loss. The Pacific Mail has the advantage of the coastwise laws and of cheaper labor, because that company does not come under the law of 1891, and so it happens that there is only one boat run by a corporation out of pure patriotism at an annual loss, and the Pacific Mail is now, according to Mr. Hariman's recent interview, carrying chiefly cubic feet of air.

South America and the Latin republics are doing a business of two thousand millions of dollars a year. We get of that total amount one-fourth; of that one-fourth we furnish, ourselves, by our own purchases, three-fifths; we have a quarter of their trade. We furnish her fifteen per cent of what she buys, but we buy thirty per cent of what she sells.

Gentlemen have said that there are facilities between North and South America, and that is true. But what facilities? Letters can be sent to South America, replies can be had from South America, if you are willing to wait. But our letters go twice across the Atlantic to get once to South America, and so with replies; and a merchant in South America wishing to do business with a man in New York or London can get his letter back from London before his letter reaches the New York merchant. Other matters are sent to and fro with equal inconvenience and uncertainty.

The question for us to face, the question which will not down, is this: Do we



want to extend our foreign markets? Is it worth while to seek the markets of the world? Is it worth while to rescue our navy from its present condition and furnish it with an auxiliary fleet? Is it worth while to have a merchant marine on every sea? Is it desirable to have a large reserve, from which sailors as well as ships can be recruited in times of need? These are the questions!

If it is worth while, there is just one way to go about it—and we are concerned with the best way, the only way—we must, in some form or other, pay the price. Now, is the future growth, our future development and our future security, worth the few paltry millions of dollars a year we would have to pay for subsidy until our merchant marine were established?

The trade of South America is increasing at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year; a thousand millions in ten years. This interests all of us—the South and the West, the North and the East, the men who raise corn, the men who raise wheat, and those engaged in commerce of various kinds. It is a national question; it is a question for now and for the future. It is not a party question; it is a question of wise, deep, broad business statesmanship.

**W**HEN England had her war with the Boers—a little war—the price of freight to South America went up because the boats carrying the freight were owned by England, and they were called home for use and taken off the sea, and the boats remaining put up their prices. We had no vessels with which to deliver our goods; there was a market for our goods, but we had no boats in which to carry them to the market. What would be said of the business sagacity of John Wanamaker if he permitted Siegel & Cooper to deliver his goods? That is precisely what we are doing; we are allowing our trade rivals in the newly developed markets of the world to deliver our goods. We are sending no ships whatever to South America south of the Caribbean Sea. We have a few to Europe; but our trade rivals are delivering our goods when they please and where they please, and how they please, as often as they please, and in the manner they please, and at their own prices.

Absolutely, and in spite of all this, we are growing; in spite of it all our industries are expanding; in spite of it all our prosperity and our wealth are increasing. Every time the sun goes down our wealth has increased by \$8,000,000, and this has been true for seven years. The output of our mines is as great as the export trade of the world. The output of our manufacturing enterprises, those enterprises that were established and protected by using the taxing power of the Government to enable private enterprises to make profits which otherwise would have made losses, through a high protective tariff this output exceeds thirteen thousand millions of dollars a year, every dollar of which goes to pay for American homes and American labor and American wages. Our agricultural output, under the overshadowing power of a protective tariff, has increased in equal importance with the output of our mines, and all this wonderful, marvelous growth and development began with the divine courage to think higher than mere immediate temporary profit.

Our interstate commerce exceeds by a thousand millions the export and import trade of all the world, ourselves included. At present we have enough to do at home for our goods. At present, even though the times are slack, the demand is excellent; and two years ago, when the times were not slack, the manufacturer did not have to put his salesmen on the road. Telegraph orders came in faster than they could be filled. Our consuming capacity had not overtaken our capacity to produce at that time; but that is coming, and that is coming soon. It is coming with amazing rapidity.

The South in ten years has increased her manufacturing capacity 680 per cent, and in twelve years her textile industries 1,120 per cent. Pittsburg alone originates more tonnage in iron and steel and manufactures of iron and steel than Germany or England, and when this American giant, this splendid, intrepid American workman, whose ability and creative energies are so frequently extolled in debate by gentlemen of the opposition, becomes fully occupied and grows to his full stature and is turning out the proceeds of the mills, the mines, and the factories faster than we have a

capacity to do now, then will arise an appreciation of the importance of this legislation; then will arise a cry for deliverance; then will arise a determination to have foreign markets and seek out new markets, and then we will realize, when it is too late, that our trade rivals, while we have slept, have taken possession of every approach to every market.

IT is an unfortunate thing, when you are busy with the world, to keep your eyes glued on the ledger in the counting-room. Occasionally it is wise to look beyond your own feet across the horizon, and you may occasionally usefully gaze at the stars in the sky and direct your future steps according to their leadings.

Now, let us take our courage in both hands and with convictions equal to our courage, and with that courage and that equal conviction let us solve this problem in the only way in which it can be solved, for there is no other way "just as good."

There is no substitution for subsidies. The contest is on; our rivals have entered. They are swinging out upon the broad seas. They have nearly completely subsidized us off the seas. They are shoving us out from foreign markets. We are not getting our share of the increasing commerce of the world. We should encourage the building of our own ships. We must encourage the operation of our own ships. We should encourage the carrying of our own commerce. We must encourage the upbuilding of a great merchant marine for our future protection in times of peril and to secure profit in times of peace, until we reach the point where, without government aid, we can continue to carry our own fair share of all the world's commerce and most of our own and maintain ourselves in our proper place in competition with our rivals. This course is dictated by every consideration of prudence and demanded by every impulse of patriotism.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE POPPY

WHO says the poppy breathes of death?  
That from foul slime it rears its head?  
That he to whom it lends its breath  
Sinks 'mid the dead?

It breathes of sleep; each tender bloom  
Tells of a life too frail to last  
Bids thoughts of realms beyond the tomb,  
When life is past.

And though it flutters to the ground,  
When scarce it has begun to be,  
It wafts its message all around  
For you and me.

Each blossom, delicate as air,  
Painted in tints no art can give,  
Speaks of celestial gardens fair,  
Where we shall live.

Thus does the poppy breathe of sleep,  
Of death without a sting of woe,  
For death means life to them that keep  
The faith to know.

—May Lowe.

# Their Ancestors

*A Delightful Love Story  
in which the Family Tree  
Plays an Important Part*

*by*  
Ruth E. Williams

AND, dear Lord, make me 'preciate my parents more every day, and never let me become a snob."

Strange, that she should think of it now, the little prayer, which, of her own accord, she had added to her nightly petition ever since she was a little girl.

Jack and she were sitting in Mrs. Perry's library at Great Neck, and that considerate hostess had gone away to write letters, happy to leave them to themselves.

"And Eliza, dear," she was scribbling hastily to her sister, "I've actually made a match, and am so pleased with my planning and contriving. The richest, prettiest girl I know and dear old Jack Howard. It was a shame to have him wasted and developing into just a blase, cynical New York clubman. He's as handsome and brilliant as ever—really the most distinguished looking thing—and, for his own sake, I hope he's hard hit. It truly looks so."

In the adjoining room Nevada leaned forward impulsively and laid her hand on Jack's arm.

"I've had a letter from Mother. She says you must come to dinner Wednesday evening. You'll come, won't you? I'm going home tomorrow."

"Of course. I'm looking forward to knowing your mother. Your photograph of her is delightful; but how could it be otherwise?"

Just then the childish prayer flashed through her mind.

"You've never been in California, Jack, have you?"

"No, I've wanted awfully to go. I used to love the Bret Harte stories of early mining days."

"Well, father was a typical Bret Harte character. He kept a saloon in Virginia City. Mother did her own washing, and used to boil corned beef and press it between two tin plates with a flat iron and slice it up for the free lunches. She did the washing outside the back door and father was constantly calling to her, 'Wait! Don't lift them heavy tubs. You'll hurt yourself. Let me do it.' It's true, and strange to say, I never tire hearing of those times. 'The days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine,'" she quoted softly, with a far-away look in her eyes. "Now why are you smiling in that incredulous way?"

"It seems such a paradox, child, to watch you in that Callot gown (didn't you tell me that Callot was your Paris dressmaker?) with those pearls around your throat, your wonderfully coiffed hair, your tiny hands and feet, and listen to you talking in that intimate way of a saloon and wash tubs and corned beef."

"Oh, but money can bring about such changes, even in one generation. Mother was far better looking than I am. She was called the 'beautiful Pauline O'Brien' and was a favorite toast of the Nevada mining town. Father adored her and vowed he'd strike gold and that some day she should ride in her own 'coach and four,' dressed in a velvet gown. Well, you've heard

about him and his three lucky partners. Once they began to succeed they could never spend their incomes. I want to tell you some more some time. Here comes Mrs. Perry."

ON Wednesday evening, when Jack Howard entered Mrs. O'Sullivan's drawing-room, he realized that the daughter's affection had not caused her to exaggerate. His future mother-in-law was still a surprisingly beautiful woman, with the fresh skin and slender figure of a young girl, and the large gray eyes which Irish poets have lovingly celebrated.

In a white lace gown, almost exactly like Nevada's, she was easy and free from self-consciousness. Her few, cordial words of welcome, however, spoken with an undeniable Irish brogue, and in a rather uncultivated voice, caused him a slight tremor of fastidious shock.

The Fifth Avenue house faced the Park, and a cool breeze blew through open windows. The furniture and hangings were shrouded in white.

"These are ideal surroundings for a hot night, but think of your being in town during such weather."

"Oh, I find myself running in here every few days in spite of the heat. I can't get the poor tenement children out of my mind. I'm on several committees for giving them pure milk, and playgrounds, outings at the sea and recreation piers. I dearly love the work."

Nothing could have been more perfect than the dinner. The table was decorated with huge masses of orchids, the appointments were beautiful and in exquisite taste.

Nevada spoke little. She looked with adoring eyes at her mother who was animatedly telling of early days in the West. Presently a troubled feeling came over her. Had a slight superciliousness crept into Jack's manner? How handsome he was and what a dear, but surely he was looking a trifle bored.

They were in the library now, and her mother had started the Victor Victrola. She was all enthusiasm as she adjusted the machine.

"No, I can't say that I do enjoy Caruso's singing. His voice has that luscious, honeyed quality, I know, but somehow

I dislike honey. Then I'm fond of Wagner and Brahms and the Richard Strauss songs, and he never sings German music."

NO, Nevada wouldn't enter into the conversation, even to relieve it. She must watch these two people together, the two beings she loved most in the world, but her heart seemed suddenly heavy as she listened.

"I want to show you some books I bought for my little girl's birthday." Her mother was looking in the table drawer for keys.

"Nevada laughs at me and says that bookcases should never be locked, but when I pay upwards of fifty dollars a volume for books, they're worth taking care of."

"What are the books, Mrs. O'Sullivan?" Yes, he was bored, and his voice was made cold by his effort to render it merely careless.

"I don't know the names," she had found the keys and was unlocking the cases. "I went to the best store in town and asked for the handsomest bound, most expensive books they could get."

Jack was exclaiming now at the beauty of the bindings. There was nothing personal in the choice of subjects. The publisher had supplied translations of French authors, tales of travel, and a long History of the United States in many volumes, profusely illustrated with etchings.

"Nevada's a great reader," continued Mrs. O'Sullivan. "She seemed amused when I told her that I had Miss Spencer, my secretary, measure all the empty shelves here and gave Cadman and Company permission to fill them at any price. But that's the way we stocked up our big library in San Francisco."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence, and Nevada rejoiced that her mother was called away just then to the telephone.

"Jack, dear."

He looked up from the pages he was slowly turning and, seeing the hurt expression in her eyes, he crossed over to her, took one of her hands in his and kissed it tenderly.

"What is it, little girl?" he asked gently. "Have I done anything? I'm so sorry,"

for her lips trembled and her eyes were misty with tears.

"No, dearest, you've done nothing," she looked up at him and tried to smile, "but, Jack, it hurts me so when I think that perhaps you won't appreciate mother—no, no, don't say anything." She stopped his half-formed protest. "Come here and sit beside me. Let me tell you more of those early days in the West."

in livery, and looking at Gobelin tapestries and wonderfully carved old oak sideboards and chairs. He loved horses and drove his own four-in-hand to the races. There was a box at the Grand Opera House every night when Patti came to California.

"But there was a blight upon my happiness later on. It was Miss Dwight, the spinster daughter of a prominent Judge who had lost his money. Father, watching



*Together they turned the pages like two eager children. "I've found it. How interesting! Give it to me," and Nevada drew the book up on her lap*

JACK moved a little stool and seated himself obediently at her feet. Nevada reached down for his hand and began.

"You know, dear, when father had made his pile, like some of the other successful mining men, he built a large house on Nob Hill in San Francisco. I was born there many years later. There were marble lions at the gate, a fountain and statues on the lawn, and a conservatory. New York decorators had had carte blanche to furnish the house from top to bottom, and there were oil paintings bought by the yard, I suppose, like the velvet hangings.

"Father dined in his shirt sleeves whenever he felt like it, waited on by two men

me at my early dinner one evening, had said in a troubled way to the nurse: 'I hope you're teaching her table manners.'

"'Indeed I am, sir,' with evident surprise that there should be such a question. 'I tell her to always take first a bite and then a gulp.'

"He vaguely felt that this was wrong, and Miss Dwight was secured, at a large salary, to try to make such things right. Her manner to mother was condescending, and I hated her for it. I can see her now, raising her eyebrows and remarking loftily to our occasional guests.

"'I'm a Dwight and my mother was a Cabot of Boston.'"



Jack pressed the little hand sympathetically and Nevada, encouraged, went on.

"She's a snob, darling, don't mind her," father answered to my complaining. We had ridden to the Cliff House and were walking our horses up and down at the water's edge, and watching the sun set over the Pacific Ocean.

"Your mother and I are plainer people than she's used to and that frets her. But then she's an old maid and awful poor, and that's tantalizing. If she'd only ride out here with us of an afternoon, and look a while at this big ocean, she'd feel smaller and it'd give her soul a chance to grow."

"Nevada, dear," Jack was on his feet now, and with flushed cheeks and an earnest expression in his eyes she thought he had never looked so handsome. He drew her gently to him until her head rested in the hollow of his arm.

**Y**OUR father was right. The soul of a snob needs to grow. You must find me very small and narrow compared with the man your father was."

Nevada looked happily up into his eyes.

"No, Jack, I believe in you more than that. It's only that you haven't thought much about these things."

Steps in the hall startled them both, and Nevada, crossing hurriedly to the book-shelves, knelt down and began tugging at one of the large volumes.

It was only a maid to say that Mrs. O'Sullivan had been called away to see a sick friend and begged them both to excuse her for a little while. Nevada, from her place on the floor, called over to Jack:

"Do come! here's Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography. There's surely an account of your father in it." Together they turned the pages like two eager children.

"I've found it. How interesting! Give it to me," and Nevada drew the book up on her lap. "Listen."

"Samuel Howard, born 1826, died 1900. A noted Episcopalian clergyman and educator, celebrated for his eloquent sermons and stirring lectures upon the slave question. He served in the Civil War as chaplain, and afterwards wrote a brilliant account of his experiences. Wrote several

noteworthy books about his travels in the Holy Land. Remarkable for his breadth of view upon many subjects, as shown in his lectures and writings, and for his widespread charities, organized with the idea of benefiting the poor of all denominations. Was President of the Trinity Theological Seminary for many years. The unusual beauty and benignancy of his countenance, his distinguished bearing and great personal magnetism attracted many to his church. When at the height of his fame as clergyman and preacher, he did not fail to return every year to the little village in Vermont where he had grown up, and where his father still plied his trade of blacksmith and wheelwright, a most respected member of the community."

She stopped and Jack looked laughingly at her. "Why, you little mischief," he cried. "You're making that last part up."

"No, truly I didn't. Read it yourself." A shadow passed over his face.

"It's a surprise to me," he said presently, "but my grandfather died years before I was born. Well, what's the difference? They say it takes only three generations to go from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves."

"This is a blessed old book, dear," she patted it approvingly, "and it seems to have bridged a gulf between us."

"Why, for a few moments, this evening, I felt that we were miles apart, products, as we are, of the rugged West and cultivated East. I felt that perhaps you would never understand mother. If you hadn't been brought up on Wagner and Brahms, don't you think you'd love to hear Caruso singing arias from Italian operas? And if you'd never been to school, wouldn't bright bindings be the only attraction that books could offer? Isn't culture usually just a matter of opportunity and environment? Giving one's soul a chance to grow is the thing that really counts. I'm absolutely sure of you," laying her cheek against his as he held her close, and "I know we're going to be 'happy ever after,' as the fairy tales say, but there was an anxious moment tonight when a lump came in my throat, and I longed to whisper my little girl prayer into your ear:

"Make me 'preciate my parents more every day, and never let me become a snob.'"

# *The Landless People of Mexico and Their Origin*

*Their Toltec*

*Maya and*

*Aztec Ancestors*

*by*

*Charles Winslow Hall*

*Mexico is today seething with insurrection and discontent, chiefly because forty per cent of her people are pure-blooded Indians descended from semi-civilized races which were conquered, enslaved, and degraded by their Spanish invaders, and with as many more of mixed descent, now form a landless and generally illiterate population, having no homes or property of their own and practically no political influence, except when they are banded together to overthrow the existing government and put another in power, and are enabled to take vengeance on their enemies and to spoil their oppressors. Such was not the condition of their forefathers, who even under the cruel Aztecs were given a certain individual interest in the common lands and were governed by just laws and magistrates sworn to do justice between all men. The probable origin and nature of this civilization forms the subject of the following article and is considered worthy of study, since it shows the capabilities of the Mexican people, the height from which they have fallen and the necessity of making them land-holders and skilled workmen if Mexico is to be redeemed and given her true place among the nations.*

IT is generally conceded by the leading historians who have written on ancient Mexico that the Toltecs were the great civilizing force which subdued and educated the wilder denizens of the Mexican plateau and the valley of Anahuac, and in due time, like King Arthur, had cause to declare in bitterness of soul, "I perish by this people which I made."

Like the Etruscans of Italy, a mystery seems to envelop their origin. The attempt to show that they came to America from Asia by way of Behring's Straits seems to be utterly untenable. Certainly no more desolate, inhospitable and unpromising territory exists than the Siberian wilderness that a migrating people would have to traverse before attempting to cross the dangerous straits and bleak, savage mountain chain of submerged peaks which form the Aleutian Islands. Where they procured the material to build the

"large flat canoes and rafts made of wood and reeds," called "water-houses" in the earlier chronicles, would be a puzzle to modern travelers in Siberia and Alaska.

Again after crossing the Straits the problem of reaching Mexico by any mixed concourse of men, women and children through a vast extent of country devoid of any adequate supply of food for a multitude, over arid wastes and deserts, destitute of even sufficient supplies of water, and across rivers and mountain ranges that even modern armies undertake with many misgivings, is one that must at once be dismissed as founded on an ill-digested theory.

That they came as an invading but not destroying people is claimed by all historians, building far to the northwest of Mexico their first capital (Tlapallan), and skirting more or less closely the western border of the great plateau until at

Morelia they struck eastward, crossing the valley of Anahuac to Tollatzinco, whence after sixteen years they turned eastward again and built their capital city, Tula. This gradual migration of a great people took many years, and is still to be traced by remarkable ruins in Arizona, New Mexico and western and central Mexico. Coeval with this movement was an eastern progress by a branch of the same people, who are declared to have landed at the Tampico River and thence in due time migrated through the coastal lands down to Vera Cruz, whence of course they came into touch with the government at Tula.

Thence again this wonderful people built a series of cities and shrines southward along the western territories into Guatemala, while the eastern branch carried its colonies from Vera Cruz along the Gulf seaboard to Chiapas and Yucatan, and thence southwest again to Guatemala. Thousands of miles of American, Mexican and Guatemalan territory are dotted with Toltec ruins, and it may be that in this manner their "course of empire" held its way, but it is a little singular that while the buildings in the north are much like the humbler edifices of the southern cities, they seem to be the frontiers of Toltec Tula, or Aztec Tenochtitlan, rather than the source from which these drew their greatness. Whence, then, came the Toltecs? is the query which has long puzzled the ethnologist, antiquarian and historian.

Lord Kingsborough, whose costly work on Mexican antiquities is the most impressive contribution in this field of research relates that at an early date it was held by the Spanish monks; that the early invaders who introduced civilization and good government into Mexico were the "lost ten tribes of Israel," and that the crosses which so often appear in Toltec, Aztec and Mayan sculptures were derived from a dim recognition of the life and teachings of the Holy Apostle St. Thomas, who, they asserted, came to America to obey the injunction to carry the Evangel into all nations. According to this theory, a vast exodus of the lost tribes set out from Palestine, Syria, Assyria, Persia, or wherever they happened to be, traversed the vast deserts and wastes of Siberian Asia,

crossed Behring's Straits, and gradually followed the shores of Alaska and the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains until they finally became the dominant race of Mexico. The theory is too utterly impracticable for modern acceptance, although "as an act of faith" its sincere acceptance should satisfy the most exacting dogmatist.

Some say that a Malay invasion brought to America a large number of vessels and emigrants, and it is true that a great Malay empire once existed, whose ruins and records show that a semi-civilized and commercial people once occupied the islands of the Pacific, with outlying stations as far south and east as the Sandwich Islands, and even Easter Island.

THE metropolis of this great empire was in the island of Java, where the number and beauty of the architectural remains far surpass in material and construction those of Central America and perhaps even those of India. It is by no means improbable that some of their ships visited, or were driven by stress of weather, to the western coast of America; and perhaps in the days of their greatest power traded with the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, and as the language of the Sandwich Islanders is to some extent a dialect of the Malaysian language, the communication between the South Sea Islands and the empire of the Malays must have been long-continued and unbroken for centuries.

A like theory claims an emigration from China, Japan or northeastern Siberia, across Behring Straits or by way of the Kuriles and Aleutian Islands to America. These Chinese and Japanese movements are supposed to have been due to the attempts of the Tartar or Manchu rulers of China to invade and conquer Japan. Immense armadas are recorded to have been fitted out for the conquest of Japan and on several occasions dispersed by tempests, with the loss of many ships and thousands of men; many of these given up as lost are supposed to have been driven by the prevailing winds to the coast of America, and to have made settlements at various points along the Mexican coast. Of such visits native traditions give some account and the occasional

discovery of jade ornaments and of the introduction of the elephant or parts thereof into architectural decorations, seem to point to some ancient communication with the people of eastern Asia.

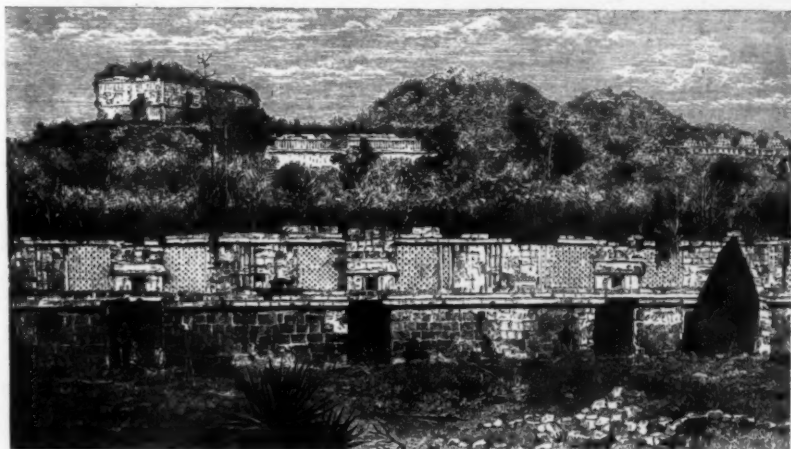
Otherwise, neither the physical characteristics of the Mexican Indian, the construction of their language, the nature of their alphabet, or the style of their architecture, seem to support this theory.

Another theory advocates a Phoenician origin, and this hypothesis has found more favor among thinking men than the preceding. The origin of the Phoenicians, while pre-eminent as bold navigators and

lined the sea coast of Asia Minor; and the Carthaginians, who became the dominant people of northern Africa and the formidable rivals of Rome itself. Besides these great centers we know that they had important cities and mining districts in Spain and smaller trading points in northern Europe and the British Isles.

It is not hard to believe that even as far back as the early days of Egypt or Chaldea they may have had a commerce reaching to the shores of the West Indies and thence even to Mexico and the banks of the Mississippi.

Ancient history includes many traditions



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF UXMAL

enterprising colonists of antiquity, whose commerce traversed every known sea and ventured far beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic, and along its coasts to both southward and northward, has always been shrouded in obscurity.

The early Grecians styled them "Ethiopians," and said that they ventured everywhere, establishing cities and extending their commerce "from the extreme east to the extreme west," but beyond this tradition we know nothing of their distant past, which probably had its origin far back of what we call history.

We know positively of only a few of their early settlements among the Sabceans of southern Arabia; the Phoenician settlements in Egypt; the Tyrians, whose cities

of a great Saturnian continent beyond the Atlantic; of the beautiful islets and golden fruit of the Hesperides; of the island of Circe, where eternal summer surrounded that beautiful enchantress; and of that lofty eminence far to the westward, where the giant Atlas, once supporting the heavens on his broad shoulders, was mercifully transformed by Perseus into a huge mountain which bore his name.

Against this theory there are no traces, in the ruins found in Mexico and Central America, of Phoenician construction or ornamentation, nor in the Mayan and Aztec inscriptions and records of the peculiar cuneiform characters of the Phoenician alphabet.

It seems, then, scarcely possible that the

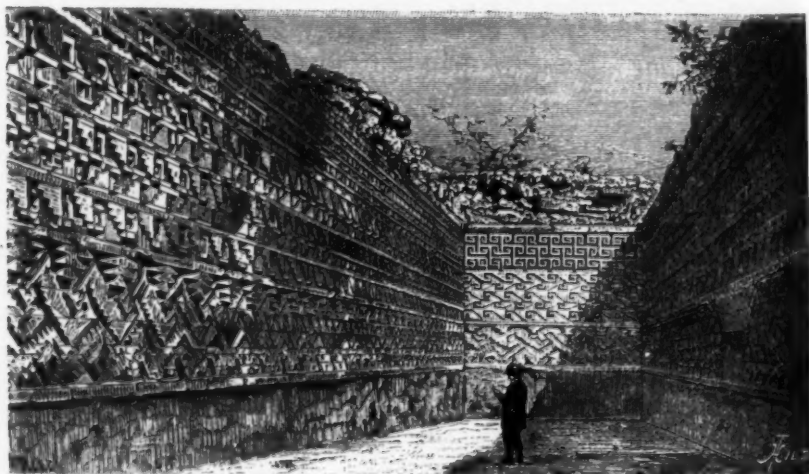
civilization of Mexico can be related to the people who made Tyre and Carthage the two greatest commercial cities of their time.

Brasseur de Bourbourg and some other writers attribute the ancient American civilization to the enterprises of the Atlantides, who occupied the lost island of Atlantis. This writer studied ancient monuments, writings and traditions more carefully and thoroughly than any other author, if we except an American writer, Ignatius Donnelly, who added to Bourbourg's exhaustive work a number of important and scholarly observations and deductions.

The Atlantis theory claims that the American civilization originated on a portion of the American continent and chains of islands connected therewith, which has long ago become submerged below the surface of the Atlantic; that a long, irregular peninsula once extended from Central America, Mexico and South America so far

and a great people, who, like the Phoenicians, extended their commerce and conquests all along the Mediterranean and into almost every section of inhabited Europe, western Asia and northern Africa. Even the earlier civilization of Egypt is claimed by some to have been originated by these people; and recent discoveries of very numerous and ancient remains in the Soudan and southern Egypt tend to show that a great civilization separate and distinct from that of the Valley of the Nile once existed in this now uncivilized and largely desert region.

The story of Atlantis as preserved in the annals of Egypt was related to Solon by the priests of Sais, and it is stated in Plutarch's life of Solon that while in Egypt "he conferred with the priests of Psenothis, Sonchis, Heliopolis and Sais, and learned from them the story of Atlantis." Briefly this story is related in Plato's record of the recollections of the aged Dropidas, the grandfather of Critias,



INTERIOR OF AN APARTMENT IN THE GRAND PALACE OF MITLA-OAXACA

across the Atlantic that the Canaries, Madeira and Azores or Western Islands are but the remains of a once great continent; and like the West Indies and Leeward Island are the mountain peaks and lofty ranges which escaped the general submergence; that in this most ancient land arose the first civilization of mankind

who relates it in the course of a dialogue with Socrates as follows:

"Among the great deeds of Athens of which recollection is preserved in our books, there is one which should be placed above all others. Our books tell that the Athenians destroyed an army, which came across the Atlantic Sea and insolently invaded



Europe and Asia, for this sea was then navigable; and beyond the Strait where you place the Pillars of Hercules there was an island, larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya combined. From this island one could pass easily to the other islands,

vasion long before he visited Egypt, but there heard for the first time this account of the island of Atlantis and of its disappearance in a frightful cataclysm.

Another account, preserved in Proclus, taken from a work now lost but quoted



SPECIMENS OF TOLTEC POTTERY

and from these to the continent which lies around the interior sea. The sea on this side of the Strait (the Mediterranean) of which we speak, resembles a harbor with a narrow entrance, but there is a genuine sea, and the land which surrounds it is a veritable continent.

"In the island of Atlantis reigned three kings of great and marvellous power, who had under their dominion the whole of Atlantis, several other islands, and some parts of the continent. At one time their power extended into Libya and into Europe as far as Tyrrhenia; and uniting their whole force, they sought to destroy our countries at a blow. But their defeat stopped the invasion, and gave entire independence to all of the countries on this side of the Pillars of Hercules. Afterward, in one day and one fatal night, there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, which engulfed that warlike people; Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea, and then that sea became inaccessible, so that navigation on it utterly ceased on account of the quantity of mud which the engulfed island left in its place."

This invasion of the Atlantes occurred centuries before Athens was known as a Greek city, and it is claimed that a festival known as the "lesser Pan-athenaea" commemorated this victory over the Atlantes and was instituted by the traditional Erichthonius, in the earlier ages of Hellenic history. Solon had heard of this in-

vasion long before he visited Egypt, but there heard for the first time this account of the island of Atlantis and of its disappearance in a frightful cataclysm.

It is also said that the celebrated figures of the Metopes of the Parthenon were designed to celebrate and preserve the memory of the great victory of Athena over Neptune, the deity of the sea. Brasseur de Bourbourg records that in the old Central American books there is a constant tradition of an immense catastrophe of this kind; that this tradition was universal among the people when they first became known to Europeans, and that its memory was especially preserved in a festival celebrated in the month of Izcalli, instituted to commemorate this frightful destruction of lands and peoples, and in which "princes and people humbled themselves before the Divinity, and besought Him to withhold a return of such terrible calamities."

It affirms that a large part of the continent extending into the Atlantic was thus destroyed by a succession of frightful convulsions, three of which are constantly mentioned and sometimes one or two others.

"The land," it is written, "was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves

of the sea combined with volcanic fires to overwhelm and engulf it." Each convulsion swept away portions of the earth until the whole of this great section disappeared, leaving the coastline as it now exists; most of the inhabitants were destroyed, but some escaped in ships and some took refuge at the summits of the mountains or on portions of the land which escaped immediate destruction.

From these and other records and the discoveries of the remains left in Yucatan, Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and the valleys of the Mississippi and its branches, Donnelly evolves the following theory: that the people of Atlantis not only visited South and Central America, but located in Yucatan or Mexico great

settlements and permanent cities, such as the Phoenicians builded along the Mediterranean; and that their outlying settlements extended along the Mississippi and the Ohio, and even as far north as the copper mining districts of Michigan. That they introduced into America the banana, which has for ages been propagated only by roots or suckers, and that the traditions of nearly all of the tribes point to a distant period when white people, bearded and coming in ships, brought new ideas and many beneficent reforms to the aborigines; that in process of time, after the destruction of this great territory cut off communication with the European world, and Atlantis itself had been utterly destroyed, that the remaining portion of



SCULPTURED STONES REPRESENTING TLALOC AND QUETZALCOATL



TECUHTLIS, MEMBERS OF THE TOLTEC ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD

the Atlantean people and their dependents were gradually driven southward from the country now constituting the United States, until the only remnant of their architecture and civilization was to some extent preserved by the Natchez Indians of Mississippi, who were destroyed by the French in the eighteenth century, and to a like degree by the people of the Zuni, Moqui, and Navajo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

It is also a significant fact that the words "Atlas" and "Atlantic" have no satisfactory etymology in any language known to Europe; they are not Greek, Italian, Egyptian or Phoenician; but in the Nahuatl language we find immediately the word "Atl" in many combinations, such as "Atlan" (on the border of or amid the water), from which we have the adjective "Atlantic." There is also "Atlaca" (to combat or be in agony, also to hurl or dart from the water). When Columbus discovered the continent, he found at the entrance to the Gulf of Uraba in Darien a good harbor, on which stood a city named "Atlan," but it has since become an unimportant village called "Acla."

Donnelly also calls attention to the cruise of H. B. M. ship Challenger, engaged for several years in sounding the ocean-depths in various parts of the world, resulting in the discovery of a submarine plateau extending from South America

to the supposed site of Atlantis, and of a very shallow bank far to seaward of the Mediterranean, which at no very distant period of the remote past must have been the site of a large island. Indeed it should be added that of late it has been generally conceded by geologists that the Gulf of Mexico itself was once an inland lake or lagoon, and today only a hundred miles of open water lies between the northern coast of Cuba and Key West, and Cuba and Cape Antonio, the eastern extremity of Yucatan. He gives many instances of the submergence of large islands and elevated mountain ranges in recent times, accompanied by a fearful loss of life, and the destruction of an agricultural and civic civilization of considerable magnitude. The submergence in the last two centuries of a considerable area of southern India, while more gradual and not accompanied by such immense losses of human life, has not been less complete in causing the abandonment of once important cities and thickly settled and productive territory.

Donnelly also argued that the universal use of bronze tools, utensils and weapons in Europe, Asia and Africa during what is known as "the Age of Bronze," and the remarkable likeness in types, size, alloy and workmanship of these wherever found, pointed to a common origin in a great and enterprising sea-power, located at or near the entrance of the Mediterranean, and

anterior to the Phoenicians or even Egypt, "Mother of Nations."

That from the trans-Atlantic colonies and their outlying settlements far up the Mississippi and its tributaries, the Atlantean people and their hybrid descendants, cut off from their parent stock, and deprived of the moral and commercial support and supplies which had once given them courage and inspiration, are supposed to have eventually become such an unhomogenous people as the inhabitants of Mexico are today rapidly becoming, with over fifty tribes, sixty-nine separate dialects and no cohesion between the small proportion of true Caucasians in the several States.

THERE are those who hold that the American civilization originated among the American people, and probably in the regions or localities where found; that it did not come from any part of the Old World, but was the result of the innate enterprise, ability and effort of a gifted branch of the human race, and that its original beginning dates as far back as any which are recorded by history or tradition of the peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa. While this may be true, it is not in accordance with the traditions of the descendants of these people, nor do the results attained by any other race of American Indians or Eskimo point to any decided improvement in architecture, manufacture, literature or settled forms of government. Furthermore, the sculptures which still remain, representing the deities, kings and priests of the Toltec, Aztec and Mayan peoples, almost uniformly represent men of physique notably superior in proportion and the expression and type of face to those of the common people or of their successors. As in certain dynasties of Egypt, the possession of a somewhat retreating but lofty forehead and aquiline features was almost peculiar to the royal and governing classes, so this type is frequently represented in the more finished and natural sculpture of Mexico, Chiapas and Yucatan.

The territory covered by their settlements and cities displays even in our Northern states the work of organized and greatly concentrated populations. No

other Indian people have ever begun to attempt or to carry out such immense earthworks, mounds and emblematic constructions as even the mound-builders of the Northern States of the Republic have left behind them.

Time and decay in the case of the mound builders have destroyed almost everything like a superstructure; but, as is well known, two centuries is quite sufficient in most of the United States to destroy anything like an inscription or thin slabs of slate or marble; but the mounds on which altars were erected or temples and palaces built, have a close resemblance to the "Teocalli" of Mexico. The great mound at Grave Creek, West Virginia, is seventy feet high, and one thousand in circumference; another, at Miamisburg, Ohio, is sixty-eight feet high and eight hundred and fifty-two in circumference; while the Great Pyramid at Cahokia, Illinois, is seven hundred feet long, five hundred feet wide, and ninety feet in height. The greater number, however, are now only six to thirty feet high. Many such are to be found far up the Missouri and along the bluffs of the Valley of the Dakota, most of which, however, seem to have been designed for burial places or as foundations for small buildings or defences.

At some points very large areas were enclosed by large breastworks, some of them enclosing fifty, one hundred, two hundred and even four hundred acres. Sometimes they are circular in outline, others are completely round, and others again combine square and circular enclosures of varying area. In almost every case the perfection of the outline proves that the designers had a standard of measurement and means of determining right angles. In the state of Ohio over ten thousand mounds and fifteen hundred enclosures have been discovered, and in other states a very large number have been described and investigated. In the South, the enclosures are generally smaller and less numerous, but with a greater number of low mounds, which are often relatively larger in extent than those further north. Broad terraces, mounds, with several stages elevated passages, long avenues and artificial ponds are features in the



INDIAN KING, WHO RULED OVER THE ANCIENT TOLTECS

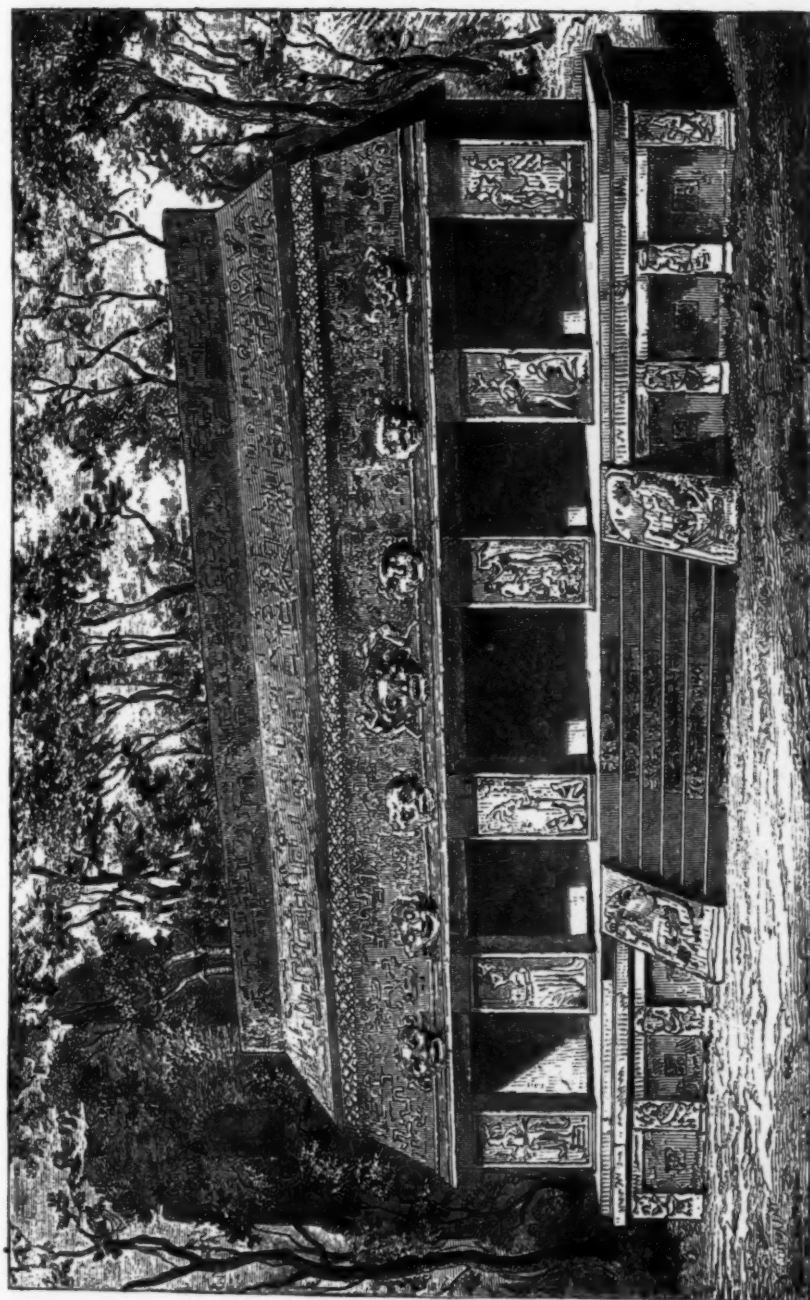


Southern States. Sun-dried bricks of large size and often bearing the impress of human hands have been found a number of times in Mississippi and Louisiana, but no stone work of any amount seems to have been employed. They were undoubtedly the work of an agricultural people, sometimes engaged in mining, as in Michigan, where their excavations, tools, and masses of native copper were discovered during the last century. That they were driven from these more northern settlements by the fiercer Indian tribes, or possibly decimated by pestilence, as so many other races have been exterminated, seems to have been the cause of the abandonment of the United States, and the occupation of what is now New Mexico, Arizona and the Mexican republic. Probably a constant communication was kept up between the Toltec people and their more northern branches, and the record of their coming into Mexico from the northwest and by sea to the Rio Grande and the River Tampico probably refers to the final concentration of the remnants of a great people in this comparatively narrow central territory.

Here, after many years, the Toltecs finally settled at Tula, in the Valley of Mexico, as late, according to various authorities, as from 556 to 713 A.D. They were undoubtedly the most industrious, skillful and artistic artificers in the New World, and their graceful and delicate pottery, toys, jewelry and other manufactures still excite the surprise and admiration of modern experts. Their vases often resemble the old Greek or Etruscan forms, and the ornamentation is sometimes simple but artistic, and again involved and striking. Their buildings still discover even in ruin immense areas of exquisite ornamentation, artistic bas-reliefs, and medallions, pointed arches and immense colonnades and approaches. At Cuernavaca (probably Xochicalco) were palaces wholly built of cut stone without mortar, beams, girders or wood of any kind. They are said to have introduced maize, cotton, various seeds and most of the vegetables now grown in Mexico; while their artisans were expert workers in gold, copper, precious stones, pottery and other materials. Silk was produced, the skins of animals

exquisitely dressed, cotton spun and woven, numerous colors drawn from native dyes, books and records made and preserved and a complete system of law and government established. Their religion was, on the whole, humane and not burdensome to the people; the sacrifices consisting chiefly of fruits, flowers and birds; their laws made no distinction of classes, and while just, were often stringent and severe. Polygamy was forbidden, even to the kings, and their priests were generally deserving of the universal respect shown to them by all classes. Their principal deities were the sun and the moon, to whom temples were first erected; to these were added Tlaloc, god of rain, and Quetzalcoatl, god of air and wisdom. The great temple of the latter deity was at Tula, but he was also worshipped in Yucatan, among the Mayas under the name of "Cukulcan," having the same meaning with Quetzalcoatl.

THE Toltec women spun and wove cotton of every degree of fineness, so that some resembled muslin, some ordinary cloth, and some had a pile like velvet; while in other fabrics they interwove the fine hair of animals and many-hued bird feathers, forming a fabric of great beauty. They divided the year into eighteen months of twenty days each, adding five days to make up the full number of three hundred and sixty-five days; these as belonging to no month were considered unlucky days. At the end of every four years they added six additional days to form leap year, and they kept their chronological records by the use of strings on which a knot was made for every thirteen years, and four of these knots formed a division corresponding to our century, represented by a number of reeds bound together. A larger cycle of one hundred and four years was called "The Great Age," but was not much used. While its organization was aristocratic and feudal, the government of the Toltecs was fraternal; military orders and titles were bestowed on distinguished warriors and councillors, and an order was established called the "tecuitlis," which was divided into the sub-orders of the tiger, lion, eagle hawk and other birds and animals, each



RESTORATION OF INNER WING OF THE PALACE AT PALENOUE

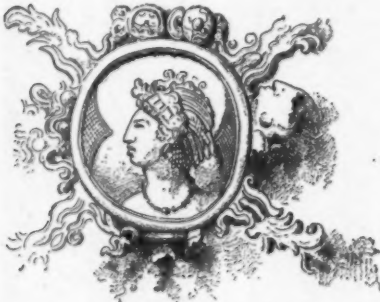
having its peculiar privileges and initiatory ceremonies, somewhat like those attendant on entering the order of Knighthood as conferred by European rulers in the Middle Ages.

At the nomination of a candidate all the order assembled at his house and accompanied him to the temple, where the high-priest, at the neophyte's request, pierced his ears and the cartilage of the nose, inserting a slender twig or creeper to prevent the closing of the apertures, making all the while invocations to the gods that they would confer on the candidate the courage of the tiger, the swiftness of the deer, the keen sight and fierce onset of the eagle, etc. Then followed his charge to the novice, in which he was reminded

repose, his guards awoke him, to fall asleep again and be again awakened.

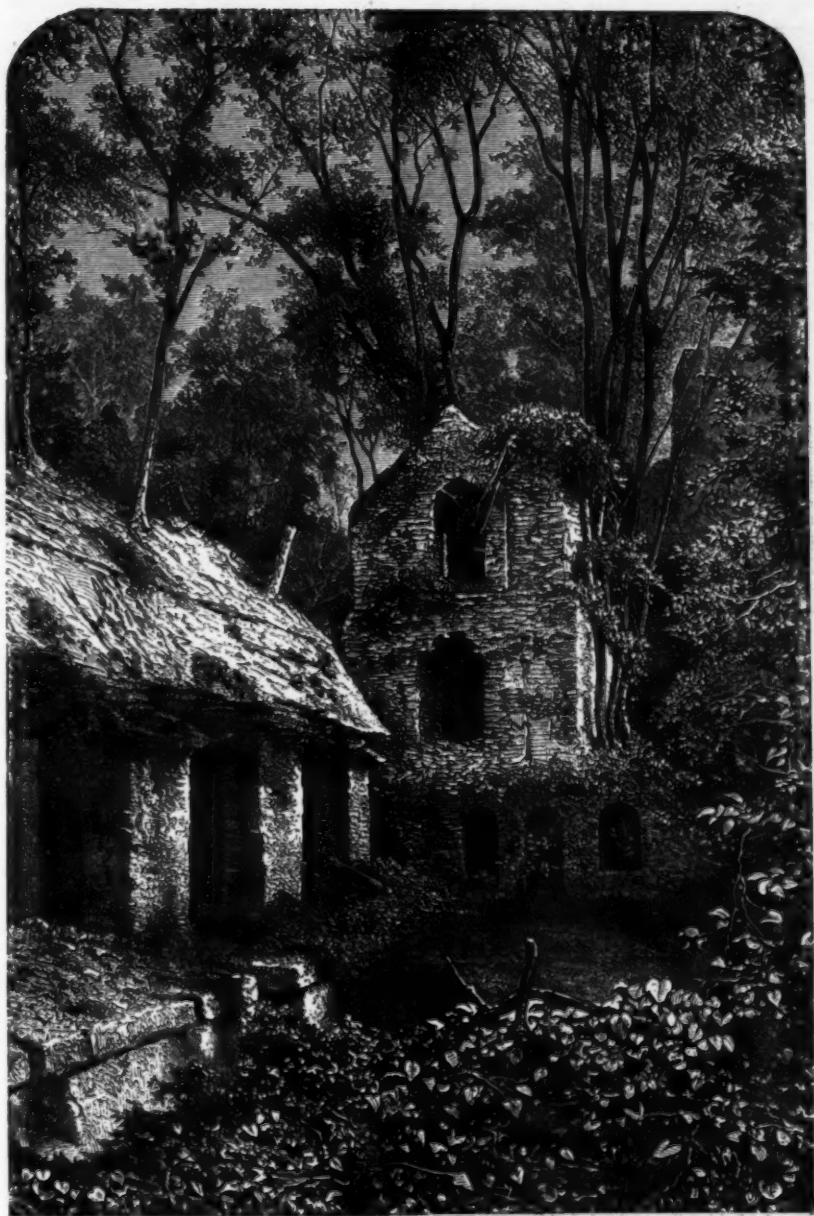
When, however, this strenuous and exhausting trial was safely past, the new knight and his relatives and friends proceeded to some temple in his own district, where his future associates in continuous ranks lined the approaches on either hand, from the entrance to the altar to which the candidate advanced, unattended and bowing to right and left to each *tecuitli*. When before the idol the filthy garment of his novitiate was removed by the oldest *tecuitli*, who arranged his hair, binding it with a scarlet cord and crowned him with a chaplet of flowers to which a medallion graven with his motto was attached. He was then clothed in the finest fabrics, heavy with fringes and embroidery, golden earrings and a nose-jewel took the place of the discarded twigs, and a precious stone, the symbol of the order, hung from his lower lip. Finally he was charged to be charitable, just, free from false pride and arrogance, and always ready to give his life to the service of his country and its gods.

The Toltecs educated their children in public schools and at Tezcuco at least established an art school, which discouraged conventional forms except when demanded by religious or traditional usage. At the city of Utatlan, which was not destroyed by the Spaniards until 1524, stood a college, supported at the public expense, wherein a staff of seventy teachers, and sometimes as many as five or six thousand pupils, met for many years. Their home government of children appears to have been both affectionate and moral, and the advice given to a daughter, when just passing from girlhood into womanhood, seems worthy of the most loving and enlightened Christian moralist. Prefacing and softening his grave admonitions with such endearing appellations as "My precious," "My beloved daughter," "Daughter mine," and the like, the father of a Tula maiden adjured her to preserve the simple manners and conversation in which she had been trained, to be always neat and cleanly in person, modest in language and carriage, faithful and obedient to her husband and patient and hopeful under the sorrows and disap-



MEDALLION AT PALENQUE

that whoever aspired to this great dignity must comprehend and fearlessly perform its duties, and especially be distinguished by greater meekness, forbearance, and moderation in all things, and especially in submission to the laws. He was then stripped of his rich attire, given a common mat, such as the poorer classes used for a bed, and a low stool to sit upon. His face was blackened, and for sixty days his only sustenance was one tortilla every twenty-four hours and a sparse allowance of water, while the priests and the *tecuitlis* of the order came to feast on dainty dishes before him and strove by jeering remarks and even personal insults and rude jests to provoke the candidate out of the submissive and meek endurance with which he must purchase knighthood. Even continuous sleep was denied him, and whenever he had exceeded a few moments'



TOWER IN PALENQUE

pointments which were inseparable from human life, but for which God had compensated his obedient children with domestic joys and material pleasures and comforts.

The mother's advice was no less affectionate and impressive, and as quoted by the historian, Desire Charnay, from the Spanish of Veytia, is well worthy of preservation. "My beloved daughter," says the Toltec matron, "my little dove, you have heard the words which your father has told you. They are precious words which are rarely spoken, and which have proceeded from his heart. Speak calmly and deliberately, do not raise your voice too high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. Neither mince when you speak nor when you salute, nor talk through your nose, but let your words be proper and your voice gentle. In walking, see that you behave becomingly, neither going too fast nor too slowly, yet when it is necessary to hasten, do so. When obliged to jump over a pool of water, do so with decency. Walk through the streets quietly; do not look hither and thither, nor turn your head to look at this and that; walk looking neither at the skies nor at the ground. See likewise that you neither paint your face nor your lips in order to look well, since this is a mark of vile and immodest women. But that your husband may take pleasure in you, adorn and bathe yourself, and wear nothing but clean apparel; but let all this be done with moderation, lest, if you are over-nice, too delicate, they will call you vain and conceited. Such was the course and manner of your ancestors; for in this world it is necessary to live with prudence and circumspection."

TO these may be added a few words addressed to a beloved son, showing the loving and tender reverence for children characteristic of Toltec parents: "My beloved son, lay to heart the words I am about to utter, for they come down to us from our forefathers, who admonished us to keep them locked up like precious gold-leaf, and taught us that boys and girls were beloved of the Lord. For this reason the men of old who were devoted to his service held children in great rever-

ence. They roused them from sleep, disrobed them, bathed them in cold water and made them sweep out the temples and offer copal (incense) to the gods. They bathed their mouths, saying that God heard their prayers and accepted their services, their tears and their sorrows, because they were of a pure heart, perfect and without blemish like precious stones. They declared also that the world was preserved for their sake, and that they were our intercessors before Him." Further he tells his son that "Governors, sages and men killed by lightning were supposed to be especially favored of Our Lord the Sun, who called them to himself that they might live forever in His presence, in a perpetual round of delight, etc."

It is evident from these quotations that the Toltec people, who were ousted from the Valley of Mexico about 1097 A.D., were not only affectionate and humane, but believed in a beneficent creator, who desired only faithful and loving service and beautiful and bloodless sacrifices, and who would welcome the pure and good and true to a heaven free from grossness and cruelty; beautiful with eternal spring, where the weary would find rest and peace among never-failing streams, noble trees, and an eternal harvest of yellow maize, delicious fruits and fragrant and beautiful flowers.

It is recorded that their decline as a dominant people was due to the discovery of pulque, the national tipple of Mexico, of lawless love on the part of the reigning emperor, and an illegal change in the succession to the throne, which resulted in civil wars and the final ruin of the Toltec dynasty.

That about the middle of the eleventh century, when the Toltec empire was at the height of its pre-eminence, the Cacique Papantzin, wearying of too much chocolate and cold water, experimented with the sap of the maguey, and after fermentation produced a liquor of about the strength of lager beer, and in company with his beautiful young daughter, Xochitl, "the flower," presented himself before the Emperor bearing with other gifts the new beverage made from the maguey. The pulque was duly tasted and approved, but the king at once fell in love





MEXICAN WATER-CARRIER

with the beautiful face and form of the cacique's daughter. He expressed his desire to receive more of the beverage, adding that the fair maiden might bring it unattended, except by her nurse. Proud of the royal favor, Papantzin a few days later sent his daughter, accompanied by a duenna, with more of the new drink. The girl was introduced alone into the presence of Tecpancaltzin, who in spite of her resistance made her his mistress, and sent her to the strongly-guarded palace



A CORRIDOR AT PALENQUE

of Talpan, near the capital, where, cut off from all communication with parents or friends, she lived for some years. Her father was at first told that his daughter had been committed by the Emperor to certain matrons who would perfect her education and fit her for the highest position among the noble ladies of his court. Meanwhile, about A.D. 1051, a boy was born who received the name of "The Child of the Magney," and later that of Topiltzin, "the judge," by which he is known in history; but at last, Papantzin, suspecting that something was concealed from him, secured admittance

to the palace of Talpan in the disguise of a laborer; and finding his daughter, was told of the treachery of the king. Inasmuch as polygamy and concubinage were strictly forbidden to king and peasant alike, and unchastity on the part of the woman was punished by death, and a shameful exposure of the body in the public streets, the wrath of the father was terrible to witness; but he was finally appeased by the promise of the Emperor that the child would be proclaimed heir to the throne, and that should the Queen die, Xochitl would be made empress.

Naturally this agreement deprived the Toltec princes of their hope of succession, and several of them revolted and began open hostilities. The most powerful of these, the legitimate heir to the throne, Huchuetzin, made an alliance with the caciques of the northern provinces beyond Jalisco and those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and carried on war against the central government until after decades of hostilities followed by inundations, tempests, drought, pestilence and famine, the Toltecs were so greatly reduced in number that about A.D. 1097 the once prosperous empire was broken up and its people dispersed. Some went south, settling in Toluca and Cuernavaca; others went eastward, founding settlements at Tehuantepec, Coatzacoalcos, Tobasco, Campeche and Guatemala, while a few remained at Cholula and at Chapultepec. Some intermarried with the chiefs of the Chichemec tribes and founded the line from which the kings of Texcoco were descended; others again were blended with the Mayas of Yucatan, and others again were swallowed up by the Aztecs, to whom they had taught their civilization, literature, and forms of government.

The Toltec chieftains and knights wore in battle a quilted cotton tunic, which fitted closely to the body, and which protected the shoulders and thighs; it was arrow-proof and during the Conquest adopted by many of the Spanish soldiers, who found it much better adapted for use than the heavy armor in which they had entered Mexico. Their archers had bows of considerable strength and arrows headed with keen flakes of obsidian, of which also their knives and daggers were

made. They also carried spears, light javelins and clubs headed with copper, or set with obsidian points or silver or gold nails. Their armies were divided into brigades of several thousand men, and these again into companies which were trained to march and act in unison; but in battle the action soon deteriorated into a melee, in which the courage and exploits of individual chiefs very often determined the result of the contest. Unlike the Aztecs, who succeeded them in the Valley of Anahuac, the Toltecs were neither cruel in victory nor reserved their prisoners for human sacrifice, and it may perhaps be true that their unusual humanity in these regards preserved the lives of enemies who eventually compassed their downfall.

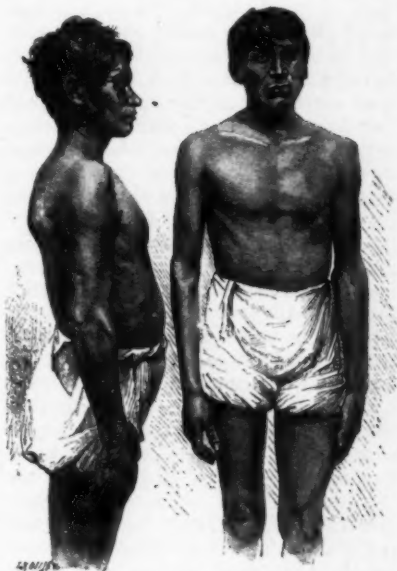
But although the central empire of the Toltecs fell and its people were dispersed throughout Mexico, Central America and Yucatan, the impress of their genius and skill remained visible in all that constituted the civilization of their successors.

The chief Toltec remains in the Valley of Mexico are found near Teotihuacan, about three miles from the present village and some twenty-five miles north of the city of Mexico; they include two great pyramids, dedicated to the sun and moon respectively, which in after years seem to have become models for most of the temples of that region. That of the sun measures 680 feet at the base by 180 feet high, and like the "high places" of the Chaldeans, were divided into four stories, gradually diminishing in area from the bottom to the top. A temple at the summit contained a colossal statue of the Sun, made of a single block of stone, which bore on its breast a planet of fine gold; this statue was destroyed by Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico, and the gold seized by the Spaniards. To the north stands the pyramid of the moon, and a great avenue known as "The Path of Death," with its tombs and tumuli covering a space of nine square miles.

At the time of the Conquest the city was thus described by Torquemada: "All the temples and palaces were perfectly built, whitewashed and polished outside, so that it gave one a real pleasure to view them from a distance. All the streets and squares were beautifully paved, and they

looked so daintily clean as almost to make you doubt that they were the work of human hands and intended for human feet; nor am I drawing an imaginary picture, for besides what I have been told, I myself have seen ruins of temples with noble trees and beautiful gardens full of fruit and flowers which were grown for the service of the temples."

But the most recent remains of Toltec architecture and sculpture are to be found in Chiapas, Tobasco, Yucatan and Guate-



MAYA INDIAN TYPES

mala; especially at Palenque, where immense palaces, temples and pyramids still retain lofty facades, noble colonnades, pointed arches, artistic sculptures and mural decorations. Overlooking the ancient city which was built in the form of an amphitheater, on the lower slopes of the Cordillera beyond, it commanded magnificent views of the forest-covered slopes and cultivated plains below, stretching as far as the sea; the massive pillar and vaulted roofs of the eastern entrance still remain to tell of the magnificent proportions of the ancient edifice, and many of the interior apartments have been habitable within the memory of man. The

gallery pillars were formerly decorated with bas-reliefs of figures and inscriptions in stucco or hard plaster; and the really artistic drawing and natural beauties of the features and figures is in strong contrast to any Asiatic or Egyptian remains of the vaunted past. The figure of a man in gala dress and a medallion containing the head of a beautiful woman with an elaborate headdress would be admired even as the work of a modern sculptor. A restoration of the entrance of the inner wing of the palace by Desire Charnay, which seems to be strictly founded on the still remaining ruins, compares favorably in effect and architectural merit with the most stupendous monument of Egypt and Babylon. A tower still standing, although overgrown with trees and tropical foliage, somewhat resembles a modern house of three stories, the lower of which is entered by arched doors and was formerly lighted by an arched window; the pointed sloping roof and the imposition of three stories, one above the other, each of them lessening in area as they were built upward, is believed to be unique among existing Toltec architecture. More massive in its approaches and supporting pillars and more conventional bas-reliefs and inscriptions, the Temple of Inscriptions is the largest structure at Palenque, standing on a pyramid about fifty feet high to the southwest of the palace; its facade, seventy-four feet in length by nearly twenty-five deep, forms a great gallery occupying the whole front, divided into a large central chamber, flanked by two smaller ones. The front gallery is supported by six pillars, six feet nine inches wide by three feet seven inches thick.

Among three other temples southeast of the palace, a small temple of the sun measuring thirty-eight feet long by twenty-seven feet deep, the pilasters, roof and walls of which are all covered with sculptures and involved decorations, is especially curious because it so strongly resembles in form a Japanese temple such as is seen by the roadside in traveling through Japan. Most of the sculptures at Palenque represent acts of worship and shrines of various kinds, among which the figure of the cross is sometimes very prominent; the faces almost invariably show the deformity

of the forehead, which was artificially produced by the noble and priestly classes.

IN Yucatan, where castles and temples were occupied by the natives for many years after the conquest of Mexico, whether the degree of civilization reached in later ages was antedated by an older and equally developed civilization is still an open question; but undoubtedly most of the ruins in Yucatan proper are of comparatively recent construction. Yucatan itself was first mentioned by Columbus, who on July 30, 1502, came upon a large canoe manned by twenty-four rowers, commanded by a cacique, with his family and servants dressed in the costume known since as "Yucatec," and freighted with cacao, tortillas, a drink made with Indian corn, wooden swords, edged with blades of obsidian, copper axes, and cotton tissues, dyed with brilliant colors. He failed, however, to follow this canoe to its destination, and the first Spaniard to visit Yucatan was Vincente Yanez Pinzon, who with Diaz Solis in 1505 voyaged along the eastern coast without, however, charting it. In 1511 Valdivia was wrecked on the Yucatan reefs on his way to Cuba; he escaped with his crew to the shore, but Guerrero and Geronimo de Aguilar. In the natives slew all of them except Gonzalo 1517 Cordova coasted along the northern seaboard, where he observed great cities and lofty pyramids, and landed at Campeche, where there were stately temples, whose walls were ornamented with serpentine decorations in relief, similar to the great temple in Mexico dedicated to Quetzalcoatl. He landed at Patonchan, where the natives massacred fifty-seven of his crew. No prisoners seem to have been taken, since in Yucatan and Tobasco the natives killed rather than captured their enemies, which explains the great losses sustained by the Spaniards in Yucatan. In 1518 Grijalva landed at the island of Cozumel, on the eastern coast, where he saw on the opposite shore the city of Tulum, and was followed the next year by Cortez, who in 1519 found here Geronimo d'Aguilar, one of the survivors of Valdivia's crew, and later at Tobasco secured the services of Marina, his mistress, interpreter and confidential friend.

Progreso, on the northwestern coast, the port of Merida, is in no sense a harbor, large vessels being obliged to anchor several miles from the shore on account of the shallow water and numerous reefs which extend all along that coast. Until within a comparatively few years, it was miserable hamlet, surrounded by unhealthy swamp; but since the increased prosperity of the country, due to the demand for hennequen, or what is called manila hemp, the buildings and shipping facilities have been greatly improved.

**M**ERIDA, the capital, about thirty miles inland, was founded about 1542 by Francisco de Montejo, who occupied Chichen in 1527, but had been driven out by the natives who were much more warlike than the inhabitants of Mexico, and have always been more or less at war with their conquerors. Merida was built with the material of the ancient city whose edifices were entire at the coming of the Spaniards; but these have now utterly disappeared. The Mayas in physique and language are unlike all the surrounding tribes, and indeed those of Mexico, and are said to be the descendants of an ancient race whom the Spanish historians declared to have come from Cuba, an opinion shared by Agassiz, who studied these tribes in their respective localities. It has been argued that the fact that there are no evidences of an earlier architecture differing from that existing which is of Toltec derivation, negative the idea of an older Mayan civilization; but it will readily occur to the reader that if the Toltecs were the descendants of an Atlantean civilization, which had ages ago settled all of these countries, that the style of the older architecture would be practically identical with that renewed by the Toltecs in their later occupation.

The Mayan or Maya-Toltec of today preserves even after three centuries of conquest and oppression, the upright carriage, intelligence, open countenance and manly bearing which at once differentiate from the stolid and depressed Indian of the Mexican plateaux. His head is round and his black eyes, his arched or straight nose, small ears and mouth, round chin, full jaw and sound, square

teeth, reddish-brown complexion and black, straight hair, are joined to powerful shoulders, a deep, broad chest and well-developed limbs. In ancient days the government was an absolute monarchy, but a portion of the land was the common property of the community; every member received his portion, which he held as long as he cultivated and improved it. As the soil was sandy and light, no plough was used in ancient times, and four-fifths of the land lay fallow, to come into cultivation in its due season. The vassals of each noble were obliged to till his land, to supply him with game, fish, flowers, salt and other supplies, and to follow him to battle, as their Spanish conquerors did their nobles in feudal Europe.

Their wars were sharp and speedily decided, each man carrying a scanty supply of food, and knowing that no quarter would be sought or given by either side. To kill as many of the enemy as possible; to take no prisoners, to plunder and to carry away as much property as possible, and to destroy all that could not be taken, were tactics which explain the multiplicity of ruined cities and of the monuments erected to commemorate these victories. The princes and nobles wore in battle the quilted cotton breastplate before described and head-pieces or casques surmounted with gorgeous plumes, among which the Quetzal's splendid feathers bespoke the royal or at least noble birth of the wearer. The rank and file wore no clothing except the maxtli or loin-cloth, but, like the northern aborigines, painted their faces and bodies with gorgeous colors, depicting with stripes, serpents, birds and animals the services and achievements of the warrior.

Ordinarily the common men wore little except the maxtli; children up to two years old went naked, and the chiefs and their women wore long cotton mantles over loose tunics of variegated and brilliant colors. The hair was worn short and cut squarely across just above the forehead. Squinting was fashionable, and would-be belles allowed a wisp of hair to fall down between the eyes to simulate a stylish strabismus. Earrings and nose and lip jewels were worn, but no other physical deformity was fashionable, except the





RUINS OF FIRST PALACE OF KABAH

compression of the forehead by the chiefs and priests, which was produced by compression of the head four or five days after birth between two pieces of wood, one on the forehead and the other on the back of the head, which were kept in place until the desired shape was secured.

A Spanish historian says of the common people before the Conquest: "They were much oppressed by the king, the nobles,

and especially by the restless and ambitious caciques, who were constantly at war with each other. The education of the youth of both sexes rested entirely with the priests, but the mass of the people were ignorant and degraded; men were sold in the market or were sacrificed on the altars; women excluded from society and the family circle." But the nation prospered in spite of all, and the country was

densely populated, while the monuments everywhere attest that the arts flourished. Under the Spaniards the peninsula which contained millions of people before the Conquests, scarcely retains three hundred thousand at the present day, and the poorer classes are more wretched and oppressed than at any time of their existence, although the general prosperity due to the increased value and demand for the hennequen fibre has enabled many a small farmer to secure what in that country is considered a small fortune, or at least a comfortable independence.

The Mestizas of Merida and the other cities of Yucatan, while looked upon as an inferior caste, number many of the most attractive men and beautiful women of Yucatan, and inhabit neat, thatched cottages, often embowered in trees and surrounded by little gardens and well-kept enclosures. Most of the land, however, as in Mexico, is held in large haciendas, employing many laborers, whose condition is little better than that of slavery. Owing to the want of hands, a great many Yaqui Indians and Mexican peons who have fallen under the displeasure of the Mexican government, have been banished to Yucatan, and placed under the control of the great landed proprietors, to be held in subjection by armed guards or the fear of being massacred by the still unconquered aborigines of the territory of Quintana Roo.

**I**N Yucatan the people depend for their water supply chiefly on what are known as "cenotes," or subterranean reservoirs, fed by hidden underground lakes or a network of watercourses; some of these are so near the surface that the soil has given way and left a surface pond or reservoir; others again are reached only by powerful pumps or a system of ladders by which the women descend into enormous caverns, or traverse narrow galleries to fill their jars from the hidden springs; and in some cases the entrance to these deep caverns is a considerable distance from the nearest village or farm. Sometimes a crust of rock is left over such a "cenote," with an aperture through which the daylight reaches the cavern, forming a real grotto, with stalactites and stalagmites of considerable beauty.

Nearly all of the ancient cities and modern towns and haciendas are located near some one of these subterranean water caverns: The ruins of Chichen-Itza, two miles east of the now ruined village of Pisté, is especially remarkable for two structures; the pyramid of El Castillo and those of the Nun's Palace, the latter being held to be a refuge for girls of noble birth who were dedicated to the service of the gods when from twelve to thirteen years old; some remained there until they were given in marriage, some few took perpetual vows; others, on account of some vow, entered the nunnery for one, two, three or four years. They lived under the superintendence of experienced matrons, and upon entering the convent had their hair cut short, and were made to sleep in one common dormitory, fully dressed, in order that they might always be ready to arise when called upon. They were taught weaving, embroidered the tapestry and ornamental work of the temple, and rose in the night to renew the incense in the braziers, filing under the leadership of the Superior to the altar and returning in the same manner. They were required often to fast, to sweep the temples, and keep a constant supply of fresh flowers upon the altars. They did penance for the slightest infringement of their religious rules, by having their tongues and ears pierced with the spines of the maguey. Death was the punishment in case of violation of the vow of chastity; but unlike the vestals of Rome, the separation of the priesthood from the laity was not binding for life. The building itself is not especially large, the front measuring some twenty-nine feet long by nineteen feet six inches high, while the details of its grotesque decorations remind one of a Chinese carving. In short, all of the representations show little of the Toltec influence in design or finish. The building rests upon a perpendicular pyramid, the platform of which is a solid building intersected with small apartments, traversed by a corridor running across the pyramid from east to west; over this is a small structure or third story; the first platform is reached by broad, steep steps, fifty feet wide, which are continued by additional steps to the second platform, where the apartments of the ruined build-

ing are mere cells. The ornamentation of the third story consists of small sunken panels, containing a roselike device made of exquisitely moulded stone.

THE pyramid and temple of El Castillo form the most interesting monument at Chichen-Itza; the pyramid faces the cardinal points, and on each of its four sides are staircases leading to the platform of the temple. The base of the platform is one hundred and seventy-five feet square, and consists of nine small esplanades, narrowing toward the top, and supported by perpendicular walls; the temple measures about thirty-nine feet on each face by twenty-one feet high, and its platform is sixty-two feet above the level of the plain, reached by four flights of ninety steps each and thirty-nine feet wide. The western and southern faces are simply finished by two beautiful cornices, and the interior of the long corridors show no trace of ornamentation, except the sculptures of gigantic warriors over each door. The principal facade consists of a portico, supported by two massive columns, connected by wooden lintels giving access to a gallery, which runs the whole width of the building. A large room is entered by the only door in the gallery, and two pillars with square capitals support a double corbelled vault; the stairway reaching this face was wider, and on each side, forming a balustrade, was a gigantic plumed serpent, whose head and protruding tongue run down the balustrade. All these columns, pillars and lintels are decorated with sculptures and bas-relief.

Among these, two bas-reliefs from the pillars of the sanctuary represent men richly dressed, one of whom is distinguished by a long beard, while both possess the aquiline nose and sloping forehead ascribed to the Toltec rulers. The high buskins or boots of these figures and the other details of their costume and head-dresses, with other decorations of the temple, point strongly to the belief that it was especially dedicated to the worship and honor of Quetzacoatl, who, it will be remembered, was believed by both Aztec and Toltec peoples to have visited the Mexican people,

taught them many useful arts and established a worship whose simple sacrifices were devoid of any cruelty or bloodshed. Among the Mayas the belief was also prevalent, and he was worshipped under the name of Cukulcan. According to Desire Charnay, Chichen-Itza was a holy city, fitted for the reception of many pilgrims, by the possession of two great canotes, or water reservoirs, one of which, especially devoted to the needs of the temple, is an open pool whose steep sides, twenty-five feet in height, are walled in by masonry.

Further south and west are other ruins of like nature which, especially in Guatemala, are remarkable for involved and original mural decoration, those of Kabah being perhaps unrivalled by any masonry in the world, while the great hall of Mixtla is completely covered with tasteful raised work. Such are a few of the remains of Toltec-Mexican and Toltec-Mayan records and architecture.

The Spaniards who conquered Mexico left very little of the purely Aztec architecture or art in sculpture and pottery to tell today of what then existed, and the chief examples of which history informs us belong rather to the period of Spanish conquest and occupation, which will be treated of in a succeeding article. It has been the purpose of the foregoing pages to show that all that was beautiful and artistic in Mexican life and government was derived from the Toltec people, whose buildings and sculpture in Mexico, Chiapas, Yucatan and Guatemala have herein been described and illustrated, and whose just and on the whole humane civilization is still a tradition dear to the hearts of millions of savage and half-civilized Indians, to whom some of the ancient rites and a belief in the coming of "the Deliverer" still keep alive the distrust and hatred born of centuries of degradation and oppression.

Until a man arises who can give these millions a just interest in the lands of their fathers, and establish justice and peace and the love of a united republic among them, Mexico can never attain a settled prosperity.

# Their Tongues

by

Lillian Ducey

Author of "No Sentiment"

*A Stirring Domestic Story  
by a favorite National  
Author*

*"Kings and Their Kingdoms"*

THEY had fought their way through three years of married life. Not with flat irons or pots or boot-jacks as the ancient method was and which bruised merely the flesh, but with stinging words that made pulses hammer in the brain and that rankled in the heart everlastingly. To begin with they had never really loved. And so in the chill aftermath, when honey-moons wane and hearts and minds grow analytical, no tiny flashes of warm memory helped to stay their tongues until they might adjust themselves to the level where friendship might have served them.

Just liking her better than any other equally eligible girl, he had married her as a stepping stone to the social position due a man of his wealth and importance in their exclusive little suburb. She, with the prestige of a good family, had married him for his money. Yet they were honest enough neither to disguise their reason from the other. And in their brief engagement they fell into a happy way of viewing their motives laughingly. In fact they grew quite comradely over their little play of give and take, while frequently their quizzing of each other's worldliness ended in a little rush of feeling that made kisses real and love a little god, waiting and ready to alight on them for the urging. They had actually expected to be happy, not considering that worldliness is about the poorest kind of kindler for the matrimonial hearth, leaving not even the embers of lost illusions to stir cold hearts with. It took them but a very few months to

find out that they hated each other. And one vituperous tongue not to be outdone by the other, they made no secret of their feelings.

It was rather a sorry game, for she really wanted his money and he wanted her social influence.

Several times, coldly and dispassionately, they had discussed that very phase of their mutual helpfulness, yet dozens of times in those three years each was on the verge of precipitating a rupture. And it wasn't that either of them cared for anyone else. No, indeed! But they had given their tongues such license that their hatred grew and grew—just to keep pace with their speech. It was a perfect case of auto-suggestion, but neither of them delved into the psychology of the thing. They hated—that was all they knew—so intensely, so fiercely that the end of the third year found them considering ways and means for a separation.

THEY reached a decision one evening, an evening when by a peculiar trick of fate or fancy they had been able to meet on neutral ground and speak of the inevitable quite companionably. Since the days of their courtship they had not had such an unruffled conversation. And both of them, with a keen sense of humor when their ignivomous speech did not sear and sizzle it into biting rhetoric, were secretly amused at the homelike picture they must have presented as they discussed their coming separation, he lying at length on

the couch, she in a low rocker not so far away.

"Were you thinking of marrying again?" After all had been decided he asked the question, coolly flicking the ash off the end of his cigar.

"Marrying again!" It was a little blaze of contempt. Her chin went up but half smilingly. "Not for all the riches of the world. There isn't a thing in marriage to compensate a woman for all a man's tyranny."

The fine little crow's feet grew deeper at the corners of the man's eyes. "Perhaps you're right, Nell. And there's nothing in it to compensate a man for giving up his liberty. We've made an interesting discovery. But what a devil of a time we had doing it!"

She nodded.

"Just the same there is one thing that I regret," he continued. "I hate giving up the home. When I was a kid, shifted around from one relative that didn't want me to the other that didn't want me, I used to lie awake nights dreaming of what it would be to have a real home, a place where one belongs. And I used to wish that I was a man so I could make one for myself. Well, like all our dreams, possession gives them a different color. Still I like this place tremendously."

"Well, you don't have to give it up," she looked searchingly at him. "As I told you, I am going to Aunt Martha. And it is a lovely place. And you can marry again."

"Never again," he put up his hand pledgingly. "But it sure is a dandy place. Every room in it—" his eyes surveyed the walls.

"Almost," her eyes narrowed at him, "one would think you regretted our coming separation."

"Oh, Lord!—No!" he drew a deep breath. "It will be heaven to be free once more. And I'm going to have *one—good—time*. I've been a pretty decent married man. So decent that I'm worried for fear the divorce may fall through. But it really is too bad that we bungled things with our rotten tempers. I didn't think it of you, Nell, before we were married."

"Or I of you," she laughed tantalizingly. Then: "Do you know this is the first

amicable conversation that we have had in months?"

"Let's always talk about separating," he flung back.

He looked like some big bad boy as he said it, and she couldn't quite classify the look in his eyes. She knew the remark had come simply because it seemed the smart thing to say at the moment, just as their other biting retorts came. And yet the look in his eyes puzzled her.

A silence followed, which was broken by a sharp peal at the door bell.

THE next moment like a whirlwind Mrs. Glasgow, their nearest neighbor, burst into the room. Her eyes were wild. Her hat awry. She breathed as if she had been running.

"Oh, Helen! Helen!" she flung herself on Mrs. Norcroft. "I don't know how to tell you, but I must. I must tell someone! Oh, the humiliation of it! I've hid it as long as I could! I thought sometime he would be different. But now—now!—You'll let me stay here for the night, Helen—please. Tomorrow I will pack my things and go back to mother and father."

Helen Norcroft led the weeping woman to a chair and seated her. With gently sympathetic hands she removed her hat and jacket. The little service done, she pressed her cheek to the other's. "Poor Mary," she said sadly, and there were deep wells of comprehending pity in her eyes, and her voice said plainly that the cause of all this sorrow was not unknown to her.

"Then you know—know—and all the rest of the town perhaps." Mrs. Glasgow rocked to and fro in her anguish. "And I thought no one knew. Oh, Helen, how a man can make a woman suffer!"

Helen Norcroft patted the shoulders of her friend, little loving pats. And Norcroft, with deep pity, held a glass of wine to the perturbed woman's lips.

"Drink that," he said gently. "It will brace you."

She took a sip, then turned chokingly away. When she recovered herself it was to plunge into a disjointed recital of her troubles. But both the man and the woman tried to stop her.

"Listen, Mary," Helen Norcroft knelt before her friend, putting loving arms



around her. "Wait until tomorrow. Don't tell us now. Perhaps you'll feel sorry if you do. You'll make it up with him and then you'll wish you had not told."

"Make it up with him!" It was a cry. "Helen—I followed him." There was no checking her now. And they felt as if her very sanity depended on her relieving her sorely tried soul.

Helen Norcroft shook her head deprecatingly. "But Mary—what a thing to do! Why did you follow him?"

"I was beside myself. Oh, a woman with a husband like yours, Helen, can't understand. She doesn't know what days and nights of agony some of us live through. I've wished I was dead a thousand times these three years. And I've kept it all to myself! The fires inside of me have been burning me up. God! It has been awful! If I don't talk to someone now I will kill myself. Or him!"

"Poor Mary. You are beside yourself. Don't take on so, dear." Comforting words and consoling arms were all Helen Norcroft had to offer. But for a moment they checked the other's grief. Then with redoubled force she began again, the light of madness in her eyes.

"If I had had something with me I would have killed him then and there. I may do it yet," she lowered her voice, "and with his own pistol. I can wait behind the door. He deserves it! He deserves it!" she

shrieked the last, then collapsed. Only the steady arms around her prevented her from sliding to the floor.

A tempest of weeping then overwhelmed the hurt soul and she cried, as one lost.



*"You didn't answer my question," he dropped into a chair, reached out and clasped one of her hands between his*

Presently, recovering somewhat, she looked blindly, only half comprehendingly, up into the face so close to hers.

"You'll let me stay here—for the night. Won't you—Helen? I'm afraid. Afraid—of myself," she pleaded.

"Of course—of course, dear. And I'm going to put you straight to bed. I'm

going to undress you myself. And Dick will go down to Doctor Lathers and get you a sleeping potion. Oh, you poor, poor dear," as the other tried to rise but fell back.

In the end the man carried her up to his wife's room, placed her on the bed, then went away on his errand to the doctor's.

It was an hour later. The sleeping powder had already been administered and had taken immediate effect. Then Mrs. Norcroft went below to the library where she knew her husband would be waiting.

"How is she?" The man pacing the floor halted.

"Asleep—fast asleep, the poor thing. Oh, how she cried while I was getting her ready for bed. And she actually seems to love the brute, Dick—that is what has driven her half crazy."

"Do you really think she means to leave him?" He stood looking down at his wife, who had seated herself, a trifle exhausted from her labors. "Lord! She's had grounds enough long before this!"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "After making such a scene, how could she do otherwise? She'll leave him, I suppose, and then eat her heart out for him afterward. What fools women are!"

There was a moment of silence while the woman looked searchingly up at the man, as if to find an answer to her puzzled thoughts in his face.

"How can such a high-minded girl as Mary love a creature like him?" she asked at last. "Ugh! Such a man!"

There was a serious frown on the man's forehead. But after a moment a little mocking light crept into the eyes beneath.

"Once," he said slowly, "I considered him a dangerous rival."

"Never! He never was!" Her reply was swift. "If there was one man above earth I hated, it was he. And I always told him so."

"That didn't prevent him paying you assiduous court. I've never told you before, but once I caught the tail-end of a proposal."

"Oh," she laughed a little, but only half-heartedly. "I remember that day. I wondered about it at the time. We were in the garden behind the arbor when you suddenly came upon us."

"Considering his wealth and the depth of his love—he surely was in love to judge from his speech—it was often a matter of speculation to me why you turned him down."

A little shiver passed over the woman. "Marry him!" she said. "Ugh! Not if he had all the wealth of the world and I was starving."

A little breathless laugh seemed to clutch the man's throat.

"Well, he was a much better match than I was—money, family, looks, any way you considered him."

SHE lowered her eyes for a moment. "I never considered him so. I suppose because I always disliked him. Why, when his hand used to brush mine, I always shivered and grew creepy with disgust."

The man's eyes grew suddenly quite dark. "Well, at least you never felt that way about me." He paused, then said quietly: "Or did you?"

She made him no answer. "I never knew such a loathesome man," was what she said.

"You didn't answer my question," he dropped into a chair, reached out and clasped one of her hands between his.

"Don't," she tried to withdraw the hand he held.

"Hold on a minute," his grasp tightened. "I'm waiting to see if you shiver."

"Don't be so silly and trivial," she pushed as far away as the back of the chair would allow. "My mind is filled with poor Mary."

"And so is mine." He slid his chair nearer. "Before you came down I was comparing our individual cases—Glasgow's and Mary's, yours and mine. Not much similarity—is there?"

"Well, hardly." Her look lingered on his face for a moment. It was a queer look, a little trusting look.

"And I've been thinking as I paced this room," he went on, "that our whole trouble has come through our infernally smart tongues and quick minds. Why, all we've been doing the past three years is to slash and lash each other with words until our feelings are so bruised we're hit and reeling. And all the time we might have been loving."

A flash of quizzical disbelief crossed her face as he paused.

"Sure thing!" he nodded emphatically. "Why, whenever I've been away from you long enough to forget some of the stabbing things you said to me, I was crazy to get home. And then, by jiminy! I wouldn't be in the house ten minutes and we'd be at it again, and I'd hate you harder than ever."

A sound smothered by closed doors interrupted them. Absorbed as they were, it only knocked remotely at their consciousness. But when it came again, she rose swiftly and rushed from the room.

She was half way up the stairs when he called to her. "Nell!—just a minute!"

She stopped and looked back at him.

"We've been a couple of damn fools, dear," he whispered from the bottom of the stairs.

Without a word she turned again and flew up the remaining steps, for the sobs issuing from the room above grew louder and louder.

When the door shut the man went back to the library, turned low the light and stretched himself on the couch. He had an idea that she would come back to him. However, he waited there alone a long, long time. And the sounds above never ceased except for the fraction of a minute perhaps.

But it was in one of these brief pauses that breathlessly she thrust her head through the half-open door.

"You're right, Dick—we have been—just what you called us." It was a quick, hushed whisper. "I just wanted to tell you so. I mustn't let her miss me. But—oh! oh!—what dreadful things I've been listening to!"

## JUNE

LONG ago the fearless Snowdrop  
 Seized her small green spear,  
 Donned her snow-white helmet, calling  
 "Ice-King, I am here!"  
 Ice King (while she faced him, crying  
 "Ice King, leave my land!")  
 Laughed and kissed her—for he loved her—  
 Followed her command  
 Came the Sun, in all his glory;  
 Kissed the Brook that day;

But the Brook, whose heart was melting,  
 Shyly ran away.  
 Now old Mother Earth is shining  
 In her summer sheen,  
 Dandelion-star bespangled,  
 Brave in gold and green.  
 Primrose soon will light her torches,  
 Lily ring her bells,  
 Four O'clock—from four till seven—  
 Be "at home," she tells.

Saxifrage has left the pastures  
 Roses coming fast;  
 Cautious elms were long since leafing,  
 Wind-flowers long since past.  
 June is flying! June is flying!  
 Ice King soon will reign;  
 But old Ice King's power is fleeting;  
 June will come again!

—Charlotte W. Thurston.



*I handed Sara a chair, and stood over her where I could watch her face. "I have news for you," I said*

# A DAUGHTER of the STARS

by

E. Phillips Oppenheim

**SYNOPSIS:** *The story opens with the landing of an Englishman and his guide on the island of Astrea, on which is a famous temple of the same name. The Englishman is traveling in his brother's ship in search of interesting subjects for his pen and pencil, and has been induced to stay a day or two on the island by the prospects of obtaining some remarkable notes and sketches of the strange islanders. It happens to be the time of a remarkable religious ceremony, and the people are in an excited condition. The Englishman and his guide, however, would possibly have remained unmolested had not the former rushed forward to protect a young and beautiful white girl being offered by the High Priest as a sacrifice to the temple. For the time being his gallant attempt is frustrated, as he is speedily overpowered and rendered unconscious. He escapes, but is pursued, and his faithful attendant Ahmid is killed. He then enters a secret passage hewn out of the rocks, and descends by it to the inner sanctuary of the temple. Here he finds the girl whom he had attempted to rescue. He has a terrible struggle with the High Priest of the temple, and is at length overpowered. While the High Priest is slowly strangling him to death the girl creeps up and buries a dagger in the Priest's back. Then they escape from the temple and swim toward the yacht, being finally rescued by Maurice and his men from the pursuing natives. The Englishman learns that the girl is the daughter of an American missionary, who died on the Island of Astrea. She has for some time been sought by the High Priest, who is an Indian Prince in exile, and a seer. A desperate effort was made by the Prince and his followers to recover the girl which failed. Once arrived in England the girl is made much of in the family of her rescuers. A poisonous snake, such as inhabit the island, was found in the Englishman's room some months later, which brought the whole matter up again. In order to get the incident out of his mind the Englishman and his brother decided to dine together and have an evening of amusement.*

## CHAPTER XII

THE first part of our program we had faithfully carried out. We had dined, and dined remarkably well, and at the Empire we were unexpectedly amused. Neither of us had been to a music hall for years, the program was a good one, and we threw ourselves into the spirit of the thing with a common desire—the desire to forget.

Maurice had telephoned for a box, and we lounged in comfortable fauteuils sipping our coffee and smoking very excellent cigars. More than once we assured one another that we were enjoying ourselves very much indeed, which so far as I was concerned was really not very far from the truth. Then, in the midst of a song, Maurice suddenly sat bolt upright, his cigar slipped from his fingers, and a look of blank amazement came into his face.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

For a moment he did not answer me. His

eyes were fixed upon a certain dark corner in the promenade. I, leaning over his shoulder, could see nothing. I questioned him again eagerly.

"It's that damned High Priest!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "I never forget a face! I'll swear to him!"

I sprang to my feet, without any definite idea as to what we were about to do. Maurice threw open the door of the box and elbowed his way down the promenade. I followed him! A few yards beyond the cigar stall, a man was leaning against the wall leisurely smoking a cigarette and watching the passersby. His unusual height made him the object of some attention, to which he seemed absolutely indifferent. He was perfectly dressed in evening clothes, and the details of his toilette were all in exact accord with the latest decrees of fashion. Only a few yards from him we paused. Maurice was right. He had shaved off his beard, but his was a face





*"How many more snakes did you bring over?" I asked abruptly. The Prince set down his glass and reflected*

there was no possibility of ever mistaking. It was the High Priest!

Suddenly he recognized us. He seemed in no way discomposed. A faint smile parted the corners of his lips. He nodded pleasantly.

"How do you do?" he said.

Maurice took a long breath and looked at me. I looked back at him. Certainly our vis-a-vis had the advantage of us so far as composure went.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

Maurice exclaimed bluntly.

The High Priest frowned.

"You might, I think, make use of more courteous language towards a stranger in your wonderful country," he said mockingly. "Have I not the right to be here if I choose?"

"Oh, certainly," Maurice answered.

"Have you brought the island with you?" He lit another cigarette carefully before he replied.

"No, my connection with Astrea ceased two years ago! My brother has now succeeded me. For many hundreds of years the men of my family have served in Astrea as Priests to their strange religion. My term now is over. I have resumed my proper name and position. I am not unthankful."

"May we know your proper name and position?" Maurice asked in a dazed manner. This thing was almost past realization.

"Certainly. Permit me."

He handed us a card from an exquisite little morocco case. On it was engraved:

*"Prince Singhisten"*

"I am really an Indian, as you may have assumed," he continued calmly. "Without any desire to boast, I might remark that I own a territory a little larger than your country, and that my family have held it for a thousand years. I mention these things as you seem still to look upon me as a sort of charlatan. Between the people of Astrea and the people of my province there has been a close bond for many hundreds of years. Some day I will tell you the whole history, if you are interested."

I ground my heel into the thick carpets. There was no doubt as to our whereabouts. We had not wandered back into the Arabian nights. We were still at the Empire.

"Come and have a drink," Maurice said suddenly. "I want to be sure that you are not waxwork."

THE Prince laughed softly and followed us down the promenade—a noticeable and commanding figure. Maurice ordered a bottle of wine. We all three sat down at a table together.

"How many more snakes did you bring over?" I asked abruptly.

The Prince set down his glass and reflected.

"There are only six more, I believe," he said. "Three died on the voyage, and you killed one this morning, I understand. I have no doubt that six will be plenty, though," he added. "If not, there are other means."

I could not help it. I burst into a fit of laughter which was half hysterical. Maurice looked at me in bewilderment.

"Nothing less than my life will satisfy you then," I said. He looked thoughtful.

"Well, I am not sure," he said. "I believe that if you would prefer to live, some arrangement might be made."

"Well, I should like to know the terms, anyhow," I said. "I don't care for your snakes at all. Your first one has killed my favorite dog."

"I am exceedingly sorry," the Prince answered. "You see it had not eaten for a week. It is better that they should be starving. It was very unfortunate that the dog should have got in the way. They like dog."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Maurice broke in. Some inkling of the truth seemed to be dawning upon him. I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Never mind, old chap, I will tell you presently. Will you give me your address, Prince Singhisten? I will come to see you and ask your terms."

"With pleasure."

He wrote on the back of a card and handed it to me. "Donchester House!" Evidently he was a millionaire.

A woman, spreading herself out like a butterfly with gorgeous wings, came and

sat by our side. She dropped her handkerchief at the Prince's feet. He restored it to her with a courtly gesture, but took no further heed of her blandishments. He sat between us, sipping his wine and smoking with the air of a man thoroughly at his ease, enjoying alike his company and his surroundings. I feared him more at that moment than I had done in the Temple of Astrea, or on board the "Cormorant."

"London and Buda-Pesth," he murmured, "are the only cities in the world in which one lives."

Maurice answered him—they drifted into an easy conversation, whilst I sat there only half listening. At last he rose, looked at his watch, and declared regretfully that he must go.

We strolled along the promenade together. At the entrance he turned to me.

"If you should favor me with a visit tomorrow," he said, "would twelve o'clock suit you?"

"I will come at that time," I answered.

He nodded and strolled buoyantly away. Maurice and I re-entered our box and sat down facing one another. I told him then of the narrow escape I had had the night before. He was dumbfounded.

"There is absolutely nothing which we can do," I said dejectedly. "If we go to the police they will treat us as lunatics. I don't believe even that we have either of us a friend who would believe our story."

"I don't believe we have," Maurice echoed. "You are going to see him tomorrow?"

"There is very little to hope for from that," I answered. "I have an idea what his terms will be."

"Do you think—do you mean—Sara?"

I nodded.

"You would not help him?"

"I would blow his brains out first," I answered fiercely.

### CHAPTER XIII

IT was as I had expected. The Prince's terms were—Sara! He received me in the magnificent library of Donchester House, which looks out upon Hyde Park—curiously enough, I had been in it often before, the guest of the man who had leased it to him. Nothing appeared to be

very much altered, and yet somehow the man's presence seemed to have diffused an odor of orientalism about the place. There was a curiously pungent perfume about the hall and the room, and the servants were white-turbaned, copper-colored Indians. The Prince was in riding clothes of English cut and make, and had evidently just come in from a gallop.

"I am glad that you have come," he said, rising as I entered the room. "Try the easy chair at your side. Will you drink? Smoke? No! Very good! To business then."

"To business!" I repeated thoughtfully, setting down my hat upon the table.

"You are young," the Prince commenced, "and you are a westerner—that is to say, you do not know philosophy. Fatalism is only a term of the schools with you. You are physically brave enough, but you value your life, and you want to preserve it!"

"Doubtless," I admitted.

"For the sake of argument," the Prince continued, "we will take for granted what is certainly true—that your life is at my disposal. You come to ask me the terms on which I withdraw my claims upon it. Good! I answer you. I want the missionary's daughter Sara!"

"Then you will have to want forever," I answered hotly. "I would die many times over sooner than see her in your hands."

THE Prince waved his hand, a gentle, deprecatory gesture.

"It will be better for us to perfectly understand each other," he said. "I do not desire anything irregular. I wish to marry the young lady according to your English customs, and I may add that I intend to make my permanent home in England. I am very rich, my rank will find recognition here, my wife will be a princess, and I do not fancy that even amongst the daughters of your nobility I should have any difficulty whatever in finding a suitable wife. But of that, no more! The only woman whom I shall marry will be—Sara! With your aid or without it, I shall marry her! She is the only woman who has ever eluded me.

Consequently she is the only woman who has ever excited within me any interest."

I had heard enough! The man maddened me! The idea of Sara, the woman whom I loved, being so coolly discussed by such an ineffable blackguard kindled a quick passion in my heart, and sent the blood coursing hotly through my veins.

"I will hear no more," I cried, reaching for my hat. "Sooner than see her married to you, I would shoot her. But, thank God, that will never be! If there is one man on this earth whom she loathes and detests—it is you!"

"Women are so unreasonable," the Prince murmured. "But then, too, you are young—when you are older you will know that there is very little difference between the hate and the love of a woman! It is her indifference alone that is fatal! I have some power over men—a little over women! Stranger things have happened than that her hate may change into love."

"Not while I live," I cried passionately.

"Decidedly not," he assented indulgently. "But then we must not forget—you are not going to live. A week or two is positively all you have to look forward to!"

"We shall see," I answered fiercely. "You may be a charlatan, but you are not omnipotent. I may yet have a voice in my own destiny and in yours. What if I were to pull this trigger?"

A LITTLE pocket revolver without which I never stirred a yard now flashed from my pocket. I leaned across the table towards him. The muzzle was within a few feet of his cheek. He did not flinch for a moment.

"If your object is to live," he remarked, "you would immediately defeat it."

"We are alone," I answered, "who could tell that it was not an accident?"

"Look behind you and see," he answered.

I glanced over my shoulder. There were three doors to the library. They were all open, and on the threshold of each was standing a white-turbaned servant. Another was so close behind my chair that in turning round I brushed his sleeve.

I put the revolver back into my pocket and rose to go.

"You ought to take a theater, Prince," I said dryly. "Your ideas of dramatic effect are incomparable."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It was an electric bell," he remarked, "nothing more. I am sorry that our interview has not been more satisfactory. Won't you stay and see my pets? I keep them in the conservatory, to the right."

"Damn your pets," I answered, losing for a moment all control over myself. "I wish you good morning."

I strode out of the house with the echoes of his laugh in my ears, and turned into Piccadilly. For a moment I hesitated—then I called a cab and drove to Pall Mall and on to Downing Street. I sent my card in to a very great man, who chanced to be a distant connection, and after one hour's waiting I was accorded an interview.

Lord D—— shook hands with me and asked me to sit down. I plunged at once into my business.

"Do you know anything of an Indian fellow—calls himself Prince Singhisten?" I asked.

My distinguished connection raised his eyebrows and glanced at some papers by his side.

"Certainly!" he answered.

"Is he—genuine?"

His lordship laughed.

"He's all right," he said. "I have a score of letters about him. He is a prince of one of the richest and noblest races in Central India. He will receive every attention from Her Majesty's government while he is in this country."

HER Majesty's prison would be the best place for him," I answered savagely. "Can you give me ten minutes?"

Lord D—— looked at the clock on his table.

"Twenty!" he answered, "especially to talk about Prince Singhisten! I am interested in him!"

"Here goes then," I said, and told him the whole story. Before I had finished I caught him watching me furtively through half-closed eyes. He was wondering whether I had been ill. Evidently he doubted my sanity. I did not blame him. When I had finished he twirled his moustache for a moment in silence.

"It's a curious story," he remarked.

"The curious part about it is that it is true," I answered bitterly.

"Yes, of course. What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know. I don't know what you can do. I don't see what anybody can do. The man has occult ways and means of his own. He is a sorcerer. To put our detectives against him would be like asking you or me to stand up against Jackson. But I'll admit I've no desire to be his victim."

"Naturally! Of course not! It's an odd story. I don't quite see how to move. The worst of it is we are desired to particularly conciliate him. I will go and see him this afternoon."

"You will be charmed," I remarked. "His manners are perfect."

"Call and see me tomorrow," Lord D— said, dismissing me. "I will think the matter over between now and then."

I glanced at my watch when I reached the street. It was about the luncheon hour at Gloucester Square. I drove there, and in the hall came face to face with Sara. She greeted me coldly.

"Have you had luncheon?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, we had it early. Lady Mortimer is calling for me at half-past two. We are going to the rink."

"It is only a quarter past," I answered. "Will you come into the library for a moment? I have something to say to you."

She followed me at once. I closed the door. The next few minutes were going to be very important ones for me.

#### CHAPTER XIV

I HANDED Sara a chair, and stood over her where I could watch her face.

"I have news for you," I said.

"It is not good news, then," she said, "or you would not look so grave."

"No, it is not good news. It is bad news for you and for me! The High Priest is in London."

She shuddered a little at the knowledge.

"I feared it!"

"He is here," I continued, "in a new character. He is now an Indian Prince—Prince Singhisten, he calls himself. His

connection with Astrea is over! His brother has taken his place there! He seems to be now simply a pleasure seeker, and he intends to dwell in England. He also intends to marry you!"

It was the Sara of Astrea whose eyes flashed fire upon me through that gossamer veil! The little pearl gloved hands were clenched together. She was superbly angry.

"Sooner," she cried, "a thousand deaths! I will not see him or speak to him. May God keep us apart."

"Yet," I answered, "you must be prepared. He will enter and take his part in the very innermost circles of society here. His rank is very little short of royal. You may meet him anywhere, at any time, among your friends."

"I shall know," she answered proudly, "how to meet him! I shall know how to check his advances!"

"I believe that you will," I answered. "I may not be always at hand to help you, Sara, but—"

She laid her fingers upon my shoulder and interrupted me.

"Jim!" she said anxiously. "Jim!"

"Well!"

"Have you been in danger again? Tell me!"

I shook my head.

"No. But I think he means to get rid of me. He says so at any rate, and upon my word, I don't know what I can do to prevent it."

ONE of the little hands suddenly found its way into mine. Beneath her veil I could see her eyes were very soft and very bright, shining like stars.

"Jim, you will be very careful! For my sake!"

"For your sake! Should you care very much?"

"Jim!"

It was only a monosyllable, but I needed no more. She was in my arms and utterly heedless of her crushed hat, her head rested upon my shoulder! She gave a little sigh of content and I took her face between my hands, and kissed her!

"And I thought it was Maurice," I whispered. "I have been so miserable."

"You silly boy," she whispered. "It



has never been anybody but you! It never could have been!"

An hour later—Sara had excused herself to Lady Mortimer under plea of a headache, I left Gloucester Square and turned toward Piccadilly. Passing close to Donchester House I heard my name called, and a brougham and a pair of horses which had been coming rapidly in the opposite direction stopped suddenly by my side. Lord D—— stepped out on to the pavement and accosted me.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked.

I saw to my surprise that Lord D—— was looking pale and seemed to be suffering from a shock. I shook my head.

"I have been down at Gloucester Square since I left you," I answered. "I have heard nothing."

"I have just been to call on Prince Singhisten," he said.

"Well?"

"He is dead."

"What?" I shouted. "You're joking!"

"An ugly subject to joke about," he answered dryly. "Really, I don't think I ever had such a shock. It hadn't happened five minutes when I was there. It seems

he had some beastly poisonous snakes which he used to take round with him, and which were generally as tame as possible. For some reason or other, they were starving one of them, and the Prince mistook it for one of the others, took it up, and was bitten. He was dead in less than half an hour. This is the story his servants tell anyhow. What an idiot a man must be to have such pets."

I was a little dazed and I could not speak for a moment. Lord D—— took me by the arm and led me to his carriage.

"You always were a lucky fellow, Dun-carrow," he said. "I wonder what they were starving that snake for?"

\* \* \*

With the tragedy of Prince Singhisten's death ended finally all our associations with the Island of Astrea. We never intend to revisit it, and though we are going for a cruise with Maurice in the autumn, we certainly shall not choose the neighborhood of the Arabian Sea. Sara sometimes speaks of it—for me all its horrors seem very little when I consider that, after all, if there had been no Astrea, there would have been no Sara, and if there had been no Sara, I might still have been a bachelor.

THE END

## SHILLY-SHALLY

SHILLY-SHALLY brook, with the moon-gold dancing—  
Moon-mist, frost-rimed, silvering the sedge;  
Mystic, shrouding curtain of the night advancing,  
Screening woodland's day at the hemlock's edge—

Lumined with the pallor of a ghost that follows—  
Night fog, white fog rises to the crest;  
Damp and chill foreboding sinks into the hollows,  
Woodland life is nestling close to nature's breast.

Shilly-Shally life, with the dreams entrancing—  
Dream-mist, love-kissed, phantoming the way;  
Drifting, shifting curtain of the years advancing,  
Dimming life's stern visage at the close of day;

Humid with the fear-damp of the coming morrow—  
Night fear, white fear leaves the soul no rest;  
Rambling, romping dead years, is thy wages sorrow?  
Gypsy heart is praying deep at nature's breast.

—*Marcus Conlan.*

# Two Bites at the Cherry

## *An Operatic Comedy*

Book and Lyrics *&* Owen Clark

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BITE I—LUNCHEON

BITE II—DINNER

Scene: A Small Extra Dining Room Adjoining the Main Dining Room of The Cherry Café

### CHARACTERS

(Who make their appearance on the stage in the order indicated by the numbers set before their names)

- |   |  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
|---|--|---------------------------|---------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| (5) CALEB CUTLER, Proprietor .....                      | First Tenor  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (8) AMY LANE, His Niece, Learning to Wait .....         | Contralto  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (4) ALPHONSE GRILLION, Order Cook and Lady-Killer ..... | Bass   |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (1) ANGELA, Waitress No. 14 .....                       | Soprano  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (2) ANGELINA, Waitress No. 40 .....                     | Soprano  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (3) ALFRED BILCOMB, Head-Waiter .....                   | Speaking Part Only   |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (6) SLAPPER GOING, Disillusionist .....                 | Second Tenor   |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (7) MRS. GOING, Cultivating a Sense of Humor .....      | <table border="0"> <tr> <td rowspan="4">PATRONS<br/>OF THE<br/>CAFÉ</td> <td>..... Soprano</td> </tr> <tr> <td>..... Baritone</td> </tr> <tr> <td>..... First Tenor</td> </tr> <tr> <td>..... Baritone</td> </tr> </table> | PATRONS<br>OF THE<br>CAFÉ | ..... Soprano | ..... Baritone | ..... First Tenor | ..... Baritone |
| PATRONS<br>OF THE<br>CAFÉ                               | ..... Soprano  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
|   | ..... Baritone   |                           |               |                |                   |                |
|   | ..... First Tenor  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
|   | ..... Baritone   |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (9) ARCHY MARCH, Jewelry Salesman—Confident .....       |  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (10) JOHN BUNNEY WARREN, Bank Clerk—Sapient .....       |  |                           |               |                |                   |                |
| (11) AUGUSTUS FLUSTER, Architect—Diffident .....        |  |                           |               |                |                   |                |

Book and Lyrics by OWEN CLARK

Music by SAMUEL L. STUDLEY

### THE SCENE

The scene is laid in The Cherry Café; not in the main dining-room, but in a small extra dining-room, leading off of the main room and used only during the busiest hours. For this reason, Caleb Cutler, the proprietor, has stationed his niece in this smaller room; she being inexperienced as a waitress and not likely to be overburdened with business at this station.

Most of the characters—all of the patrons—enter from the right, through the main dining-room. As an actor stands on the stage, facing his audience, he has on the right a large doorless entry, adorned with crimson portieres. Beyond this, off-stage, he has a glimpse of the main dining-room. Behind him there is a wall with windows. On his left, a service door leading into the kitchen; between this and the back wall is placed a large mural mirror. There is a small tete-a-tete dining-table on each side of the large entry. A larger table, capable of seating four persons, is placed near the mirror in the upper corner, left.

While not of the exclusive and extravagant type, the café is thoroughly up-to-date and above reproach in its appointments. One could dine there at night in evening dress without feeling out of place.

### THE CHARACTERS

ALPHONSE GRILLION: Is the typical French cook. An immaculate dandy.

CALEB CUTLER: A New Englander. Cool, politic, quick-witted; but displaying more suavity than one usually associates with his type. A competent host. A trifle past middle age, he is tall, slight, clean-cut, active and resourceful.

**SLAPPER GOING:** A retired newspaper publisher. A pessimist to his finger-tips; but a hard man to beat in an argument; well-informed, worldly-wise; utterly disillusioned himself, he takes a sarcastic delight in exposing the illusions of everybody else. Always in earnest, his remarks are invariably misunderstood by his wife—who utterly fails to fathom his pessimism—to which her obtuseness constantly adds.

**ASPAZIA GOING:** A social climber; largely assisted by her husband's money, but badly handicapped by her husband. Her social progress is tantalizingly slow. She adopts the airs and manners of the alleged-to-be society-woman. Kind-hearted in spite of herself, however.

**AMY LANE:** A Puritan. Direct, deliberate, sweetly matter-of-fact. Her obvious sincerity and her utter lack of humor and sophistication make it possible for her to do the most extraordinary things without giving either offence or an impression of bad taste.

**ARCHY MARCH:** Young, exuberant, unsinkable. Irrepressible, self-reliant, resourceful. A good sportsman.

**JOHN BUNNEY WARREN:** Oppressively English. Formal, punctilious, artificial; but not as asinine as he permits himself to appear to be.

**AUGUSTUS FLUSTER:** A rare type. Skilled, diligent, intelligent, idealistic. A studious and romantic mind. Superficially diffident; but, when aroused, courageous and aggressive.

**ALFRED BILCOMB:** From the East End of London. A commercial diplomat; who, if he had had a decent education, might have become a political one.

**ANGELA AND ANGELINA:** As much alike as waitresses usually appear to be. Trig, snappy, alert.

### SCENARIO

Caleb Cutler is the proprietor of a fashionable café. Himself a middle-aged bachelor, he dotes on his niece, Amy Lane, an orphan. Insisting that she must learn a business so that she can take care of herself in the world, in the event of his death, she chooses to take up the restaurant business and enters his employ as a waitress.

Caleb stations her in the small dining-room (used only during the busier part of the day), in order that she may gradually accustom herself to the work.

She is followed to the café one day by two young admirers, neither of whom is aware that the other is engaged on the same errand as himself. These are March and Warren. Warren, an Englishman of some social standing, is recognized by one of the patrons, Mrs. Going, and immediately monopolized by her, she being a social climber and esteeming Warren's acquaintance as a social asset. March has very little chance to make an impression, however, even though Warren is practically out of the way; because Amy's sole attention is given to Fluster, who enters the restaurant for the first time on this particular occasion, but has worshipped Amy from afar for some time. Amy, also, has not been unaware of Fluster's existence and, in a perfectly innocent and unsophisticated way, simply throws herself at his head—to Caleb's amusement, alarm and final satisfaction.

### TWO BITES AT THE CHERRY

#### BITE I

*The curtain goes up while there are yet several bars of the overture to be played. The following scene is enacted—entirely in pantomime—while the orchestra is playing:*

Angela and Angelina, two waitresses, are telling each other all about their new dresses, which they describe with illustrative gesticulations. Alphonse Grillion, the order cook, peeps cautiously out from the service door, Left, and then joins the two girls. A flirtation ensues, which is interrupted by Bilcomb, the head-waiter, who reprimands the waitresses for deserting their stations in the main dining-room, Right (off-stage), orders them back there and remonstrates with Grillion for his breach of discipline. Exit Grillion, mildly insubordinate, Left. Exit Bilcomb, Right, to main dining-room.

At the close of the overture, Grillion looks out from the service door again, very cautiously indeed, looks around the empty dining-room with a dubious smile, notices that Amy, the proprietor's niece, who is stationed there as a waitress, has not yet arrived to perform her duties, and begins his lines:

**ALPHONSE:** [Coming cautiously forward] Aha! The lovely M'moiselle Amy is not yet here. Aha! Late again! But then—the niece of her uncle, she does not have to ring in her time on the time clock like one of his employes ordinaires!

**A VOICE** [Off-stage, Left, calls] Alphonse!

**ALPHONSE:** What you want? [Exit, hurriedly, Left] What you want? [Pause] O, vairy well! [After a moment's pause, he enters again] Aha! Not yet here! Aha! The boss!

[Disappears, Left. Caleb enters from the main dining-room, Right, and is attempting to usher in Mr. and Mrs. Going, who are frankly quarrelling with each other; but they are so much engrossed in their altercation that they utterly ignore him, remaining just inside the entry while he sings]

CALEB: [*Solo and Duett: Contradiction*]

Will you kindly step this way? I am mortified to say  
That the table which you ordered, sir, is taken.  
There's a pleasant one in here, where you still can clearly hear  
All the music and,—ah, yes! That's good! It's vacant!

GOING: [*Still ignoring Caleb, to Mrs. Going*]

Ev'ry day and ev'ry way and no matter what I say,	[ <i>They come down front!</i> ]
You forever meet my words with contradiction!	[ <i>Holds up</i> ]
And if I should ever state four plus four amount to eight	[ <i>four fingers</i> ]
You would term that fact an idiotic fiction!	[ <i>of each</i> ]
And you always cut me short—	[ <i>hand!</i> ]

MRS. GOING: [*Promptly doing it*] I do nothing of the sort!

GOING: Contradiction is a very *habby shabbit*!

MRS. GOING: "Habby shabbit," did I hear? That expression's very queer!

GOING: Well, I meant to say a very *shabby habit*! I must ask you to restrict your—

MRS. GOING: I never contradict!

GOING: Your remarks are such I'm constantly *grisduntled*!

MRS. GOING: Now "grisduntled" is a word that is very seldom heard!

BOTH: [*Slowly and with sarcastic emphasis*]

You	madam,	you
I	know,	very well,
	my dear,	I

meant "disgruntled!"

You  
I  
meant "disgruntled!"

CALEB: [*Discreetly ignoring their quarrel and trying to divert their attention from it; speaking with the professional cordiality of the inn-keeper and assisting Mrs. Going with her wraps*] I'm sorry to have to bring you into this room; but the main dining-room is quite full, as you saw when you passed through it. So you won't be able to sit as near to the orchestra as you usually do. It was very careless of my head-waiter not to reserve your usual table for you: I shall see that that doesn't happen again!

[*During this speech he has seated them at the larger table up Left, so that Mrs. Going faces the mirror on the wall and Mr. Going faces her*]

MRS. GOING: [*Patronizingly pleasant*] Yes, I do so like to sit where I can watch that funny violinist making those absurd grimaces!

GOING: [*Tartly*] Yes, you must understand that my wife prides herself on her sense of humor: so she has to insist on seeing the funny side of things that have no funny side to be seen!

CALEB: [*Hastening to avert trouble again*] But at least you will have the distinction of being waited upon by my niece, who is stationed at these tables. She's a charming girl,—a little inexperienced as a waitress just at present: but a charming girl.

GOING: I don't mind her being charming and inexperienced; but is she intelligent? If there's anything that detracts from the pleasure of my meals—and particularly of my lunches—it is to be waited upon by someone who doesn't understand my wishes!

CALEB: [*Laughing his professional laugh*] I assure you, Mr. Going, she is quite intelligent enough to be her uncle's niece!

GOING: What made you bring her to work in here?

CALEB: Well, you see, I insisted that she learn a business of some sort; so she insisted on learning my business!

GOING: Do you consider this a proper place for a young girl to work?

CALEB: [*A trifle nettled, but trying to conceal it*] As to that, Mr. Going, you seem to consider this a proper place to bring your wife—and I'm sure I hope you won't change your mind!

GOING: Different thing, altogether!—altogether different! Your niece is an attractive young woman and all the old fools who come in here—and some of the young ones—will try to flirt with her. They wouldn't think of trying to flirt with my wife!

[*Mrs. Going is completely taken aback. Being unable either to deny or affirm Going's statement because of the inferences to be drawn in either event, she maintains a silence that ex-cruciates her*]

CALEB: [*Referring to his niece*] Now you speak of it, I must say that I have not noticed anything of the sort, so far.

MRS. GOING: [*Thinking he refers to Going's remarks about herself*] Sir!

CALEB: Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Going;—I was referring to my niece, who is a very quiet and well-behaved young woman. [*Looks at his watch*] I could wish she were more

punctual, nevertheless. She's more than a trifle late today; but I expect her at any moment. In the meantime, let me take your order.

[*Takes order slip; hands it to Going. Having, in pantomime, decided on their order, Going devotes himself to his newspaper and Mrs. Going powders her nose from a tiny vanity box, and straightens her hat with the aid of the mirror on the wall before her. Neither of them observe what follows*]

CALEB: Ah, here she is!

[*He says this with an expression of much relief, and, as Amy enters, he shakes his finger and head at her by way of an indulgent rebuke for her tardiness. Amy is in street attire, which is very dainty, but a shade too conspicuous, showing the lack of an older woman's guidance in the selection of her clothing. She crosses the stage to the service door, Left. March, who has been following her to find out who she is, enters just in time to see her disappear through the service door into the kitchen, off-stage, Left. Warren, who has also been following her, unknown to March (Warren and March being strangers to each other and unaware of each other's infatuation for Amy), enters just as Amy has disappeared through the door. He looks around in amazement, utterly unable to account for her disappearance. March and Warren then stand and stare vacantly at each other. March promptly recovers his self-possession; but Warren, being more surprised and less self-reliant, takes more time about it. Caleb, who has watched the incident and interpreted it, quickly turns it to account*]

CALEB: [To March] Luncheon, sir?

MARCH: [Smiling affably] If you please.

[*Caleb ushers him to table at Right, upper corner, and seats him with back to wall, R., so that he faces the table occupied by the Goings; offers him menu card; then turns to Warren, who is still at sea*]

CALEB: Luncheon for you, sir?

WARREN: [Absently] Yes, please,—luncheon for two— [Suddenly recovering himself] No—eh, that is,—No—Yes—Luncheon for one!

[*March amuses himself by observing and, as far as possible, overhearing all that goes on*]

CALEB: Certainly, sir: This way, please.

[*He seats Warren at the table down front, R., with his back to the wall, R. He then returns to March, who has meantime written his order on the order-slip, takes his order and exit, L., to kitchen. Warren, as soon as seated, recognizes Mrs. Going and turns his chair away, so that, if possible, she may not see him. The manoeuvre fails promptly. Mrs. Going, prinking in the mirror on the wall, sees Warren's reflection in it; recognizes him, turns and greets him with the somewhat gushing manner of the would-be society woman*]

MRS. GOING: Why, Mr. Warren! This is an unexpected pleasure!

WARREN: [Unhappily compelled to make the best of it] Oh, ah, yes! Mrs. Going, to be sure!

MRS. GOING: [Introducing her husband] This is my husband.

WARREN: [With much formality, bowing] Mr. Going. Pray, don't rise!

GOING: [Who has all but ignored him] I had no intention of rising!

MRS. GOING: Won't you sit at our table? We shall be delighted to have you take luncheon with us!

GOING: [Bored; looking up from his newspaper and speaking before Warren has time to express his thanks] What my wife means is that she will be delighted to have someone to bore with her vapid conversation!

MRS. GOING: [As Warren seats himself at their table, she affecting good-natured tolerance] You mustn't mind my husband's little sallies, Mr. Warren! [She scowls covertly at Going] He prides himself on what he considers his frankness: but half the time he doesn't mean what he says.

GOING: [Irritated by the advent of Warren and exasperated by his wife's explanation] Indirectly, my dear, you're contradicting me! And indirect contradiction annoys me far more than the plain controversion of my statements!

MRS. GOING: [For once discreetly avoiding the resumption of a dangerous topic; for she wishes to make a good impression on Warren, whom she regards as a social asset] Do you lunch here often, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: Yes, that is,—ah,—no! But I expect to! I say, you know, it's funny that you should have asked me that: but—it's most remarkable, really,—I had just taken lunch when I came in here!

GOING: [Who makes no attempt to show his disgust] Then I don't see any sense in your being here now!

MRS. GOING: [Who enjoys Warren's company and wishes to make him comfortable] Don't mind him, Mr. Warren—that's only another of his little sallies.

WARREN: [Intensely annoyed] But, I say, you know, your husband seems to have a whole family of Little Sallies! If you don't mind my saying so, I don't think it's quite polite! There was a great deal of sense in my coming in here! I came for a purpose—a romantic and sentimental purpose!

GOING: Well, there's no sense in romance and sentiment, anyway!

WARREN: [Eager for Mrs. Going's sympathy] You see, for the last few days, no matter where



I have happened to be going, I've been continually meeting a most charming young woman,—a most adorable—

MRS. GOING: [*Archly*] In fact, you're in love again! Now, you must tell us all about it! [*Going ostentatiously hides himself behind his newspaper to show his resentment of her use of the first person plural*]

WARREN: [*The musical introduction to his song is played while he speaks*] Well, you see, it was like this:—

[*Sings his song: "I Was Going Up the Street"*]

NARRATIVE SONG: "I WAS GOING UP THE STREET"

I was going up the street,  
She was going down the street,  
Every day we chanced to meet:  
Every day she looked more sweet!  
'Twas a case of love at sight—  
I fell in with all my might!  
She's my heart's one fond delight!  
She's all right!

[*While singing this song, Warren remains sitting in his chair at the table. He mimics all the events mentioned in the song, taking a knife and fork from the table to represent himself and the girl*]

I am walking up the street,  
She is walking down the street—  
Suddenly face to face we meet!  
What is it tinkles at our feet?  
Down the sidewalk see them trickle—  
Trickle—trickle—trickle—trickle!  
He-er nickel! My-y nickel!  
See them trickle!

[*Here he indicates that he is looking in one direction and she in another. Imitates collision with knife and fork. Shows that both have dropped a nickel*]

Both the nickels disappear!  
She ejaculates, "Oh, dear!"  
I respond with, "Never fear!"  
Then begins a chase severe!  
When I find them things are worse!  
She refuses to converse!  
Having met with this reverse,

[*At the word "reverse" in the seventh line of this verse both song and music end abruptly, and Warren resumes dialogue without an instant's pause*]

You know, I was absolutely flabbergasted—positively embarrassed, you know, for the moment. Having recovered the two nickels, of course, it was only polite to help her identify her own. So I asked her if she knew which was her nickel—for I'll be hanged if I could tell which one was mine! She absolutely refused to converse on that subject or on any other. You know, that girl doesn't know how to flirt! I—I—like her all the better for that!

GOING: [*Suddenly coming out from behind his paper*] Don't you be so sure about that! Doesn't know how to flirt! Probably she's an expert and uses masked batteries!

[*Entrance of Fluster. Caleb ushers him in and seats him at the small table down front, R. Hands him menu-card. Exit Caleb. Dialogue continues uninterrupted during this incident*]

MRS. GOING: But you haven't told us how she brought you here!

WARREN: She didn't bring me here: I followed her!

[*Amy enters with tray for March, who shows his delight in having been ushered to a table which is attended by her; she serves him carefully, but perfunctorily; her attention being constantly diverted to Fluster, in whose presence she shows a lively pleasure. Fluster is also diffidently delighted to see her. No interruption in dialogue. Warren wholly disconcerted by Amy's reappearance*]

MRS. GOING: You followed her here? Then where is she?

WARREN: [*Astonished, delighted and embarrassed*] Why there she is!

MRS. GOING: [*Snobbishly scandalised*] The waitress?

WARREN: [*Disappointed and nettled, but standing to his guns like a man*] Oh, I say now, suppose she is a waitress? She's awfully interesting! [*Resorting to one of his pet phrases*] I've noticed it! My great-grandfather used to say that a great many people who belong to what are called the lower classes are much more interesting than some of the people who belong to what we call the upper classes! [*Exit Amy, Left*]

GOING: [*Drily*] Young man, take my advice: never flirt with a girl unless she is just the kind of girl you would be willing to marry! For once a woman makes up her mind to marry

you, it's all over except the wedding! Women pretend they are letting you hunt them, when they are really hunting you!—It's obtaining marriage under false pretences!

MRS. GOING: [*With ineffable irony*] Are you speaking from your own personal experience, my dear?

[*Amy enters with luncheon for the Going party, which she serves. As she enters, Alphonse follows her out at the service door and places on her tray an item of the order, which she had left behind. He is instantly seen and recognized by March, who rises from his chair, seizes Alphonse familiarly—to the latter's dismay—and drags him down front, exclaiming*]

MARCH: Hello, professor! Hello, Pierre! You here? Glad to see you! Come right in!

[*Alphonse is terribly agitated and makes signals for silence and secrecy*]

ALPHONSE: S-s-s-s-sh, M'sieur, I beg it of you! Do not call me "Pierre!" For here I am not Pierre, but Alphonse! In Pittsburg, yes, I was Pierre! But here I am Alphonse!

MARCH: [*Gleefully impressive*] Aha! A mystery! An alias! A romance! Ha! Ha! A Chastened Chef, or What Happened to Pierre in Pittsburg! But why the alias, Pie—I mean, Alphonse?

[*Amy, having served the Goings, passes to take Fluster's order. They are profoundly interested in each other. Dialogue uninterrupted*]

ALPHONSE: [*Wofully*] But no! It is not an alias! It is a lady.

MARCH: [*In mock reproval*] Oh, Pierre! Pierre! [*Alphonse shows signs of renewed distress*]

—I mean, Oh, Alphonse, Alphonse!

ALPHONSE: Not Pierre! I beg it of you!

MARCH: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Suddenly inspired with an illuminating idea*] But tell me, Pie—I, I mean, Alphonse— You are a good old friend of mine!—Tell me how I can win the favor of this charming little waitress. What can I do to please her and win her affection?

ALPHONSE: [*Shrugs his shoulders. He is not at all pleased with the renewal of this old acquaintance and is therefore coldly indifferent to March's love affairs*] I do not know. I cannot tell.

MARCH: [*Gradually drifting from genial request to melodramatic threat*] Think it over—and let me know—before I leave—or I expose you! Have a care—Pierre! [*Last words in stage whisper*]

[*Exit Alphonse in exquisite misery. March goes to his table and begins a series of peculiar gymnastic contortions which attract the attention of all except Amy and Fluster, who have eyes and ears only for each other. Amy takes his order. Exit to kitchen. Enters again immediately and resumes her pantomime with Fluster. Mrs. Going, catching sight of March's reflection in the mirror the moment he begins his contortions, is startled*]

MRS. GOING: Good gracious, Slapper! Just look at that man! What's the matter with him? I do hope he hasn't suddenly gone insane!

GOING: [*Wearily, but raising his voice, so that March overhears him*] Oh, leave him alone! He isn't doing any harm. He has a perfect right to make a fool of himself in public if he wishes to!

MARCH: [*Indignantly and, by way of defiance, exercising more strenuously than before*] Make a fool of myself, sir! I am merely following my physician's instructions!

GOING: [*With exasperating dryness*] Well, your physician may make a fool of you, too, for all I care!

[*Enter Caleb. He sees March's contortions and at once proceeds to expostulate politely, singing*]

#### RECITATIVE AND SONG: EXERCISES

CALEB: Excuse my intervention, sir. I merely wish to mention, sir,

Your conduct draws attention, sir: It really seems too bad!

GOING: [*Tartly*]

You make yourself conspicuous, so do not try to tickle us

By just a mere ridiculous observance of a fad!

WARREN: [*Expostulating argumentatively*]

You're in bad form, now,—so you are!

By Jove, you know,—you know you are!

Why don't you stop and show you are a decent sort of lad?

[*Alphonse enters surreptitiously and enjoys March's antics immensely*]

ALPHONSE: [*With Gallic cynicism and forgetting the presence of Caleb, who eyes him keenly*]

Pardon me if I laugh again!—The gentleman is not insane!

But just a freak American!

ALL: How sad, how very sad!

MARCH: [*Defiant*]

Yes, laugh your worst and laugh your fill;—I take my exercises still!

And why? Because they fill the bill!

If your face is palish, if your face is snailish,

If you're feeling feeble, fragile, flaccid, flat and frailish,

If your skin is scaly, if you're thin and waily,

You can cure all by giving fifteen minutes daily!

## TWO BITES AT THE CHERRY

There'd be very few sick if, with mind enthusiastic,  
They would gaily, three times daily, exercise to music!  
Then—

[*The refrain, which follows, is sung by March alone at first. While he sings, the others, one by one, overcome by the power of suggestion, join him in his movements; each making more or less ridiculous attempts to copy his exercises. After the second verse the refrain is sung once only,—by all*]

Elevate the occiput, gently raise the knee,  
Hold position—slowly counting—one—two—three!  
Balance very gracefully, giving tiny kicks:  
Hold position—slowly counting—four—five—six!  
Follow the directions with a scrupulous docility,  
Carry out the movements with elastical agility,  
Constant effort soon will bring you practical ability!  
Time will prove their value and emphatical utility!

Physical harmonics make the best of tonics,—  
Proving efficacious with both casuals and chronics!  
Hygienic dancing, calisthenic prancing,  
Offer treatment practical, pragmatical, entrancing!  
Caperings æsthetic, gestures energetic,  
Render tender, slender people supple and athletic!  
Then—

[*The refrain is repeated by all*]

[*Caleb goes out, R., and Alphonse makes his exit at L. The Goings, Warren and March reseat themselves as before, Amy proceeding to the Goings' table, where Going is evidently in trouble about some item of the service. Going immediately addresses her*]

GOING: I must give you credit for one thing: You don't look as dense as you are!

AMY: I'm sorry I misunderstood you, sir, I shall try to do better in future. You see, I'm only a beginner.

GOING: Yes, my dear, your uncle told us that he had only an inexperienced waitress at this station.

MRS. GOING: Don't call that snip of a waitress "My dear"—it isn't proper!

GOING: Why, there's nothing in that!—It's merely a matter of form—it doesn't imply any affection for the person to whom it is addressed—my dear!

[*He speaks with ironical emphasis on the words "my dear." Amy returns to wait on Fluster. Warren has noticed her partiality for Fluster, and resents it. He takes advantage of Going's criticism. The orchestra is heard in the distance, in the main dining-room, off-stage, R.*]

MRS. GOING: What a delightful number the orchestra is playing!

GOING: Yes, my dear, perfectly charming, no doubt! And I like to have music with my meals; but I also like, when I come to a restaurant for that particular purpose, to have meals with my music! These delays are exasperating!

WARREN: [*Jealous; talking at Amy and Fluster*] Very annoying, indeed! It is not right that one patron should receive so much more attention than others! Yes, this waiting is really very annoying; it reminds me of a line of poetry a fellow I know repeated to me the other day. It's a beautiful sentiment, but rather too melancholy, I thought. Let me see, oh, yes—

"They also starve who only sit and wait!"

That's it!

[*Amy is interested in a manuscript Fluster is showing her*]

AMY: Oh, Mr. Fluster, then you're a poet, too! I might have known that! Everything you say is so beautiful and ornamental—so to speak. So romantic!

FLUSTER: Would you mind if I asked for another pat of butter?

[*Enter Caleb, R.*]

AMY: [*Serving the butter*] Oh, Uncle Caleb, what do you think? Mr. Fluster's a poet!

CALEB: [*Accepting this as an introduction*] Is he really? Well, it's always a pleasure to meet accomplished people.

AMY: Look at this!

[*From this time on, Caleb closely watches the progress of affairs between Amy and Fluster; but his attitude is sympathetic. Amy shows Caleb the manuscript. Fluster is horribly embarrassed*]

GOING: [*His journalistic curiosity aroused*] Ah, a manuscript! May I see it, too? [*Caleb hands it to him. He examines it and rises, excited*] This is a most remarkable document! [*To Fluster*] Did you write this, sir? [*Fluster bows assent with great embarrassment and diffidence*] I congratulate you, sir! You are evidently a man who knows how to waste his time to the utmost! [*To Mrs. Going*] Aspasia, read this. This is exactly the kind of nonsense that appeals to you!

[Mrs. Going takes manuscript from Going. Fluster hands copies of it to Amy, who proudly distributes them to all present. Mrs. Going, reading the manuscript, sings; the others joining in as the octette requires]

OCTETTE: I LOVE THE GENTLE SPRING!

I love the gent! I love the gent! I love the gentle spring!  
Oh, such a gall! A galaxy of beauty doth it bring!  
The little white lambs, the little white lambs go gra(y), go gra(y), go gra(y)!  
The little white lambs go gra(y)! Go grazing on the green!

I hear the mutt! I hear the mutt! The mutter of the breeze!  
It shakes a(d)ja(y)! It shakes a jay! It shakes adjacent trees!  
I hear the mutt! The mutt, mutt, mutt! The mutter of the breeze!  
It shakes a jay! A jay, jay, jay! It shakes adjacent trees!

Oh, do not sit! Oh, do not sit! Oh, do not sit in glue!  
Oh, do not sit in gloomy mood, in gloomy mood!  
But walk with me in the sea, the sea, the sea, secluded wood!  
The warming touch of the bee, the touch of the beaming sun  
Will cheer the lovely flea! Will cheer the fleeting hours as they run!

I love to chew! I love to chew! To choose a mossy glen!  
With joy I be-hold its feet, its features fair and then  
I take the blooming pan, the pan, the pansy from its bed  
To fix a chap, a chaplet for my dear sweetheart's head.

Oh, happy cuss! Oh, happy custom of the tranquil mind,  
Beneath the sink! Beneath the sink! The sinking sun to find  
He has a bun! He has a bun! He has abundant store  
Of lovely visions of the past, whose pictured graces still will last,  
When all the beauty, now beheld there, is no more!  
There is no more!

[The patrons take their seats as before. Caleb goes out, R. Amy takes up her station near door, R., hovering about Fluster for a moment and then goes out, L. March catches the eye of Alphonse as the latter is making his exit, L., and gesticulates significantly. Alphonse gesticulates in return, signalling that he will come back shortly and impart the desired information. The Goings prepare to leave. Caleb enters, crosses over, meets Amy entering, L., and leads her down front, L. They talk confidentially]

CALEB: One of the most important things that a little girl who is learning the restaurant business has to remember is that she must not allow herself to be drawn into flirtations with strangers, even if they are customers!

AMY: But I'm not flirting—and Mr. Fluster isn't a stranger!

CALEB: Indeed! Where and when and how did you meet him? If I may be permitted to ask.

AMY: You are permitted, Uncle Caleb. We met on the elevated railroad.

CALEB: And who introduced you?

AMY: [With much dignity] We introduced ourselves!

CALEB: You don't say so!

AMY: But I've just said so!

CALEB: Do you mind telling me how he managed to get acquainted with you?

AMY: [Triumphantly] It was I who got acquainted with him!

CALEB: [Really astonished; but carrying it off with assumed amusement] You clever young woman!

AMY: I used to see him on the train every day; he looked so romantic and intellectual and—and—lonely!

CALEB: [With good-natured irony] Poor fellow.

AMY: So one day last week, I was going up the steps to the elevated railroad and I remembered that I had left my purse at home. Mr. Fluster was just going up the steps, too, so I asked him to lend me a nickel.

CALEB: [Easily guessing the rest] And then you told him who you were; and he told you who he was; and then you told him all about your Uncle Caleb!

AMY: [Astonished] I didn't know you were there, Uncle Caleb!

CALEB: I wasn't there: I know the game, that's all.

[Exit Caleb, R., smiling mischievously at her. Exit Amy, L.]

MRS. GOING: [To Warren, sweetly apologetic] You must excuse us if we leave you now, but we have tickets for the concert at Howling Hall. It begins at two o'clock and it's a quarter to two already!

[Going looks round for Amy]

WARREN: [By no means sorry to be rid of them] Pray, don't let me detain you, then!

GOING: *[Still looking around for the waitress]* I suppose we can't start until we've settled for our luncheon.

WARREN: *[Extending his hand for the check]* Oh, now, I beg of you, let me settle the bill. Don't wait a moment! Having enjoyed your hospitality so much it will give me pleasure to make some slight return!

MRS. GOING: Oh, that wouldn't be nice!

WARREN: Really, you must! I insist! It's only fair!

MRS. GOING: No, it isn't!

GOING: *[Who has been listening hopelessly]* Don't contradict, my dear! And don't argue! Here's the check, Warren. Anybody who is foolish enough to want to pay for three luncheons when he owes for only one deserves to be allowed to do it! I never argue about such matters! *[Looking around on the table and feeling in all his pockets]* Where are my eye-glasses?

*[Enter Caleb, R.]*

MRS. GOING: Dear me, Slapper! Have you lost them again? And just when we're in such a hurry!

GOING: Don't ask foolish questions, my dear! Should I ask where they were if I knew where they were?

*[Amy enters with finger bowl for March]*

CALEB: If you don't wish to wait, let us try to find them for you and send them to your address.

MRS. GOING: *[Quickly forestalling Going's possible objection to the suggestion]* Thank you, so much, Mr. Cutler. We're going to the concert at Howling Hall. Our seats are in L, number 25 and number 27, on the right.

CALEB: I'll send them to you the moment we find them.

GOING: *[His temper improved by lunch and his sensibilities touched by the courtesy offered]* Thanks, Mr. Cutler; that's really more than we could expect.

*[March tries to catch Amy's eye]*

MRS. GOING: We must be going, my dear; we mustn't miss Bangdertopoff's piano solo. Good-bye, Mr. Warren. *[She nods condescendingly to Caleb]*

*[Going follows her without troubling to salute anybody. Exit, both, R. Amy sees March's signal and approaches his table. Caleb ushers the Goings out, and exits, R., behind them]*

MARCH: My check, please.

*[Amy hands him his check. He feels in his pockets. Warren, also preparing to leave, does the same. Each observes the other and both think that the other is mimicing him. They stop and glare at each other. Then both search pockets again. Amy returns to March with finger bowl]*

MARCH: *[Carrying it off as a good joke]* Which will you have—my watch or my scarf-pin? I've only fourteen cents on me!

AMY: *[Puzzled]* I really don't know. If you'll wait a minute I'll call my uncle and ask him which you had better leave with us. *[Exit, R.]*

MARCH: *[As Amy goes out]* Good idea! An uncle seems to be just the man I need at the moment!

WARREN: *[Fuming and trying to pick a quarrel in the absence of Amy]* What do you mean by mimicing my movements, sir?

MARCH: *[Laughing]* I apologize on all fours! I thought you were mimicing mine!

*[They both laugh and the acquaintance is established]*

WARREN: If that's the case, I'll apologize, too. My card. *[He hands March his card]*

MARCH: *[He gives Warren his card and then scrutinizes Warren's. He smiles and, rapidly losing his gravity, laughs outright]* Mine.

WARREN: *[Surprised]* Why do you laugh, sir?

*[Fluster, having finished his luncheon, is apparently absorbed in his manuscript; but is quietly taking in the situation]*

MARCH: You must forgive me, but—Mr. John Bunney Warren! Ha, ha! Something in that name suggests a jack-rabbit!

WARREN: *[Indignantly]* A j-j-jack-rabbit! How dare you, sir?

*[Enter Alphonse, cautiously. March sees him and immediately forgets his quarrel in the presence of a more interesting matter]*

MARCH: *[Patronisingly, to Warren]* One moment, please. I have business of the utmost importance to transact with this interesting foreigner. *[To Alphonse]* What, ho, Minion. What news?

ALPHONSE: *[In a dramatic stage-whisper, and pleased with his own idea, which is simply a fabrication that he believes will satisfy March]* I have remembered! I have eet! The young lady is most admirable of l'homme militaire! The soljaire! The—what you call—the costume with the dressing a la tabasco? Aha, the uniform! Aha, the boss!

*[Exit, hurriedly, L. Enter Caleb and Amy, R.]*

MARCH: *[To Alphonse, joyfully, as the latter disappears]* How lucky! What an inspiration! My militia uniform!

CALEB: *[To March]* I understand you find you are without money, sir? Well, never mind. The next time you pass this way, favor us again; you can pay then.



MARCH: Thank you. But you're taking no chances on me! I shall call again this evening. I have to attend a drill tonight and I shall dine here on my way to the armory. You have a very pretty little waitress here. She interests me!

CALEB: [*Crushingly*]—My niece, sir!

MARCH: [*Entirely uncrushed*] Ah! I congratulate you! I shall patronize her uncle's café for the pleasure of admiring his niece!

CALEB: [*Amused, in spite of his resentment of March's lack of delicacy*] You're very frank, sir!

MARCH: I am! And, by the way, if you ever need anything in the jewelry line, I can sell it to you right! I'll give you a big trade discount! How's that? [*Produces a tiny leather case from his pocket and extracts a handsome scarf-pin. Caleb's love of finery makes him an easy prey*] Pretty neat, eh? Wear that on a dark green necktie and you'll look like ready money!

CALEB: [*Unable to conceal his admiration*] It is a beauty!

MARCH: Price, \$25. Ten off for cash. Or I'll make a bargain with you! Open an account with me and I'll eat here until my bill equals the price of the scarf-pin! Going! Going! [*Caleb nods assent*] Gone! [*Hands Caleb the scarf-pin. Turns to Warren*] How's that, Mr. Jack Rabbit? [*Exit, R., laughing*]

WARREN: [*To Caleb*] This is most embarrassing—and a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you know, sir, that I haven't a penny on me!

CALEB: [*His sense of humor predominating*] Well, this certainly is an extraordinary coincidence.

WARREN: But here is my watch, sir. Please take it as security until I can go to my bank and draw upon my funds there.

CALEB: Believe me, sir, I don't doubt your honesty. I'd rather not take your property, if you don't mind.

WARREN: That's most considerate of you, under the circumstances. Especially as there is such a notorious gang of confidence men in town.

CALEB: [*Indifferent, but politely interested*] Is there? I hadn't heard of it.

WARREN: You'll find a full account of it in this morning's *Blunderer*.

CALEB: I will look it up at once.

WARREN: [*Going toward doorway, R.*] Good afternoon—and thank you!

[*Exit Caleb, L. Fluster rises from his chair. He and Amy come down front, both greatly interested in a manuscript upon which Fluster has been working. Caleb enters, L., passes behind them unnoticed. Exit, R.*]

AMY: What a lovely poem—but does "tinkle" rhyme with "jingle"?

FLUSTER: I don't believe it does; it ought to be "jinkle," but I never heard of such a word as "jinkle," did you?

[*Enter Mrs. Going, R., greatly agitated*]

## FINALE, SCENE I

CALEB, AMY, FLUSTER, MRS. GOING

MRS. GOING:

I'm out of breath, I'm scared to death, my gracious, how I hurried!  
I'm wretched, quite, I'm dead with fright, I'm desperately worried.

AMY: What is it, pray? Perhaps I may—

MRS. GOING: [*Interrupting*] I rushed back here to look and see if I could find my—my—  
[*Tears*] I've lost my pocket-book!

[*Short musical interlude while all search for pocket-book. Enter Caleb, with newspaper. He simulates excitement and suspicion*]

AMY, FLUSTER:

Oh, cruel fate! Oh, wretched state, whatever could be worse  
Than that distracted frame of mind, when one has lost her purse?

CALEB: [*Always pretending suspicion to Amy and Fluster, his facial expression betrays his enjoyment of scene when turned to audience. He is, however, genuinely surprised at the loss of the purse and at Fluster's discovery that he, also, has no money on him*]

Has the lady lost her purse?—Things are growing worse and worse.  
Certainly we're coming to deplorable conditions.  
Ev'rything I see confirms my horrible suspicions.

AMY, FLUSTER and MRS. GOING: [*Ceasing their search*]

Whose horrible suspicions? What terrible conditions?  
Oh, please explain, or else refrain from morbid disquisitions!

CALEB: [*Pointing to newspaper article. Brief musical introduction suggests "Three Fishers Went Sailing"*]



has a pencil and memorandum pad. He goes to the switch and turns on the lights in the chandelier; then looks critically around to see that all is in readiness for the evening's business. He is about to pass out through the service door, L., when Alphonse enters, R., in street dress: a transplanted Parisian dandy. He has a waitress on each arm, and these, when they see Caleb, give a little scream of dismay and retreat in confusion to the main dining-room.

CALEB: Good evening, Alphonse; as irresistible as ever, I see!

ALPHONSE: [*In his best English*] Ah, good evening, Mistaire Cutler. Is it not terrible! These women! They follow me! I hope we shall be more fortunate this evening. Today, was it not dreadful? Three customers with no money.

[*Caleb perceives that he is trying to change the subject and indulgently permits him to do it.*]

CALEB: It was not as bad as it looked, Alphonse. And they will all come again tonight. At least, I hope so. Yes, I'm pretty sure they will.

ALPHONSE: [*Astounded*] You hope so! You hope zat zey will come again tonight? Ze tree men witout money?

CALEB: [*Finally*] I'm expecting them: I hope they'll come!

ALPHONSE: [*Irrepressible*] But zey did not pay! [*He has an inspiration*] Aha! You will give them arrest!

CALEB: [*Indulgently*] No, I shall not have them arrested, Alphonse. They didn't pay today, it's true—but they will. And even if they don't, I lost only about a dollar and a half for the actual cost of the food they ate—which will be cheaper in the long run than offending three people who might otherwise have been good customers.

ALPHONSE: But zey are not customers—zey are cusses! You said so! Did you not read about zem in ze newspaper?

CALEB: I read about three confidence men, Alphonse; but not about these three gentlemen. But since you are kind enough to interest yourself, I will explain. The first man was all right—the young Englishman, you know! [*Imitates English accent*]

ALPHONSE: Impossible! No Englishman is all right! They are all—Perfide Albion! Ze lady lost her purse—ze gentleman his eye-glasses!

CALEB: [*Suavely*] Yes, and we haven't found them, either, but permit me to call your attention to the fact that he lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Going, two of our regular customers—who will at once pay the bill if I mention it to them, which I shall not have to do.

ALPHONSE: [*Still unconvinced*] But ze—ze—peddler!

CALEB: The peddler? Oh, the jewelry salesman! He's all right! Works for Meyers & Freyer: one of the best men they have on the road. I've known him by sight for some time. I didn't need the scarf-pin, it's true—have too many already. But that transaction can be credited to his salesmanship and charged to my personal vanity!

ALPHONSE: And Number Tree?

CALEB: The Poet! I like him! You don't often meet that kind of fellow now-a-days!

ALPHONSE: [*Taking a chance of being thought too intimate*] Ze young lady—she likes him, too!

CALEB: She seems to, Alphonse. That was why I pretended to mistake him for a confidence man—wanted to take his measure and find out what he was made of. I should be sorry to lose Amy; but we mustn't be selfish: the best thing that can happen to a good girl is to be married to a good husband.

[*During this speech they both move toward the service door, L., and at the end, exit Alphonse*]

[*The head waiter enters, L., passes behind Cutler and is about to exit, R., when Cutler sees him*]

CALEB: Oh, Bilcomb! Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Going?

BILCOMB: Yes, sir,—the two Turks, sir!

CALEB: Bilcomb!

BILCOMB: Beg pardon, sir! That's wot the waitresses call them, sir! They're always fighting, you know, sir—they'd rather fight than eat!

CALEB: Yes, Bilcomb, but luckily for us they do eat and have famous appetites. They're very fond of sitting at Table 27;—Mrs. Going pretends to be musical; but that's the most conspicuous show table in the house and she knows it. I don't want them to sit there if you can help it, Bilcomb.

BILCOMB: Righto, sir!

CALEB: Now, suppose they come here tonight and want that table?

BILCOMB: They can't have it tonight, sir! That there table 'as been engaged by a special party that has taken three tables in a row and 27's the middle table.

CALEB: I admire you! Your presence of mind is wonderful! Your imagination is marvellous! Now, don't forget that story, because I may have to tell it myself—and it's important that our testimony doesn't conflict.

BILCOMB: Righto, sir!

CALEB: Very well, then, if they come tonight, pilot them in here. I don't think they'll ever indulge in open warfare; but if they should take to throwing the tableware at each other, it is

much better that they do it in here, where they won't upset the whole café. Besides, she doesn't dress well enough to sit at that table! Now, remember!

BILCOMB: [*Making a mental memorandum*] Righto, sir! Table 27 taken by three-table party for tonight. The Two Turks—

CALEB: [*Severely*] Bilcomb!

BILCOMB: Oh, I never *speak* of them that way, sir,—that's only 'ow I think of 'em in my 'ead!

CALEB: You never *lie*—do you, Bilcomb?

BILCOMB: [*Startled*] No, indeed, sir! I wouldn't *lower* myself!

CALEB: What do you call it?

BILCOMB: [*Slightly puzzled*] Call what, sir?

CALEB: Your—your—art!

BILCOMB: Justifiable diplomacy, sir! Is that all, sir?

CALEB: Thank you.

BILCOMB: Righto, sir!

[*Exit Bilcomb; as he goes out, Caleb remembers another item*]

CALEB: Oh, and Bilcomb! [*Exit*]

BILCOMB: [*Off-stage, R.*] Yes, sir.

CALEB: [*Meeting Amy off-stage*] Ah, my dear! How punctual we are this evening!

[*Amy enters, R., in street dress. She wears a tiny cluster of pansies at her breast and carries a larger bunch in her hand. She goes to the table that was occupied by Fluster at luncheon, removes the roses there, replaces them with pansies and tilts forward a chair to indicate that that table is reserved. She sings "Treasures and Tears."*]

There's never a treasure of mine, my love,

That is not a treasure of thine!

There's never a song, nor a joy, nor a pleasure

That doth not belong in its uttermost measure

To thee!

There's never a sorrow of thine, my love,

That is not a sorrow of mine!

There's never a sigh, nor a fear for the morrow,

No tender desire, nor a tear, but I borrow

Of thee!

[*Caleb enters, L., notes the roses in her hand, the pansies at her breast and on Fluster's table*]

CALEB: [*Trying to save her the embarrassment—which she doesn't feel—and referring to the roses*] They are lovely. Wouldn't you like to take them home?

AMY: Yes.

CALEB: [*Rallying her*] You look pensive!

AMY: I don't feel pensive now; although I must confess I did a little while ago.

CALEB: [*Jocosely*] Ah, then, this must be an ex-pensive expression! [*Pleased with his pun*]

Anything your uncle can buy for you?

AMY: Why are you always so good to me, Uncle Caleb?

CALEB: [*Patronisingly affectionate*] Because you are my only own little niece. Isn't that reason enough?

AMY: It doesn't seem so to me.

CALEB: Well, because you're such a good little niece and always do what your uncle tells you. And then—but this is telling tales—perhaps you don't realize it, but most of us worldly-minded old grown-up people have some silly little romance hidden away inside [*points to his heart*], and you remind me of a girl I was once very fond of; but that was, oh, centuries ago!

AMY: Oh, Uncle Caleb, I'm sure you're not as old as you make yourself out to be!

CALEB: [*Archly reproving her*] Flatterer!

AMY: Well, if you were fond of her, why didn't you marry her?

CALEB: Well, I guess I was the wrong fellow.

AMY: [*Incredulous*] You mean that she didn't like you?

CALEB: She seemed to like the other fellow better.

AMY: I don't think she showed very good taste!

CALEB: Flatterer! But never mind, I get lots of comfort out of my restaurant!

AMY: Yes, and lots of money, too!

CALEB: And lots of fun!

[*He sings "I and My Cafe." As he sings the first verse, his staff enters, R. and L., and take up positions on each side of him; except Bilcomb, who does a low comedy promenade up back*]

It gives me lots of pleasure to quietly take measure

Of the folks who come my way,—

The business-men and brokers, the eaters, drinkers, smokers,

Who resort to my gay café!

I find it quite essential to be most deferential—  
 To let them have their way;  
 To listen with attention to anything they mention,—  
 And agree with all they say.

But [Spoken]

I don't care for all their haughty, patronizing air!  
 I'm aware that some have mighty little cash to spare!  
 Won't they stare to learn that I've become a millionaire!  
 And compare our conduct in the whole affair.

The ladies, too, are haughty—and some of them are naughty,—  
 But they're all alike to me!  
 They sit just where I seat them—they eat just what I feed them,  
 In my bright caravansary!  
 I listen to their chatter, I compliment and flatter  
 In my deferential way,  
 I don't forget my station—my humble situation!—  
 But I'm czar of this café!

But [Spoken]

I don't care for all their highly condescending air! etc.

REFRAIN [Sung by staff of cafe]

We don't care for all their haughty, patronizing air!  
 We're aware that some have mighty little cash to spare!  
 Won't they stare to learn that he's become a millionaire,  
 And compare relations in the whole affair!

[Exit staff, R. and L., only Caleb and Amy remaining]

CALEB: By the way, my dear, this young man who was here for luncheon today—the poet—very attentive, eh? [Enter Fluster] Ah, good evening, sir. I was just speaking about you!

AMY: [Artlessly pleased to see him. Setting upright the chair reserved] You're early tonight, Mr. Fluster. Are you very hungry?

FLUSTER: [Horribly embarrassed by having to talk about himself in the presence of Caleb, who is delighted to have him at his mercy again] No—not yet—you see—I wanted to show you another poem; so I thought I would come early, before the others arrived.

CALEB: That's very kind indeed, sir. You will have ample time. [To Amy] Perhaps you'd better dress for business now, my dear; then you'll be all ready for work when Mr. Fluster has read his verses to you.

AMY: [Reluctantly] Very well, uncle. [Exit, L. Quick change]

CALEB: [Enjoying it all immensely] I wanted to make this opportunity to speak to you alone, sir.

FLUSTER: [Tormentedly apprehensive that Caleb will speak of Fluster's attentions to Amy] Yes, sir.

CALEB: I wish to apologize for my attitude toward you this morning. You must not think that I have any more suspicions about you. I'm sure you'll understand—

FLUSTER: [Immensely relieved, and his generosity appealed to] Oh, pray don't speak of it, Mr. Cutler. I shall be only too happy to forget all about it.

CALEB: We do our best to avoid mistakes, but accidents will happen, you know!

[Crash of china in main restaurant. Caleb hurries out, R. Enter Amy, in waitress uniform. Glad to find him alone]

AMY: Now you can read your poem to me! You needn't order your dinner until you really feel like eating!

FLUSTER: [Taking manuscript from pocket] It's a nonsense rhyme!

AMY: [Delighted with anything] How lovely!

FLUSTER: [Modestly, but with enthusiasm] Yes, I'm quite proud of it! [Reads from manuscript; simply, gaily, unaffectedly, but with much expression and very distinct enunciation] I have entitled it:

A MONOCOUS DEREQUISSELLODE

The churfelcollow namikled, [Pronounce the words with the accent as italicized]  
 The sutocantle cleed, [Narrative style; preserve the rhythm]  
 The pultifrasco sokikled  
 The muscotinca spleed.

The cortispel kell coisily, [Sentimentally]  
 The martipinkle flak  
 And ev'ry prucolfelican  
 Joodilomallikak!



I junkled up the mowkering!	[Raise the voice; speak with energy]
I sluntled up the skang!	[Denoting effort]
While all katoo the plufaloo	[Dramatically impressive]
The pluznutato plang!	[Expressing surprise]
I reached the dunkaloopalis	[Triumphantly]
As sincosanfle swend	[Describing the scene]
And pranfully doopilscopt	[Expressing own emotions]
Thecrafniwunpergend!	[Final success]

AMY [Rapturously] How very beautiful!—But I can't quite understand the meaning of some of the words!

FLUSTER: Why, of course not! It's a nonsense rhyme!

AMY: But don't you expect people to understand it?

FLUSTER: Why, of course! [Realizing that he has contradicted himself] That is—they understand that it's a nonsense rhyme, and they understand that you can't understand a nonsense rhyme! Don't you understand?

AMY: Oh, yes, now I understand. I know a nonsense rhyme, too!

[She sings "Ooly-Kooly-Kan."]

### OOLY-KOOLY-KAN

#### THE LULLABY OF A LITTLE LAZY MAN

Far away in Uruguay there lives a little man,  
 Claimed by fame because his name is Ooly-Kooly-Kan!  
 Soft and slow the breezes blow his hammock to and fro;  
 All the day he swings away a-singing sweet and low—  
 "Oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te-oo!  
 What's the use of working when you've nothing else to do?  
 Oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te-oo!  
 Lie and swing a-murmuring your oom-te-toom-te-oo!"

All the day in Uruguay this little fellow sings,  
 Takes his ease and breathes the breeze a-while his hammock swings.  
 All the night the zephyrs light about his hammock creep—  
 Ling'ring by and wond'ring why he whispers in his sleep—  
 "Oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te-oo!  
 What's the use of working when you've nothing else to do?  
 Oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te, oom-te-toom-te-oo!  
 Lie and swing a-murmuring your oom-te-toom-te-oo!"

[The Goings are heard talking in the entry, R.]

MRS. GOING: I don't agree with you, my dear! We certainly need a change. At least, I do!

[They enter, preceded by Bilcomb, who assists them to seats at the table they occupied at luncheon and then exits, R., much elated by his success in following his employer's instructions]

GOING: It's perfectly absurd to talk like that, my dear; but it's just what I might have expected! A man's idea of a good time is to be perfectly comfortable;—a woman's idea of a good time is to go somewhere! [Exit Bilcomb]

MRS. GOING: I can assure you I had no good time when I went to the railroad station this morning to trunk my check!

GOING: [Pouncing on her mistake and blundering himself in his haste to expose it before she has a chance to correct herself] You mean, to trek your chunk, my dear!

MRS. GOING: [Triumphantly right this time] I meant to check my trunk!

[Amy hovers round Fluster and finally takes his order]

GOING: I certainly don't see why you want to take a whole wardrobeful of clothes away with you, when you're only going for a week-end with the Dullbodys. I can manage with very few clothes: so can most men!

MRS. GOING: Yes, my dear; but most men don't know how to dress!

GOING: Well, women do: they dress to encourage men!

MRS. GOING: [Shocked] Slapper!

GOING: Yes, ma'am, they do!—and to discourage other women!

[They relapse into silence, take up menu cards and prepare to order dinner. Enter Caleb, R., closely followed by Bilcomb]

CALEB: You did it beautifully, Bilcomb: I congratulate you! They've forgotten all about the table. In a week they'll be so accustomed to this one that it will be impossible to get them to sit at any other! It's a shame to deceive them so; but if grown-up people will insist on acting like children, there's nothing left for us to do but treat them as though they were children! [Exit Caleb and Bilcomb, R.]

AMY: [To Fluster, advising him in his selection of dinner] I think you'll find the lobster salad very good tonight!

GOING: [*Overhearing her*] Lobster salad! The very thing! Wonder I didn't think of it, myself!

MRS. GOING: Why, of course! I was just going to suggest it!

[*They sing the madrigal: "Oh, Luscious Lobster Salad!"*]

## LUSCIOUS LOBSTER SALAD

There is one dainty, dainty dish,—  
'Tis neither flesh, nor fowl, nor fish—  
Yet just as fine as one could wish  
And worthy of a ballad!  
Oh, product of the sea and soil,  
Of fisher's task and farmer's toil—  
Oh, symphony in olive oil:  
We hail thee, Lobster Salad!

In thy delicious self combine  
The choicest gifts of ocean brine,  
The tang of o'er-fermented wine,  
The mustard of old Bagdad,  
The cream of cow with crumpl'd horn,  
The yolk of egg new-laid at morn,  
In crispy cup of lettuce borne,—  
Oh, Perfect, Perfect Salad!  
Oh, Salad! Oh, Salad! Oh, Luscious Lobster Salad!

[*Going writes order for dinner. Exit Amy, L. Enter Warren, excited, jubilant!*]

WARREN: How lucky! You *did* come!

GOING: What's the matter? Want another chance to pay for food for three?

WARREN: Yes, that is—ah,—no! I say, you know, it's funny that you should ask me that; but—it's most remarkable, really—I haven't paid for our luncheons yet!

GOING AND MRS. GOING: [*Simultaneously*] You haven't paid for them!

GOING: Is that why you are so glad you found us here this evening?

WARREN: [*At once perceiving the innuendo*] Oh, no! Not at all. Let me assure you that I intend to pay at once: have no anxiety on that score! I came to tell Mrs. Going that I have found a purse, which I believe to be hers.

[*He hands it to her; she recognizes it with delight. Going speaks before she can thank Warren.*]

GOING: [*Pleased in spite of himself*] If that's the case, we're glad to see you. Sit down! Under the circumstances, my wife can afford to pay for dinners for three!

[*Enter Caleb, ushering March—very proud of himself in military uniform. Caleb seats him as at luncheon. Mrs. Going sees Caleb's reflection in mirror and speaks to him without turning round*]

MRS. GOING: Oh, Mr. Cutler, I've found my purse! Yes, and Mr. Going's found his eye-glasses. He put them in the cuff of his trouser-leg! He found them at the concert.

CALEB: I'm delighted to hear it! We searched everywhere for them!

[*March rises to loosen his belt, which is too tight for comfort while sitting. Going eyes him suspiciously*]

GOING: If you're going to dine here tonight, sir, I certainly must request you to refrain from such exasperating physical gyrations as those you indulged in at luncheon today!

MARCH: [*Urbanely*] They won't be necessary tonight; I'm going to drill. That will furnish exercise enough.

[*Exit Caleb, R. Alphonse peeps in at the service door, shakes his hand in salute at a waitress in the entry, R., and is immediately spotted by March*]

MARCH: Aha, Friend Gaston. Here we are. What do you think of this, Gaston, my boy?

ALPHONSE: No—ah—no. Not Gaston, I beg it of you! Gaston in Galveston, yes—but not here! Here I am Alphonse!

MARCH: What, another alias, Gaston, I mean Pierre, I should say, Alphonse?

ALPHONSE: No—no! Not another alias! Another lady! Is it not terrible? She follows me!

MARCH: Well, perhaps this uniform will have the effect of making my little waitress follow me. She hasn't shown any signs of taking the trail, yet, I must admit!

GOING: I must say you remind me very much of a young fool I used to know who joined the militia. I firmly believe he did it only for the sake of the uniform.

MARCH: What of it? Lots of us do things just because we think they are becoming to us. That's why your wife rides horseback. Personally, she loathes it!—detests it!—abominates it—it scares the wits out—

GOING: [*Instantly coming to the defence of Mrs. Going when a foreign foe puts in an appearance*] Don't you make insulting remarks about my wife, sir! I won't permit it! Toy soldiers like you and Alec Trappertip are a disgrace to the uniform!

MARCH: [*Indignant*] Don't you dare to compare me with Trappertip! If there's anything—

## TWO BITES AT THE CHERRY

MRS. GOING: [*Interrupting him furiously*] Don't you dare to be insolent to my husband! Sit down at once, sir, or I'll have you put out. We're regular patrons of this café and we are not in the habit of being annoyed here by Trappertips. [*Viciously*] So now!

MARCH: [*His sense of humor asserting itself*] Well, really, I'm sorry we came to blows; but, believe me, I'm not equal to Trappertip: sometimes I almost wish I was! His popularity with the ladies is something astonishing; you should have seen him when he went to camp last year. [*Sings*]

## THE GAY MILITIAMAN

He marched away on muster day,  
With footsteps quick and light!  
With dipper clean and tin canteen,  
He was a noble sight!  
Along the sidewalk's stony edge,  
His girl admirers wept.  
He wafted a kiss to each little miss  
And carolled as he stepped:

Good-bye, Louise; Ta-ta, Therese!  
Farewell, my dearest Jen!  
Don't cry, Irene!—or sigh, Pauline!  
I'll soon be back again!  
By-by, Marie—don't mourn for me!  
I love you, sweetest Nan!  
So pretty and gritty, he marched from the city—  
That gay militia man!

His tour of duty soon was o'er,  
But he'd improved his time  
And captured hearts—a score or more—  
Nor reckon'd it a crime!  
Beside the car, as he entrained,  
The village maidens wept.  
He wafted a kiss to each little miss  
And warbled as he stepped:

Good-bye, Elise! Ta-ta, Bernice!  
Farewell, Eliza Ann!  
Don't cry, Helene!—or sigh, Nanine!—  
I'll come back when I can!  
A kiss, Elaine! I'll miss you, Jane!  
By-by, Matilda Fan!  
So pretty and gritty, he marched to the city—  
That gay militia man!

[*Exit Caleb, R. Exit Alphonse, L.*]

[*After March's song, Amy seats herself cosily at Fluster's table, sitting opposite him; her elbows on the table and her chin resting in her hands. Fluster is miserably conscious that the eyes of the whole room are focused on them in disapproval, but attempts to maintain a conversation*]

AMY: It's very pleasant to have you here, Mr. Fluster!

FLUSTER: It's a pleasure to be here, I assure you. And if I am not mistaken there are one or two other young men in the room who enjoy your company.

[*Enter Caleb, R. He notes Amy at Fluster's table*]

AMY: [*Unconsciously speaking her thoughts*] But I don't like them. I shouldn't care to marry either of them. If I ever get married, I shall marry some comfortable person whom it's easy to get along with—like you.

[*Fluster starts*]

FLUSTER: But, you know—I—I don't know anything about these things: I was never married in my life!

AMY: [*As though they had found another cause for common sympathy and congratulations*] Neither was I!

AMY: I do love to talk to you, Mr. Fluster.

FLUSTER: [*Miserably perplexed by the knowledge that Amy should not seat herself at the table with a guest*] I enjoy talking to you more than to anyone else I know, but—

CALEB: [*To Amy, diplomatically*] I think Mr. and Mrs. Going need your attention, my dear.

AMY: [*Rising reluctantly*] Very well, Uncle.

CALEB: [*Adroitly leading her down front, L., out of hearing of his patrons*] I thought you understood, my dear, that it is not proper for a waitress to seat herself at a table with one of our patrons.

AMY: [*Hurt*] Not proper, Uncle Caleb? Why not?

CALEB: I can't explain to you now, my dear; there isn't time; but if you will remind me later, I'll tell you all about it. [*Exit*]

AMY: [*To Fluster*] What does my uncle mean by saying that it isn't proper for me to sit at your table?

FLUSTER: [*At his wit's end*] Why, of course, he doesn't mean that it isn't proper, exactly.

AMY: *But that's just exactly what he said!*

[*Going staring at Amy and Fluster*]

FLUSTER: [*Blurting out the truth*] Well, you see, a waitress is regarded as an inferior and it is considered disrespectful for her to sit down with a guest.

AMY: But I'm not an inferior and I'm not disrespectful.

FLUSTER: [*Hastily*] Certainly not!

AMY: Beside, Mr. Cutler is my uncle: I belong here; this is my uncle's café. He owns the building!

FLUSTER: It's dreadfully hard to explain; but it's one of those silly, snobbish ideas that we all have to submit to although we despise them!

GOING: The way that child flings herself at that poor wretch is positively reprehensible—there ought to be a law against such conduct!

MRS. GOING: She's a very wise young woman. She is making the best of her opportunities. You remember the old fable of the song-bird and the sunbeam?

WARREN: I really can't say that I've ever heard it, you know.

GOING: [*Drily*] Well, you'll hear it now!

[*Mrs. Going sings. Exit Amy, L.*]

#### THE SONGBIRD AND THE SUNBEAM

A songbird sang to a sunbeam fair  
Of his love serene and sure;  
But she turned away, for she did not care  
For a lover plain and poor;  
With a haughty air and a scornful stare,  
She repulsed his roguish plea;  
But his music rang as he boldly sang,  
"Come, love, and listen to me!"

If I love you, if I love you,  
Tell me, what is that to you?  
If I love you, if I love you,  
Tell me, pray, what can you do?  
If a songbird love a sunbeam,  
Can the sunbeam say him nay?  
Can the sunbeam with her ardor  
Melt the songbird's love away?

The winter came, so the songbird went—  
While the sunbeam paler grew.  
Though she wanly smiled, she was not content,  
For the woeful truth she knew.  
'Twas a sorry fate, for she learned too late  
That her heart went when he flew—  
In the warmer gleam of a southern beam,  
Hark! he is singing anew—

If I love you, etc.

WARREN: The songbird has my entire sympathy. Love is such a fickle thing that it ought to be taken advantage of at once. If I had been the songbird—

MRS. GOING: [*Interrupting him*] That isn't love; that's glamour!

WARREN: [*Persisting*] Well, I can tell you that if I had been the songbird, I should have not only tired of that particular sunbeam, but of two or three others, by the time the original little bit of sunshine had made up her mind she didn't want me?

MRS. GOING: [*Assuming an air of great wisdom*] Yours must be a very peculiarly and psychically complicated mental organization!

WARREN: Oh, it's worse than that!—especially when I am in love!

#### WHEN I AM IN LOVE

*Song: Warren*

I fall in love with such a bump, say, ev'ry month or so;—  
My heart goes thump-ti-tump-ti-tump!—a feeling all must know.  
I don't know why I fall in love or what it's all about—  
But, never mind, I always find in time we both fall out!

## TWO BITES AT THE CHERRY

When I am in love,  
 My symptoms very truly are  
 Amazingly peculiar—  
 When I am in love!  
 My pulse is something furious!  
 My conduct something ludicrous!  
 It's really very curious—  
 When I am in love!

When I'm in love my raiment is a thing of vivid hues—  
 My neckties are a riot-call of pinks and greens and blues!  
 My feet are pinched in tooth-pick styles of patent-leather shoes!  
 A hundred ways my garb betrays the sentimental news!

When I am in love, etc.

When I'm in love I write a lot of sentimental rhymes—  
 Of loves and doves and hearts and darts and happy wedding chimes,  
 Of bliss and kisses, dainty misses, bridesmaids and champagne;  
 Until, at last, the fever's past and I'm myself again!

When I am in love, etc.

[Enter Amy, L.]

AMY: [Waiting on Fluster] I'm sorry to have kept you waiting.

FLUSTER: It's—it's a pleasure to wait for you.

AMY: It's a pleasure to wait on you.

AMY: [With perfect simplicity] Do you like me, Mr. Fluster?

FLUSTER: [Eagerly] Oh, very much, indeed; better than anyone else in the world!

AMY: Then why don't you propose to me?

FLUSTER: [Overwhelmed; but brave enough to tell the truth] Because I'm only a poor man and can't afford to marry.

AMY: That doesn't matter, not in the least. My uncle has plenty of money; he'll give me anything I ask him for; this is his café—he owns the building!

FLUSTER: But it isn't proper for a man to depend on his father-in-law's resources.

AMY: [Sighing drearily] Oh, dear me! I suppose this is another of those silly, snobbish ideas that we all have to submit to, although we despise them. I wouldn't submit, if I were a man!

FLUSTER: [Stung to action] Very well, then, I won't submit; I'll propose to you, dear.

AMY: That's very lovely of you! [An awkward silence] Well?

MARCH: [Jealous, after watching all these confidences between Amy and Fluster] If I might be allowed to interrupt, I should like to order a little dessert.

AMY: Certainly, sir.

[She hands him the menu-card and he writes his order on order slip. Exit Amy, L.]

GOING: [To Mrs. Going and Warren, with whom he has been carrying on an animated conversation in pantomime] In my opinion, this fad of carrying round dogs as though they were human babies is disgusting—

MRS. GOING: I don't agree with you, my dear! You don't understand dogs, nor cats, nor monkeys!

GOING: Nor women! I don't like your remarks, madam!

MRS. GOING: What's the matter with them, dear; aren't they like those your mother used to make!

GOING: My mother was a lady.

MRS. GOING: Inevitably! I am making no attempt to dispute her sex, Slapper!

GOING: As I was saying: the other day I met Mrs. Maulemover. She was carrying a No. Zero Pomeranian under her left arm [crooks his arm], with his forelegs hanging down in front and his two hind legs hanging down behind!

WARREN: Oh, now, I say—you don't mean to say the dog had six legs?

GOING: Idiot!

MRS. GOING: I'm sure some cats are perfectly fascinating—Miss Sallowgill's Romeo, for instance!

[Enter Caleb. He is much interested in the conversation]

GOING: Yes, indeed, my dear—and what a voice!

MRS. GOING: You're thinking of Mrs. Giverliver's Juliette.

GOING: They all sound alike to me at two o'clock in the morning. What we need in our neighborhood is a cat curfew. Any cat found outdoors after nine o'clock at night ought to be promptly asphyxiated. Just think of the pandemonium they made last night—half-a-million of them.

MRS. GOING: Oh, no, my dear! Only two—Romeo and Juliette—I recognized their voices!

[Mrs. Going, Amy, Caleb and March sing "Romeo and Juliette"]



## QUARTETTE—"ROMEO AND JULIETTE"

Romeo was Persian, Juliette a gay Maltese—  
The neighbors never heard before such vocalists as these.  
They perched upon the garden wall as perky as you please,  
And said Romeo to Juliette, "Mow-wow!"

Said Romeo to Juliette, "Mow-wow!"  
"I wonder what's the matter with them now!"  
Said Juliette to Romeo, "I wonder why they pelt us so!"  
Said Romeo to Juliette, "Mow-wow!"

Boots were thrown at Romeo, boot-trees at Juliette,  
A whisk-broom brushed the whiskers of that little feline pet.  
Said Julie, "If they keep it up, they'll surely hit us yet!"  
And said Romeo to Juliette, "Mow-wow!"

Said Romeo, etc.

Mirrors, slippers, bottles were added to their store;  
Said Julie, "In an hour, dear, we won't need any more—  
We'll furnish up a flat with these and what they've thrown before!"  
And said Romeo to Juliette, "Mow-wow!"

Said Romeo, etc.

[Exit Caleb, R. Amy returns to Fluster's table]

FLUSTER: [Putting his foot in it] It's exasperating to have our conversation interrupted so often; but I suppose it can't be helped.

AMY: I don't think either of us were saying anything the last time we were interrupted.

FLUSTER: Just what had we been saying?

AMY: [Simply] I was asking you why you didn't propose. Why don't you?

FLUSTER: What, here, and now?

AMY: Why not?

FLUSTER: It wouldn't be quite proper.

AMY: And still another of those silly, snobbish ideas.

FLUSTER: I would propose, my own, here and now, if we were alone; but with all these people around us?

AMY: [Disappointed in him] Are you afraid of them? People get married in public, don't they? Then why shouldn't we be engaged in public?

FLUSTER: [Vehemently] I'm not afraid of them!

AMY: Then are you ashamed to let them know that we are engaged?

FLUSTER: [Cornered, desperate and miserable] Oh, no!

AMY: [Waits a moment in silence; her head droops; pathetically] We can do as we please here! This is my uncle's café—he owns the building!

FLUSTER: [Stage whisper] Amy, my dear, I love you: will you be my wife?

AMY: [Very solemnly] Yes, Augustus! [Pause: she expects something more] I thought that when a man proposed to a woman it was proper for him to kneel and kiss her hand. [Very sadly] It—it doesn't matter, if you'd rather not.

[Fluster kneels and the observers are frankly scandalized. He kisses Amy's hand; as he rises, she puts his hands solemnly to her lips. Going, exasperated, uses the handle of a table knife as a hammer upon a tumbler to attract Amy's attention. Caleb, attracted by the noise, enters just as Fluster kisses Amy's hand]

CALEB: [Angrily, to Fluster] Really, sir, I don't understand your conduct!

GOING: [Unable to restrain himself] Oh, wait a moment! I protest! It wasn't all his fault! This charming young niece of yours has been simply throwing herself at his head! She's lost her heart and he's lost his head! If you had not arrived when you did, I don't doubt she would have kissed him by now!

AMY: [Looking Going straight in the eye. Very solemnly] I did kiss him; it was quite proper that I should!

FLUSTER: [Coming daringly out into the open] Yes, sir! Quite proper! We're engaged to be married!

EVERYBODY: [Except Fluster and Amy. In strict rhythm.] THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

FLUSTER: You'll find me a penniless son-in-law, Mr. Cutler!

CUTLER: Oh, don't let that annoy you; penniless sons-in-law are like automobiles—there's one in almost every family nowadays!

## FINALE, BITE II

WARREN:

I can very clearly see  
That she does not care for me.  
And I make assertion, too,  
That she does not care for you!  
Normal perspicacity  
Must compel you to agree  
Fluster is the man that she  
Thinks all right!

FLUSTER: [*Singing to March and Warren*]

If I love her, if I love her,  
Tell me, what is that to you?

MARCH AND WARREN: [*To Fluster*]

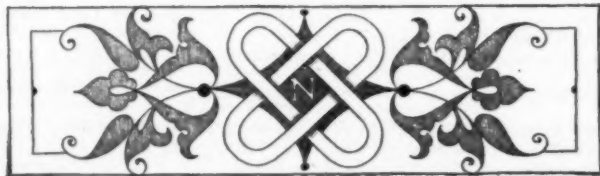
If you love her, if you love her,  
We know just what we shall do!  
We shall go about our business,  
Having nothing more to say;  
We shall fold our tents like Arabs  
And as softly steal away!

MARCH: [*To Amy*]

Good-bye, my dear, I'm glad to hear  
You've found the lucky man!  
Good-bye, then, sir, be good to her! [*To Fluster*]  
Deserve her if you can!  
Good-bye to all! I shall not call  
Till I'm heart-whole again.  
So think of me with pity,  
When you hear the little ditty  
Of the Gay Militiaman!

## ENSEMBLE

Oh, Love, thou fond emotion all  
Obey, when comes the fateful call;—  
No wonder that we say we "fall,"  
When yielding to thy suasion!  
Oh, Love, thou source of pow'r immense!  
Destroyer of our common-sense!  
We challenge thee, in self-defence  
To bless this glad occasion!  
Oh, Love, True Love,  
Forever grant thy presence dear!  
Oh, Love, True Love,  
Forever sweetly linger here!  
Thy presence dear!  
Forever here!



# A Study in Lynxes

*A Menagerie Story that  
Bubbles with Fun*

*by Allan Updegraff*

MR. PATRICK SULLIVAN, in his position as amateur keeper of Mr. Burlington's amateur menagerie, had generally approved of his employer's penchant for collecting wild animals. But when a full-grown Canadian lynx was sent to join the happy family already occupying one end of the estate's largest barn, he made bold to express some doubts.

"It ain't in the laste that I'm afraid of the baste," he informed Miss Mulvaney, the new cook. "It's his unfriendly disposition—not that there's anything I'd be alarmed about, ye understand."

"Certainly not—not at all—no, indeed!" put in Mr. Marks, otherwise plain James, the butler. This remark was intended, by its ironical quality, to discount Miss Mulvaney's esteem of Patrick. Miss Mulvaney was such a young lady as anyone might have been proud to possess, and James had already established himself as an applicant for all the esteem she could spare.

"Would you be carin' to have a look at him?" suggested Patrick, disregarding Mr. Marks' insinuation. "And you, too, Mr. Marks," he added. "I'm sure you'd be greatly took with his whiskers."

"Has he thim, really?" asked Miss Mulvaney.

"Well, not quite so handsome as Mr. Marks," said Patrick, "nor yet, if I may say so, quite so expressive. But the style is as like as one fence-picket to another. Won't ye both step down and see him?"

Miss Mulvaney decided that she would,

and James, who couldn't altogether decide whether he was being complimented or maligned, decided that he would, too. Patrick led the way down the white-gravelled roadway to the barn. With due ceremony he produced his key and ushered them in.

"Right this way for the prowlin' terror!" he announced. "That's his cage over there, between the marmoset and the South Africky guinea pigs. Please don't step inside the ropes. Not bein' long in a state of captivity, he generally takes a crack at everything he can reach."

"Poof!" retorted Mr. Marks. "Who's afraid of your old kitty-cat?"

They lined up in front of the cage. In the gloom of the rear part, the lynx's eyes glowered green and threatening.

"Do ye notice the cut of his whiskers, Mr. Marks?" said Pat. "Ain't they lovely, eh?"

"Not bad," admitted James.

"He nivver has to trim them either," commented Pat. "And look at the lovely tufts on his ears. That's where he's got one on you, Mr. Marks. I don't suppose, now, you could grow anything like that, no matter how hard you tried?"

"I presume you think your remarks are witty, Mr. Sullivan," retorted the butler. "But I will specify right here that your animal is a hugely brute. If you should wish to see something really instructive, I'd advise you to inspect the latest addition to the drawing room bricky-brac, sir."

"For mesilf, I prefer livin' animals,"

returned Pat. He stepped inside the rope and tapped on the bars of the cage. The lynx bared its teeth and emitted a savage asperate.

"He's a trifle unfriendly yet," remarked Pat. "But I'll soon tame it out of him."

"Tame 'im!" retorted James. "You tame 'im, hindeed!"

"I'll do it if I have to trim off his ear-bobs and whiskers, and make him look civilized," declared Pat. "Yes, sur! I'll

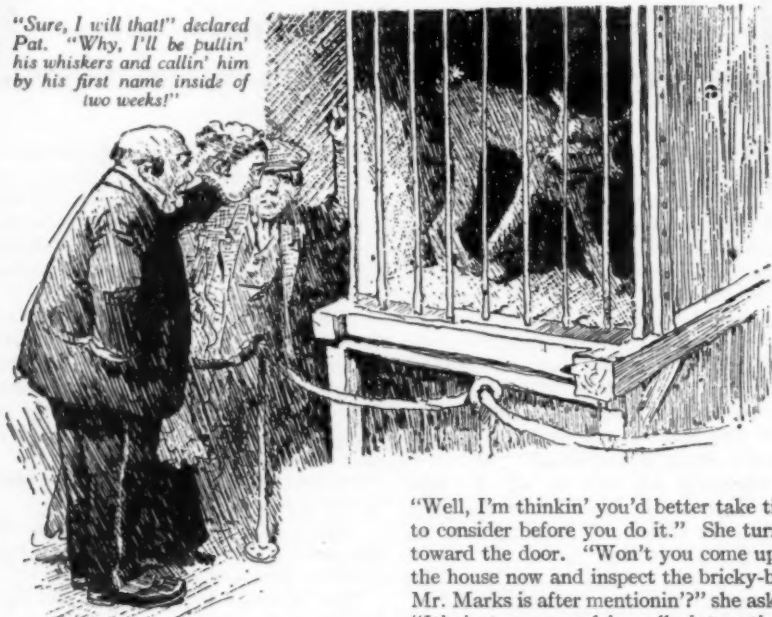
bravery if you do tame him, Mr. Sullivan," interposed Miss Mulvaney. "He looks fierce and wild to a lamentable degree. Are you thinking of entering the cage with him ever?"

"Sure, I will that!" declared Pat. "Why, I'll be pullin' his whiskers and callin' him by his first name, as friendly as you please, inside of two weeks!"

"Poof!" said Mr. Marks.

"Will you really?" said Miss Mulvaney.

*"Sure, I will that!" declared Pat. "Why, I'll be pullin' his whiskers and callin' him by his first name inside of two weeks!"*



have him behavin' like a perfect gentlem an in less'n a month!"

"I, personally, say you won't," retorted James. "Shall we return to the ouse, Miss Mulvaney?"

"Looky here," said Pat, with rising Irish, "what'll you bet I don't tame him? Didn't I tame thim two silver foxes? Sure and I'll tame him. I'll have him so's a child could lead him 'round wid a cotton string!"

"I never indulge in wagers," returned Mr. Marks, with condescension. "But, as I said before, I, personally, think you're over-stating your abilities, as is one of your failings."

"I think you'll be displaying all kinds of

"Well, I'm thinkin' you'd better take time to consider before you do it." She turned toward the door. "Won't you come up to the house now and inspect the bricky-brac Mr. Marks is after mentionin'?" she asked. "It's just come, and is really interesting."

Patrick followed them outside in a huffed silence. The butler's superior disbelief and the thinly veiled skepticism of the admirable Miss Mulvaney hurt his pride—and something more than his pride, for he had developed a considerable fondness for Miss Mulvaney and a corresponding dislike of Mr. Marks' fondness for her. However, he hid his feelings under a strong resolution to "show them," and turned his attention to bric-a-brac.

They discovered, upon reaching the house, that the Burlingtons had unexpectedly returned from a visit to the city, which forced putting off an inspection of the interesting bric-a-brac. Mr. Marks

hastened away to make up for his workaday character of James, and Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper, descended upon Miss Mulvaney with directions for dinner. Patrick returned to the barn. There he spent an unprofitable half hour in exchanging glowers with the lynx and considering ways of taming that unfriendly brute.

IN giving him charge of the Highlandale menagerie, Mr. Burlington had trusted rather in Patrick's mother wit and teachability than in his previous experience. With the exception of the lynx, the menagerie consisted of such easily managed creatures as a pair of silver foxes, a young black bear, a family of Brazilian macaws with monstrous voices, a marmoset, a colony of guinea pigs, and a pair of wild dogs from Australia. Furnished with plain directions and a quantity of zoological literature, Pat had managed the collection with satisfaction to all concerned. On the subject of the newly arrived lynx, however, his ideas were rather hazy, as may be inferred from the ideas he had expressed about changing that animal's disposition and whiskers.

After several vain attempts to put his hand near the bars of the big cat's cage without exciting its anger, he retired to his room to consult literature on the subject. He found quite a mass of literature dealing with lynxes. The most important bits of information he gained were that the lynx was "not excelled by the lion, the tiger, the panther nor the jaguar in the untamable ferocity of its disposition," and that Canadian lynxes were the worst kind.

These facts might have discouraged most men, but Patrick had long since decided that one couldn't believe everything printed in books. Besides, it was very important to tame that particular lynx. He began operations by gently stroking the animal's back with a broom handle, allowing it to chew, claw and screech at the handle to its heart's content.

"I understand you're thinking of combing out the side-whiskers of your new kitty-cat pretty soon, Mr. Sullivan," remarked Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper, at the dinner table that evening. "Can't I lend you the loan of a nice bit of red ribbon to tie them up with?"

Mr. Marks placed his hand delicately over his mouth and tittered. Miss Mulvaney grinned, unfeelingly grinned. Mrs. Burlington's French maid looked interested.

"You haf, then, a new kitty, Mr. Sullivan?" she inquired.

"It's a wildcat, ma'm, a Canady lynx," explained Patrick. "Mrs. Perkins is wittily alludin' to the fact that I'm thinkin' of tamin' him."

"Oh—a wildcat!" said the maid. "Shall you not haf a great difficulty?"

"Probably yes, ma'm," replied Pat, modestly. "But I guess I'll get around him."

"Tame 'im!" put in Mr. Marks. "You tame 'im, hindeed!"

"Well, maybe not," said Pat; "but what with his side-whiskers he looks to be as gentle as a mutton-chop."

"*Brave!*" chirruped the French maid. She had basked in the sunshine of Mr. Marks' smile until the arrival of Miss Mulvaney, and disliked him accordingly.

"Don't think that by insulting of me, sir," returned Mr. Marks, "you can distract attention from your own boastful attitude. Whenever you makes good by getting into the cage with that hugly brute—well, James Marks will have a better opinion of you, sir."

"Will ye listen to that, Ma'm'selle?" asked Pat of the French maid. "I'd almost hate to do it now."

"Poof!" replied Ma'm'selle. "You will show heem! You haf a great bravery, I think!"

Patrick rewarded her with a bow, and glanced at Miss Mulvaney out of the tail of his eye. He was pleased to notice that she was interested in Ma'm'selle's friendliness. He hoped she was sorry for her own unsympathetic attitude.

During the next few days he devoted most of his waking hours to trying to awaken a sign of friendliness in the big wildcat, but the big wildcat showed no desire to be friendly. In fact it seemed to look forward, with ugly satisfaction, to opportunities for showing its hatred of its would-be friend, and grew in ferocity in proportion as he attempted to tame it. The very sight of Patrick was enough to inspire bared teeth and uncomplimentary remarks in wildcat language.

The servants' quarters took a good deal



of interest in the matter, and Pat was bantered continually. They wanted to know when he was going to bring his friend to luncheon; and whether it would jump through a hoop, and how many times a day he visited it in its boudoir. Ma'm'selle alone showed a friendly interest in his experiment. As for Miss Mulvaney, she seemed to have no interest in the matter, one way or the other.

On his way to the house, one afternoon, Pat came face to face with the fair cook.

"It's a fine day," she said.

"It is," replied Pat shortly.

"For tamin' a wildcat," she added, with a wicked twinkle in her eyes.

Patrick flushed up and started away.

"Don't be huffed!" she called after him.

"Come in, and I'll show ye the bricky-brac Mr. Marks was tellin' ye of. The fols is all away until tomorrow."

"I have a prev'ous engagement with Ma'm'selle," returned Pat, with dignity, "who is going to show me Mr. Burlington's new suit of mid-eeval arthmor. Good day to ye."

"Oh, and so that's it!" she flashed back. "Well, I wish ye joy of your coortin'!"

Pat hesitated. "Say, now, Miss Katherine," he began; but she turned her back on him.

"Go lang wit' ye!" she said.

"I was thinkin' of doin' nothin' else," he retorted; and went.

**B**UT the armor and Ma'm'selle together were hardly enough to take his mind off this short passage at arms, which he felt that, but for misunderstandings, might have led to a satisfactory treaty of peace. As Ma'm'selle explained the virtues of the steel clothes, however, Pat began to be more interested. The suit was a fine example of sixteenth century work, and in excellent repair.

"You see, one inside, he is all covered up," explained Ma'm'selle. "Nozzing can hurt him at all. Not ze sharp arrows, nor can ze sharp swords scratch him."

"Say, that's right, ain't it?" said Pat, fingering the smooth plates of overlapping steel. "Nothin' could scratch him if he was inside that, I'm thinkin'!" His eyes widened as if with the dawning of an exciting idea. "And look at that iron

business that comes down over the face!"

"Zat is his visor," explained Ma'm'selle. "See—it work up, like zis, and zen, when he go to fight, it work down, like zis."

"Fine!" declared Pat, with increasing excitement. "I'm thinkin' maybe it's just the thing I need! I wonder, now, how a man would get inside of it, at all?"

"It buckles all down the side," said Ma'm'selle. She laughed. "Mr. Marks, he try put it on—but he far too big!"

Pat measured himself up against the armor.

"It 'ud about fit me," he remarked.

"Put it on!" cried Ma'm'selle. "Come, I know how! I help you! It will fit you fine!"

"Well," acquiesced Pat doubtfully, "I don't s'pose it 'ud hurt it."

Ma'm'selle had already taken off the helmet, and was unbuckling the breast and back-plates. With her assistance, Pat arrayed himself from head to foot in the steel clothing. In response to his repeated requests, Ma'm'selle buckled and clamped him in with great thoroughness.

"But you should have ze shoes, also, on!" she cried, when she had finished. "It look far nicer so!"

"I guess the ones I've got on will do all right," said Pat, looking down at his up-to-date extremities which showed beneath the shining greaves. "It ain't the looks I'm after, so much as the protection."

"Ze protection?" repeated Ma'm'selle.

"I was just thinkin'," said Patrick, "this would be a good thing to argue wid a Canady lynx in. If I was to get into his cage all buckled up in this here hardware—"

Ma'm'selle interrupted him with a shriek of delight. "Oh, how perfectly fine!" she cried, dancing around him. "How you fool zem! Zey all say you go in his cage nevair! But you go—yes, yes! Only wait! I get you a coat to put on zo zey not see you go to ze barn!"

She rushed away and returned with a long raincoat.

"Put it over ze head—zere! Now coom to ze side door! Ah, such a fine joke! Hasten! I go to tell all, immediate!"

With his heavy visor up and the long coat dangling from the top of his helmet to his greaved calves, Patrick made his way to his own room, a little cubby-hole in the loft above the menagerie. He got

out an oil can, and thoroughly lubricated the joints of the old armor. It was rather awkward, especially about the shoulders; but, taking it all in all, he was astonished at the freedom of movement it permitted. The gauntlets, made of a double layer of small interlinked steel rings on the palms, and of thin overlapping steel bands on the backs, were especially flexible.

WHILE he was putting the finishing touches to his arrangements, he heard the excited conversation of the audience, just entering the barn. He gave them some minutes to get settled, and to work up a proper feeling of expectation, before he descended. When at length he appeared, his visor closed and one gauntleted hand resting on the big hook that had once supported a two-handed sword, he was greeted by a variety of exclamations.

"He's got on the new bricky-brac!" cried Miss Mulvaney.

"A stupendous exhibition of nerve, I call it!" remarked Mr. Marks.

"Do not mind what he says!" screamed Ma'm'selle.

"And it cost over seven thousand dollars!" put in Mrs. Perkins.

Beneath his visor, Patrick gasped. But it was no time for doubt or hesitation. He advanced to the lynx's cage and laid his hand upon the bars. The big cat bristled up and snarled. Pat pushed up his visor and surveyed his audience.

"I wish to remark that there has been a considerable amount of interest took in me sayin' that I'd get into the cage of this animal here," he began. "Mr. Marks and Miss Mulvaney, in especial, has said—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Sullivan," interrupted Miss Mulvaney, "but I never said it."

"Well, maybe you didn't," admitted Pat, somewhat confused.

"No more did I," put in Mr. Marks tartly. "Mind who you're accusing, Mr. Sullivan."

"Well, I'm going into this cage, anyhow," declared Pat. "And there ye have it."

"Nobody's going to prevent you," said Mr. Marks.

Pat shut his visor with a disguised click. He had intended a discourse on a somewhat higher plane. "I shall now," he said, making a final effort as he removed the

padlock that fastened the cage door, "enter the cage of this Canady lynx, which, as is well known, is more ferocious than the lion, the tiger, the panther and the jaguar."

"He is not," said Mr. Marks, "Poof!"

"I can show ye the very words in print!" declared Pat hotly. "But that's nothing to talk about now. I said I'd get into the cage with this here wildcat, and I'm going to do it. Maybe, since you're feelin' so uppish, Mr. Marks, you'll come and padlock this door shut when I get inside?"

"With infinite pleasure," replied Mr. Marks, ducking down under the rope that ran in front of the cage.

"Hah!" snarled the lynx. Mr. Marks jumped.

"Don't be afraid," said Pat, giving the butler the lock and key, "he's gentle as any lamb. Won't you come inside and be introjuiced, Mr. Marks?"

Mr. Marks was too much excited to reply. Pat pulled open the small door and crept into the cage. The wildcat, crouching in the far corner, repeated its exclamation. Mr. Marks hastily slammed the cage door and fumbled with the lock.

"Nice kitty!" said Pat. He got slowly to his feet, and waved a gauntleted hand placatingly at the big cat.

Immediately a gray streak stretched from the big cat's corner to the top of Pat's helmet. The air seemed full of squalling, hissing, scratching wildcat. Taken unprepared, and being rather top-heavy, Patrick was bowled headlong into a corner, where he brought up with a clatter like that produced by the dropping of a crate of hardware. With a startled, "Wow!" Mr. Marks dived under the ropes. The cage door flew open, and the frenzied lynx whizzed, screeching and clawing, out onto the barn floor.

Then pandemonium followed. Ma'm'selle shrieked, Miss Mulvaney screamed, Mrs. Perkins yelled, and Mr. Marks roared. The macaws flew wildly about their cages, screeching with all the might of their monstrous voices; the wild dogs from Australia leaped over each other and howled.

Patrick, surprised and bumped as he was, soon sized up the situation, and boldly went in pursuit of the lynx. The lynx, after playing leap-frog with the audience and the other animal cages, had taken

refuge behind a wheelbarrow, near the main door. The audience, thus shut off from escape into the open air, made its way up to the loft with all possible speed. Most of it had shouted itself breathless, and comparative quiet ensued.

Pat waited until the last skirt had followed the only pair of trousers up the narrow stairway, and then approached the

think ye can make a meal on an iron pot and a tin coal-scuttle?"

The lynx, evidently concluding that it couldn't, tried to escape. Pat, still holding onto its leg, anchored it fast. Another furious melee followed, during which Pat's other gauntlet found and grasped a front paw. He got to his knees, dragged the half-exhausted beast from his neck, and



lynx. The lynx promptly charged. Down went Pat, with a hundred pounds of wild-cat chewing and clawing at his armored head and shoulders. He tried to hold the creature in his arms, but the creature wriggled free. Finally his right gauntlet found and fastened itself about one of the big cat's hind legs. The lynx's voice filled the air with ear-splitting protests; the lynx's teeth and claws clattered about his breastplate; but Pat held on.

"What's the matter wid ye?" roared the armored animal-trainer. "Sure, do ye

stretched its body across the broad front of his cuirass.

"Nice kitty-cat!" he panted. "Sure, it's too much to expect ye to bite a stove-lid in two!"

The cat made one final furious attempt to do just that; but Pat subdued it and carried it over to the cage it had left. He pushed it in, crawled in after it, and sat down on the cage floor. The lynx crawled to the far corner and laid down. It had nothing to say.

"If ye had a tail, sure it 'ud be a-draggin'!" remarked the victor. "I'm thinkin' it'll be some time before ye spit and snarl at your betters again!"

"O Mr. Sullivan," called Miss Mulvaney, from the top of the stairway, "are ye hurt?"

"Faith, not in the last!" replied Pat. "Ye can tell thim all to come down now. I've pit the prowlin' terror in his cage, and I'm sittin' here enjoyin' a little visit with 'im! I'm just afther pullin' his whiskers and patten' his head gentle as any lamb!"

# A Letter to Pape

*The following letter was written to Mr. Pape, the head of the Waterbury, Connecticut, Republican, on the occasion of a reception given to the staff of that paper a short time ago. It strikes a new note in the relation of employer and employed, and should prove of exceptional interest to anyone interested in these problems. For this reason it is reproduced in the National.*

*My dear Mr. Pape:*

This acknowledges the invitation sent to me a few days ago to attend a reception and banquet of the staff of the *Waterbury Republican*.

It would have been acknowledged sooner, but I delayed it, hoping to couple with the acknowledgment an acceptance to be present and address your employees at the banquet which you are tendering them. My acceptance I now find will be impossible, so I take this means of conveying my regrets.

As you know, my business as an advertising man brings me into the offices of many daily newspapers, and my training as a newspaper man has led me to observe men as I go. I have as a result certain mental prints on relations between employees and employers which may be valuable to you. These prints are the mature reflections of one who has studied business relations from the standpoint of the employer and also from that of the employee. Having looked at both sides, perhaps the ideas of one who has been carried to all parts of the country by the business he follows may interest you.

I like this "get-together" spirit which is shown for the sixth time by the members of your staff. A great deal of good must

come from it. It will bring them closer together, and I believe, bring them closer to you, which is one of the great things to be desired.

Usually at staff banquets such as yours the spirit of the addresses given is to direct aright the rank and file of the employees, telling them to be loyal, to be attentive, to be faithful to their employer's interest, but seldom a word to him who usually needs it the most—the employer. Were I present, I think the best service I could render you would be to reverse the order of things somewhat. The great responsibility for the well-being of the staff—which in this sense means all of your employees—rests on you, the master mind of the *Waterbury Republican*. Wherefore, while I will render some advice suitable to employees, the employers, or any man possessing authority over others, may well heed what I address to yourself as regards the men who work for you:

Any employee who does his duty, does it through the day as faithfully as though his employer was at his elbow, has nothing to fear in this life and probably not in the next. But to do this is not as easy as it seems; mere willingness is not sufficient. To be able to do a day's work well necessitates right living, the observance of mor a

and physical laws. There is more to this than many appreciate. A breach in Nature's laws sometimes seem to have no evil consequences, but it is as immutable as the laws of physics that there can be no action without reaction.

The only difference to my mind is that the reaction or evil consequences are delayed sometimes. But a usurer's interest is extorted, and ultimately payment must be made. A night's dissipation may not bring on a morning headache, but some time Nature will demand a penalty. A wrong deed may show a momentary profit, but pain inevitably follows. An evil suggestion may bring pleasure for the moment without seeming harm, but like the seed of the worm deposited on the apple blossom, the evil consequences will bore through the good fruit to your sorrow.

Happily, the reverse is true; a good deed done today without any reward will surely some day bring back reward manifold. The good suggestion that is given to men in time of temptation is engraven on our own hearts to direct us in times of trouble. The prayers we lisped at our mother's knee work for our salvation throughout our lives much like the circle made by the pebble dropped into the water, each circle becoming wider, and wider, and wider, until it passes our understanding.

To your people I finally would say that the best illustration to portray what they should do can be taken from an instance in the life of a Connecticut man, Davenport, who was presiding officer of the assembly nearly two hundred years ago.

It seems the day grew dark toward noon without apparent cause, one of the phenomenons of Nature, and the darker it grew, the more frightened became the members of the assembly. Everything pointed to the fact that the last day had come. All seemed to believe it so. Some cursed, many dropped on their knees and prayed, while others in abject terror listened for the trumpet call that was to summon all to final judgment. Davenport, standing erect, conscious of having through life done the best that was within him, pounded with his gavel for order, then thundered forth, "Bring in the candles and let us do our work. If this is the last

day, when God comes let Him find us doing our duty."

It is well, then, for those who wish to do their duty, to their own self be true; to have clean bodies that they may be well able to bear the heat and burden of the day; to have clean minds, that they may see clearly the things of life and that they have clean hearts that they, like Davenport, fear not the trumpet call.

And now let us consider yourself. You have been placed in a position of great responsibility as head of the *Waterbury Republican* family. I have known, respected and esteemed you for many years, and I believe that you are a big man in the meaning that a man is big in his sympathies and small in his selfishness. You will appreciate that it is a desire for your welfare and the welfare of the *Republican* that leads me to write you from my heart, as I am doing in this letter.

I find that when the employer is respected there is a far greater service rendered by the employees than when he is only feared; when he is loved the heart and brain of the employees unite in pushing things that are to his best interests; when he is disliked, the effect on the work is much the same as the effects of fear and anger on the digestion.

I have said you have great responsibilities, and in the final summing up great things will be expected of you, as great opportunities were given you. You will be asked what you have done with the talents that were given you.

I know that you have higher ideals than the establishing of a great money-making newspaper; that you will not mark your success in Waterbury by the amount of profit shown on your ledger. I know you well enough to appreciate that you comprehend what the meaning of life is and that there are "results" that are never shown in the till, yet bring a solace and joy to the heart that money cannot bring.

Some time ago there was an editorial in the *Republican* to boys about the hours they should keep, the companions they should associate with, how they should employ their leisure and the respect they should give their mother. Such an editorial could only be penned by one who desired good to his fellow-men, and the



seed that was sowed in that editorial must have brought forth good fruit.

I feel that as publisher of a great daily newspaper you have at heart the welfare of your city and will do what you can to fight for its best interests; you will encourage all movements for the good of Waterbury and you will attack all things that mean evil to your fair city.

I appreciate that you feel that you are not only making a paper, but that you are making a life which inspires me to write you as I do.

It is possible for an employer to hang up a sign in his place of business directing the employees to love, honor and respect him, but were he to believe his order would be complied with, he would be entitled to a nice padded room in an asylum.

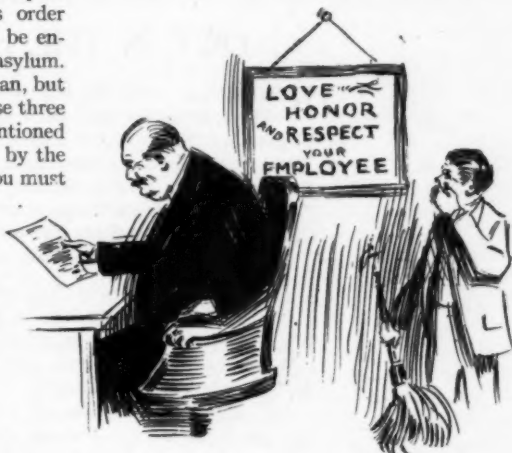
You can command the body of man, but the mind and soul are free, and these three attributes of the soul above mentioned must be won and can only be won by the deserving. It follows, then, that you must have in you the positive qualities of mind and soul which attract this trinity from those who are in daily contact with you, much as the flowers open their petals to the warm rays of the morning sun, and close again as he bids them good-night and sinks below the western hills.

What is there in an employer that these three attributes demand before they will shower their graces on him? Frankly, I can only tell you in a general way some things that have come under my observation from a service of more than forty years. I find these positive qualities are possessed by the genial man—one who has warmth and love for his fellow-men. I notice how all the beautiful flowers of the universe live and thrive in warm places. It seems to me in the heart of a genial man there is warmth for the flowers of human affections to grow.

An employer must have a sense of fairness. He has, in his relations with his employees, a giant's strength, and without a sense of fairness he has the brutality of the savage. He holds the scales and reads the measure, and if he takes advantage of the employees he kills

affections and the qualities that flow therefrom. He may have spent years in training his man, but by an act of injustice he divorces the latter more surely than any decree of human court could do. This act of injustice will have its reaction when he least expects it, and probably when he is least able to meet it.

The fair employer takes all employees at their true worth, as nearly as he can appreciate it. He is free from all traits of prejudice which come from race, religion or social standing. The man big enough in his sympathies to look upon all men as brothers never favors one of "our



own kind" at the expense of others. When a fear that such is the case creeps into the hearts of those who strive for advancement through merit, they are very likely to look somewhere else for reward. Meanwhile their services have not the value that they had.

The good employer is charitable—not only in the sense of giving to the needy, but in overlooking the frailties of human nature which are ever coming under his observation. A kindly talk, a little moral help, and sometimes a little financial help may stop a man from going to hell any day, while bitter reproaches only grease the way to make him slide down more quickly. One of the most successful employers I ever knew told me that his great secret was never to see too much

of the little failings that seem common in human nature men are heir to.

It seems to me that the rank and file have been given greater intuition than those who occupy higher places such as you who depend on the intellect for reaching conclusions. The employer who has taken some dislike to an employee and nourishes this dislike, though giving no expression to it, thinks it is hidden safe in his heart, yet he betrays it daily by his bearing and even the tone of his voice seems to shriek it to that employee. We

learn from this that it is better to "talk it over" with the employee and have a thorough understanding, thus preventing what will otherwise in the long run end in a breach that cannot be healed.

These thoughts of mine will reach you on Washington's Birthday. He won the love and respect and the confidence of the people of this country by his greatness of mind and soul. Let us hope that each of us in our own way and in our own little world imitate his good qualities as closely as we can.

Very truly yours,

## OUT IN THE HILLS

RIGHT here whar the hills draw together,  
The best o' my life has be'n spent.  
Might seem like a narrer view, rather,  
But it's showed me one big thing—content.  
In spite o' you, thar in the city  
You grow to prize things o' no worth.  
Out here nothin' matters but pity  
For the wrong that has marred the good earth.

A feller would be a poor dummy  
Who couldn't learn things on this hill,  
Whar even the chipmunks git chummy  
When they find that you ain't out to kill;  
An' the wind goes a-wanderin' over  
An' talks to the maples an' oaks;  
An' the birds an' the bees an' the clover  
Git to be like a feller's own folks.

To me you're like prisoners gropin'  
In a jail with your own make o' bars.  
You have to git out in the open  
To git a good look at the stars.  
Out here you kin feel the earth spinnin'  
Along to the ultimate goal;  
Away from your money-mad sinnin',  
A man kin develop a soul.

An' the sound o' the woodpeckers tappin'  
In the deep o' the hush-laden wood  
Makes you feel that, whatever may happen,  
You're part of a whole that is good.  
Somehow, in your sky-scrapin' towers  
You kind o' lose touch with the Plan;  
Out here, with the smells an' the flowers,  
God seems purty close to a man.

—Walter G. Doty.

# *Dining with the World's Greatest Food Scientist*

*by Bennett Chapple*

LIKE the navigator who first explores uncharted seas, the pioneer in any new field of science must move with great deliberation, marking his course and harbor channels on his chart so that, the shallow and treacherous places being plainly indicated, his successors may be able to keep the sea or make a haven with security.

Thus it has been with Eugene Christian, the pioneer in that new, important and little understood science destined to play such an important part in the life of the future. It can be said without contradiction that no living man has given more thought to the food question or better understands the science of food chemistry; he has made it his life work, studying it from every angle; his attention first directed to the important relation of diet to the world's health by his own sickness and recovery through a study of the chemistry of food and its application to his own particular case.

Seated opposite the famous scientist in one of Broadway's popular restaurants, with busy waiters passing to and fro laden with innumerable dishes, it was strange indeed to observe him calmly dining off the inside of a large baked potato, a single dish of asparagus, or perhaps it is a large Florida orange that makes up his meal. Whatever it is, it takes just as long to eat it, and you feel that he has not left the table hungry, even though your own unrestricted diet has ranged from soup to nuts.

A charming conversationalist, Dr. Christian's clear-cut ideas on diet are, to say the least, conducive to good digestion. "The natural man is a healthy man; it is disease that has to be caught," he said with a smile. "Look at this bill of fare, there are fewer than a dozen things that are really good food."

To a hungry man the statement was almost unbelievable, until he showed by swift, scientific analysis his reasons for the statement.

"Man has drifted along for many thousand years without giving any scientific attention to his eating," said the doctor. "Although he is entitled by inheritance to live two hundred years, or about eight times his period of maturity, the same as all other animals, he gives little heed to his eating until a crisis is reached.

"The threescore years and ten idea is pretty well fixed," I ventured.

"It should be the average, not the maximum age limit of man's usefulness," he replied. "But the world is advancing—twenty-five years will see a complete revolution of ideas, when physiological chemistry and food chemistry shall have been carried to the same degree of development as is industrial chemistry today. Up to the present time man has tried to put into his stomach nearly everything on the face of the earth. Man has not yet learned that, while Nature does not demand exactness in eating, the penalty of too many mistakes is trouble, which accounts for the fact that about ninety

per cent of all human disease originates in the stomach."

To prove his statement the doctor slipped a pencil from his vest pocket and drew a rough chart on the back of the bill of fare, with "superacidity" (gastric fermentation) as the "root of all stomach ills." "Correct eating, exercise and proper breathing will cure ninety per cent of our disorders, by giving Nature a chance to re-establish normal conditions," said the famous author. "For twenty years my greatest task has been to point out the fact that scientific eating does not mean difficulty, deprivation or dieting, but, on the contrary, it means simplicity, good living and delicious food. It is the same everywhere. Man begins his struggle with the food question a few hours after his birth and continues it until a few hours before his death. Every meal should be a lesson, with Nature, who never makes a mistake, as the teacher. Every symptom she gives is a true one, and she speaks in a language easily understood."

"Yes," said I, "she warns the small boy who has eaten green apples as faithfully as the millionaire with the gout."

"True, it is," agreed Dr. Christian. "Instead of studying our diet as we would our business, and balancing our food as we would our cash, we eat haphazard and entirely at random. Selecting, combining and proportioning our food to remove as well as to prevent the cause of disease will be the next great advance of science—it must come, for a truth so great cannot be hid even from the laymen."

"Suppose people should devote as little thought to the material out of which they build their houses and machines as they do to the material out of which they build up their bodies, what do you suppose the results would be?" inquired the doctor, and I had to admit that we would not have any skyscrapers or automobiles.

I had read some of Dr. Christian's earlier books and was somewhat familiar with his work for the American Press Association, and had heard it rumored around the book circles of New York that he was bringing out an Encyclopedia of Diet; therefore, I ventured the suggestion that he had made a very liberal contribu-

tion to the knowledge of scientific eating in his various books, especially in his new Encyclopedia.

"Yes," said he, "this will probably be my last work on the diet question."

"How came you to write this work and what is an Encyclopedia of Diet? Would you mind telling me something about it?" I inquired rather curiously.

"Encyclopedia of Diet," said Dr. Christian, as he folded up his napkin as carefully as he would close a book, "is merely a detailed account of all scientific food theories that have been proven true, and all of the information that I have gained during my practice as a food scientist. As you probably know," continued the author, "I was educated for a physician, but I received no instructions in regard to eating or the effect of food upon the body. Somehow, medicine did not appeal to me, so upon leaving college, I entered commercial pursuits, and after a few years of the average strenuous life, I had a nervous breakdown. I naturally went to my brother doctors for help, but after several years' treatment my case was diagnosed as stomach cancer, caused by chronic hyperacidity, and I was advised to go to a farm, presumably to die. This was in the month of May.

"I went to the farm, and after observing carefully the habits of the domestic animals, and the simplicity of their mode of living and especially their robust overflowing energy and life, I was led into a new field of thought. My studies began in earnest, and all my experiments were made directly upon myself.

"To study food chemistry and physiological chemistry in the woods," continued the doctor, "is rather a difficult problem, as you may well understand; so I wrote to the leading libraries and other book concerns throughout the United States and England for some treatise upon these subjects, that is, some treatise that would teach me how to unite these two branches of science; that is, how to select, combine and proportion my food according to my age, occupation, time of the year and such symptoms as one might be afflicted with; but to my amazement, I found that there was no work in print on these subjects. The great scientists, doctors and investi-



DR. EUGENE CHRISTIAN

The famous New York food scientist whose forthcoming "Encyclopedia of Diet" is a comprehensive treatise in five volumes on the adaptation of food to the chemical needs of the body, thus overcoming disease and giving to mankind the boon of health, happiness and long life. Dr. Christian is the pioneer in this new field of science, and has devoted many years of research and study to the development of his ideas. He predicts a complete revolution in prevailing habits of eating and drinking, and best of all, the doctor consistently practices what he preaches. His work has been heartily endorsed by the American Press Association.



gators seem to have forgotten the food question entirely.

"Thrown upon my own resources, my work began. Without going into a lengthy description of my ups and downs, I will say that within nine months I had gained about forty pounds in weight, and so far as pain was concerned, I felt that I was cured.

"Having been trained to keep a strict account of both treatment and symptoms, I made a record of my case from the very beginning. I left the farm the following winter and took up the study of food chemistry and physiological chemistry, and entered the practice of food science purely for the love of it.

"The practice, you will understand, was the third link in the chain. First, it was necessary to understand the chemistry of food; second, the chemistry of the body; and third, how to unite these two branches of science so as to produce certain definite results.

"I was constantly amazed at what could be done with foods. The work being new, it seemed to attract considerable attention. Some of the most distinguished people in the country came to me to investigate my methods and to seek advice concerning their health, and with success in every case where my instructions were followed.

"My work also attracted the attention of the newspapers. They first made sport of it, then they became serious and later they sought articles from other sources upon the same subject; thus the system of treating disease by scientific eating became generally accepted as a fact.

"How do you get along with your brother physicians without a degree?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, the doctors of course opposed my work in the beginning. We had a lively law suit, but the Supreme Court of the state of New York decided unanimously in my favor, therefore the right to practice as a food scientist was permanently established," replied the author.

"After my little tilt with the doctors, the business seemed to grow immensely. I had thousands of letters from suffering people, mothers, nurses and even doctors, especially those of the drugless class, asking how they could learn to practice

Scientific Eating. Mothers wanted to know how to feed the family, many earnest doctors wanted to know how to prescribe for their patients; while thousands of suffering people merely wanted to know how to prescribe for themselves.

"All of this correspondence boiled down seemed to proclaim that people instinctively know that most of their trouble is caused by wrong eating and drinking, but there was no one to point out their mistakes and guide them aright.

"This correspondence opened up a new field. It was obvious that at best I could prescribe for but a few thousand people a year, while, if I could write a treatise, conveying to the world the information I had gained, it might reach millions of people, save lives and relieve untold human suffering. This was about eight years ago. I began at once to write a series of lessons, laying out the principal chemical elements that compose the human body and the principal elements that compose the best human food, and then giving in the plainest possible language the system of selecting such food as would meet the requirements of the body under the varying conditions of age, occupation, time of the year and the various disorders caused by wrong eating.

"Had I known the magnitude of the task I was undertaking, I might have abandoned it; but once in the harness there was no turning back. It took me more than two years to complete this course of lessons. They were offered to the public and eagerly purchased by hundreds of earnest people in every walk of life.

"After I had treated something over 20,000 people, keeping an accurate record of both the disorders and the symptoms of every case, also the effects of each diet prescribed, and with this vast amount of clinical experience to draw upon, I began to correlate and compile the 'Encyclopedia of Diet,' preparatory to putting it into book form.

"I made a trip abroad and visited the greatest scientists in Europe for the purpose of learning more about the chemistry of food and the chemistry of the body, and especially about metabolism, that is, all the changes food undergoes from the time it is eaten until it is passed out of-

the body as waste or has been stored up as energy.

"Having correlated the chemistry of the body and the chemistry of food in these lessons, I began to watch with infinite care the results of my theories. Everyone of them had to undergo the 'acid test.' They were *proven* either true or false. If there was the least doubt concerning any plan, it was discarded, for there was more truth in sight than I could possibly incorporate in my books. My practice enabled me to refine and prove my theories as nothing else could have done.

"After the lessons were complete, it occurred to me that my practical experience, that is, the thousands of menus that had been prescribed, that had proven successful, should be added to this course of lessons. The lessons constituted the theoretical work while the menus constituted the practical—the actual results that had been obtained. If a person does not have time to study the lessons, that is, the scientific side of the question, they can turn at once to the menus and there they will find the menu that produced a particular result in thousands of cases of stomach, intestinal and sympathetic disorders. Every menu in this work was selected because it had relieved some form of human suffering."

"You evidently do not believe in the drug theory of curing the diseased," I suggested.

"I have nothing to say about the system of drug medication," replied the author thoughtfully. "All I claim is, that nearly all human diseases are mere expressions of violated natural law. Nature never contemplated disease, therefore she has provided no cures in the common acceptance of the term. The true system of curing disease lies in removing causes, thus giving Nature a chance to restore normal conditions.

"In the 'Encyclopedia of Diet' I have merely laid out the natural laws of human nutrition as proved by experience. When these laws are followed, health can be maintained and the primary causes of a vast amount of disease can be removed."

As he finished, and we pushed back our chairs from the table, I felt that I had been introduced by the author to a wonderful work—the "Encyclopedia of Diet"—full of great possibilities for the future of the human race, and the wonder grew that the world had not "stopped, looked and listened" for this teaching in the past. I had voyaged with the pioneer mariner, through the uncharted seas of food science, with the dinner table as a boat.

## SUCCESS

NO mortal yet has measured his full force.  
 It is a river rising in God's thought  
 And emptying in the soul of man. Go back,  
 Back to the Source, and find divinity.  
 Forget the narrow borders, and ignore  
 The rocks and chasms which obstruct the way.  
 Remember the beginning. Man may be  
 And do the thing he wishes if he keeps  
 That one thought dominant through night and day,  
 And knows his strength is limitless because  
 Its Fountainhead is God. That mighty stream  
 Shall bear upon its breast, like golden fleets,  
 His hopes, his efforts and his purposes,  
 To anchor in the harbor of Success.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power."

# Mexico

& and the

## Peter MacQueen Revolution

F. R. G. S.

FROM Cortez and Montezuma to Maximilian and Benito Juarez; from Porfirio Diaz and Francisco Madero to Victoriano Huerta and Pancho Villa, Mexico has been the sport and prey of sinister accident and angry circumstance. The Aztecs, whom the Spaniards found in Mexico four hundred years ago, had reached a high state of semi-civilized organization. Montezuma had his standing army, his lofty *teocallis*, his superb and shining gardens, and even his well-organized parcel post that brought him fresh fish from Vera Cruz to Tenochtitlan (Mexico City). But with all the advance toward civilized conditions, the Aztec people of this land were cruel beyond belief. The most terrible relic of antiquity I have ever seen is the "stone of human sacrifice" in the National Museum at Mexico, on which, historians tell us, no less than twenty thousand young men every year were slaughtered in sacrifices to the god of war. Yea, the Aztecs themselves told Cortez that during the first year after this stone of immolation was installed in their great capital, more than eighty-six thousand of the flower of Mexico were laid upon the cruel altar, their hearts cut out and held up bleeding, to propitiate the god Huitzilopochtli. This ferocious religion, grotesque, wicked and bizarre, was unfit even to be shrieked out by a murderous maniac in a madhouse. For note: Huitzilopochtli means "the humming-bird"—a tiny bunch of tuneful feathers smitten by the sun—for the priests

said the humming-bird revealed to them the will of God. -Accursed lies! for not the fierce puma or the poisonous *ser-de-lance* could ever suggest the fiendish butcheries of the priesthood of Anahuac.

The meeting of the Spaniard and the Aztec was the meeting of two angry tides in a maelstrom, for the Spaniard superimposed ferocity upon the cruelty of the Aztec. Thus ferocity and cruelty for four hundred years have marked the bloody drama of Mexican history. For three hundred years Mexico was ruled by the rapacious viceroys of old Spain. Then, under the guise of "liberty, equality, justice," followed the long line of dictators, who have led their tortured land into the shocking condition we witness today. Mexico, though a republic since 1821, with a constitution which reads almost word for word like our own, has never had a really free government.

The average Mexican today is not as intelligent as his Aztec forefathers. Out of a population of fifteen millions, twelve millions can neither read nor write. This is worse than Russia in the days before Peter the Great. The peons of Mexico are either Aztec Indians or half-breed Spanish and Aztec. The half-breed Spaniard, whether in Cuba, South America or the Philippines, never amounted to anything. He is worse in Mexico. He is the curse of God on Spanish misrule. In the conquest of Mexico and Peru, the Spaniards killed millions of the natives in less than fifty years. They slaughtered the

best of the races they wished to subdue—completely annihilated a civilization that was more advanced in many ways than that of Europe. The worst and weakest people they had conquered were permitted to live and perpetuate the race. The revenge of Nature was both quick and effective. Even the triumphant conquistadores became degraded in the general disintegration. Themselves not the noblest or most cultivated specimens of Castilian parentage, the new race derived from a blending of unprincipled adventurer with sullen vassal could hardly be one of fine

Poor benighted peon: sweating in the coffee-field, the rubber camp or fetid mine—not born into the world, but damned into it—what has he to do with liberty? For him, under any Mexican regime, there has been nothing but ignorance and fear, nothing but work and want. He possesses not the vaguest idea of how to develop the rich resources of his country, or to give it dignity among the nations, even if the right and power should be put into his hands. And yet he loves his native land with an inveterate love, and hates with furious hatred the foreigner who



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THE PRESIDENTIAL GUARD OF PRESIDENT HUERTA OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC

character. All the bad qualities of each ancestral type appeared in the mixed race.

Nearly all of the many revolts against Spanish rule in the Latin-American countries have been engendered by some of these people, who have part Indian blood in their veins. And Spain was finally torn from her seat of power by the skeleton fingers of the women and the children she had starved. Mexico, like each of her other colonies, became a grotesque impossibility among the nations of the world. More melancholy still, Mexico sank so low that it never has been able to uplift itself, as most of the once Spanish colonies have done.

might attempt to diminish the ancestral territory or to alter its civil status, showing a willingness to die in its defence that expands into patriotism, when displayed by more enlightened peoples. It is this strange zeal, this volcanic fanaticism, which has made Mexico's story possible.

My last visit to Mexico was during the commencement of the present troubles. On a ride from Laredo to Mexico City, the train was held up seven times, sometimes by federals, sometimes by rebels. Villa was just coming into prominence, and the war had not degenerated into its present truculent aspect. We were fired upon several times both by federals and

rebels, and a bullet came through the car in which I was riding. An extra guard was put upon the train, a guard of federal troops. The soldiers were evidently under good military training. Every wheel and

at the beginning of the present outbreak, it was evident to me at the time, by the disturbed mentality of the people, through whose country we passed, that this was not a vulgar revolt or revolution, but an epoch-making uprising of a nation calling for justice.

To understand the basis of the troubles in Mexico, it may be necessary to recall a few of the leading facts in the history of that country since the white man came. When Cortez overthrew the empire of Montezuma, he gained control of ten millions of the Toltec and Aztec races. These races apparently came from Asia by Behring Strait, in prehistoric times. They built pyramids that remind us of Egypt, and temples that recall Mount Zion. But in bloodthirstiness they excelled the Spaniards, and they took the crown of cruelty from the head of the inglorious Turk. So that, despite their conquest by the Spaniard, their fate was, perhaps, no worse than it had been under Montezuma. The noble Franciscan and Dominican monks, who followed closely upon Cortez, devoted their lives to the spiritual welfare of the Mexicans. And though the so-called clerical parties in Mexico have often developed into rapacious partisans, no sane historian can doubt that the Christian churches established in Mexico contributed immensely more to the welfare of the nation than the blood-stained altars of the Aztec emperors. For three hundred years, Mexico was ruled by the viceroys of Spain. Some of them were noble and discerning men, but too often they were mere money-grabbers, who disgraced the great name of fair Castile.

At last, in 1810, a noble priest, Hidalgo, a full-blooded Spaniard, raised the standard of revolt against the power and fury of Spain. And though a hundred thousand rallied to the banner of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," yet Hidalgo was easily defeated and quickly captured. He was executed in front of his own church at Chihuahua. His head was placed upon a pole and left to rot and wither in the sun. But within ten years of his death, the Spanish flag was pulled down forever from the bright sky of New Spain.

In 1821 Mexico began to work out her destiny through the slow and painful years.



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A LOVELY SENORITA OF PUEBLO, MEXICO

axle and car were carefully examined. An engine was sent ahead to look out for bombs and broken bridges. Between Monterey and Saltillo, the rebels attacked the train, and I was informed by the officials of the government that thirty-seven men were killed in warding off the attack. The Mexican crowd at the stations was a self-restrained one, and my first impressions of the people were very good. The country on either side of us was arid and covered with mesquite and scrubby palms. With irrigation, it would glow like the vales of Escalon. The air was clear and invigorating. My companions on this journey in the Pullman cars were largely American business men; on the day-coaches they were Mexican peons and some Spaniards. This road, I understand, is much more broken and unsafe than it was a year ago. Though affairs in Mexico have assumed a much more sinister look than they had



Iturbide was proclaimed Augustus the First, Emperor of Mexico. But he soon lost his hold, and his cruelties and inconsistencies forced him into exile. He had the temerity to return, and was captured and executed. Next came Santa Anna, with a constitution very much like that of the United States, but without religious freedom. He was the inglorious despot who massacred the six surviving Americans after the Battle of the Alamo. Later, when he was captured by Sam Houston, and again, when he was defeated by the Americans in 1846, he was treated with great consideration. He was finally deposed in 1855 because of his attachment to the Church party.

Then arose Benito Juarez, one of the purest patriots that Mexico has had in her troubled history. He had been the secretary of Santa Anna, and in his time slavery was abolished and freedom of religion and of the press were established. The property of the church, valued at two hundred million dollars, was nationalized and the army was subordinated to the civil power. Juarez gained control of the government in 1861, and proclaimed the famous Reform Laws, that stood for the separation of church and state, and forbade congress to pass any laws establishing or prohibiting religion. Clerical vestments and religious processions were abolished. Gifts of real estate to the church were made unlawful. Monastic orders were suppressed and the Jesuits expelled. Marriage was made a civil contract. The church party was, of course, aroused. They waited until the United States was busy with Civil War, and then connived at placing Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria, on the throne. Napoleon the Third of France backed up this unholy alliance from 1864-67. At the close of our civil war, Secretary Seward sent word to Napoleon III that the French army must be withdrawn from Mexico. The French withdrew. Our government had protested in 1864, but we could spare no army to back up the protest. In 1867 we had a united country and a million armed men. This is probably why the French withdrew. Maximilian was finally captured by Juarez at Queretaro and was shot as a warning to all of the European nations

who had intervened in Mexican affairs.

Juarez was elected in 1867 and again in 1871. He proposed granting citizenship to the priests, and this aroused the suspicion of the nation that he was in favor



A MEXICAN WOMAN OF THE PEON CLASS

of the church party. Therefore Porfirio Diaz of Oaxaca, a townsman of Juarez, who had been an officer in the latter's army, headed a revolution which, in 1876, brought him into the presidency. Diaz was himself a Catholic in private life. But as president, he established religious freedom and encouraged the work of American missionaries in Mexico, evidently believing that a wholesome mixture of all denominations in religion was best for the problems of his country. But Diaz was a man of blood and iron. Under the banner of constitutional liberty, he stood up to his elbows in blood. It is said he killed off all his enemies, and many whom he only suspected of being his enemies. He gave away the most valuable concessions in Mexico to Europeans and Americans. But he stood by his contracts and protected the interests of foreigners.

It is declared that at the present time, forty-nine per cent of the resources of Mexico belong to Americans. A hundred thousand of our countrymen are interested in the stability of this republic. The holdings of the English, Germans, French and Spanish are enormous. It is easy to prate about the iniquity of giving the country to foreigners, but it is well not to forget that without these foreigners there is no evidence that Mexico could develop at all. The world does not belong to the men who stand upon it; it belongs to the strong, the active and the well-prepared. I speak for

When Porfirio Diaz opened public schools, people didn't want to go to school. Public opinion would not enforce universal compulsory education. After four centuries of blight and oppression, the nerve centers of individuality and personal ambition seemed to be dead. A race is left without a star of hope. The future seems for them to have no dawn. Such is the damnable outcome of oppression and injustice. The Spanish government was a spectre vampire of the night. Upon the back of industry it laid the whip; upon the brains it riveted the fetters of ignorance. Spanish ferocity



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MEXICAN CHILDREN AT QUERETARO—VERY POOR BUT NOT BADLY OFF BECAUSE THE CLIMATE IS SO MILD

Americans in Mexico, and I know that everywhere they have stood for science and progress and prosperity in the land. They have raised the pay of the peons from thirty-seven cents a day to a dollar and fifty cents in silver. They have built the railways and developed the mines. They have cut the forests and planted the fields. The same may be said especially of the English and Germans. No man, at so late a day, should grieve over the development of Mexico by foreign capital and foreign men. The thing to sadden thoughtful men in Mexico is that the nation itself seems to have lost its grip. Ninety people in a hundred can neither read nor write.

and Aztec cruelty were united, and lo, these are the fruits of their alliance.

As to Porfirio Diaz. He came into power by the usual process of murder and treachery. Every time he was elected president, he made it appear that he had received a unanimous vote. He hired brigands for soldiers. He silenced criticism. Bright, independent spirits were either banished, sent to prison, or shot against the wall. He made a lot of money out of his Mexican business. He established the infamous "fugitive" law. He was not a wise ruler, but a dictator and a despot. He was ferocious in war, and unwise in peace. Anyone could have told ten years ago that Mexico

was on the edge of a volcano. The tyrants of ancient Syracuse, the podestas of mediaeval Italy, the sultans of Persia, the czars of Russia, have lived and apparently flourished; but the despot is a vampire who must always have fresh blood. A tyrant has never, in the history of mankind, furnished one genuinely good government. This is the unconquerable belief of every true American.

Hence, when Madero raised a revolution against Diaz, in 1910, the American people instinctively knew that Madero was right. English and American syndicates might furnish money for one side or the other, but the people of Mexico were not fighting for English or American syndicates. They were fighting then, they are fighting now, the inevitable conflict of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is a war, savage, belligerent, truculent. It is the debased and crushed mind of the Aztec rising against the power, privilege and pelf of the old rulers. It is a combination of a bar-room brawl and of Thermopylae.

Francisco I. Madero, a young aristocrat, a millionaire, a vegetarian, an idealist, a spiritualist, a dreamer of dreams, appears to have been the cleanest man in Mexican history. He preached for five years to the peons about their wrongs. Into the sodden brains of a decrepit and forgotten race came gleams of renaissance. He made them see their glorious forefathers who built the temples of Mitla and Yucatan, and swept the proud chivalry of Spain into the ditch on the Triste Noche, at the Vega Canal. And then he told them of their lands wrested from them by the governors of states and territories. The peons could neither read nor write; they had no title-deeds to their lands. The great families, the Creels, the Prietas, the Terrazas, have absorbed the patrimony of a thousand years. I myself was shown a farm which, I was told on good authority, stretched a hundred miles in every direction. By the seizure of the lands, millions of people were reduced to practical slavery. Madero promised to give them back their lands. I think he was sincere. He was the only really elected president in the history of Mexico, but even then only twenty thousand votes were cast out of a population of fifteen million. But even

that twenty thousand votes was the mustard seed of the planting of a genuine republic.

Madero became president. I think he tried honestly to effect reforms in the land tenure of Mexico. But the wrongs of four hundred years cannot be righted in a week. The poor ignorant peons became impatient. They were as clay in the hands of stronger men. Zapata threw the gauntlet down to the government, as also did Felix Diaz and Bernardo Reyes. The revolution of February, 1913, is well known to all. Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief for President Madero, fought the revolutionists for a week, but finally turned his arms against Madero himself and allowed him to be murdered. He then drove out Felix Diaz. Reyes was killed in the battle, and Huerta seized the reins of power.

Zapata kept on fighting. He is just a plain bandit and cut-throat, and needs to be wiped out like a venomous snake. In the north, Venustiano Carranza raised the standard of revolt against Huerta, the usurper. In the army of Carranza was a young lieutenant of Madero. His name, Francisco Villa. His sister had been carried off by a Spanish libertine. Villa pursued him, forced the Spaniard to marry the wronged girl, slew him after the ceremony, and fleeing to the mountains, became a bandit. Madero determined to give him a chance, and he rose rapidly in the army. After Madero's death, Carranza made Villa the commander-in-chief of his forces. Carranza is a combination of Epictetus, Mayor Gaynor and Christian DeWet. The whole character of Carranza is not quite apparent as yet. As a constitutional president, he might be satisfactory to the United States and Europe.

The constitutionalist states are in the north of Mexico. These are Sonora, Lower California, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nueva Leon and Tamaulipas. They are mountainous and ideal territory for guerilla war. Also they are near the United States, whence come ideas and gunpowder. Moreover, in running away it is easy for the defeated to get into neutral territory.

Villa has won battles—Juarez, Ojinaja, Chihuahua and Torreon. But are these really victories? He seems to have the



YOUNG TOLTEC MAIDEN

same ideas as the old Indian Huerta,—kill all the enemies you can get your hands upon; if prisoners of war, so much the easier. Huerta and Villa are both Aztecs. The Aztec conquerors sacrificed their prisoners to their great god of war. The old echoes are long in dying out. They say human nature has not improved one iota since the building of the first pyramid. Villa may have great lines of character. Huerta is plainly a strong man, full of resource—a bad man, but certainly a bold one who can be tactful when emer-

mistake not, was in the cabinet of Madero. They both seem to stand high in the favor of the Mexican people. Could not one of these men be elected president by the consent of both parties, and with guarantees of constitutional government, not only to the Mexican nation itself but to all the other civilized nations of the world? This might bring order out of chaos and promote real democratic government in Mexico.

One most impressive fact does stand prominently out in the Mexican embroglio; and that is, the confidence placed in the



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THE VIGA CANAL, DOWN WHICH CORKEY CAME

gencies demand. These two will one day come to a death grapple. Will our government then be willing to appeal to both Huerta and the constitutionalists to listen to the voice of reason before their country is utterly wasted? To make an effective appeal, our government must be prepared to moderate its tone towards Huerta and to elevate its tone towards Villa and others of his class.

There are two distinguished Mexicans that I know, and that have been favorably received by the United States and Europe. One is Senor Limantour, the famous financier who was in the cabinet of Diaz. The other is Senor De la Barra, who, if I

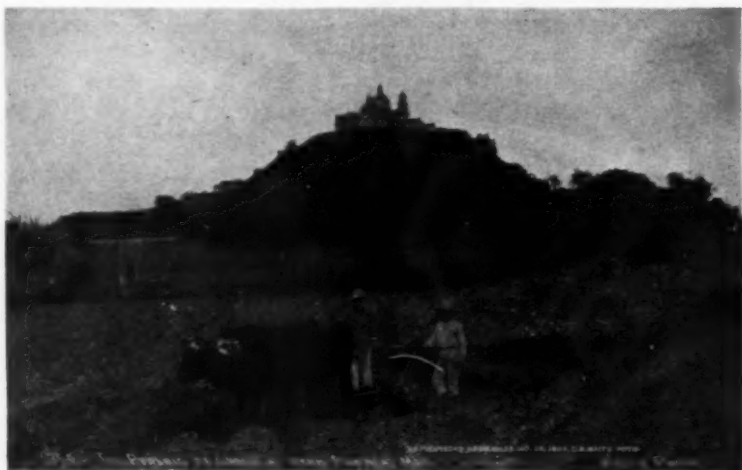
policy of President Wilson both by the United States and Great Britain. Our president does not desire this country to conquer one foot of alien territory. He is deeply versed in history and psychology. He is undoubtedly a man of noble character and great intellectual acumen; and is backed by the most powerful and intelligent element in our country. With splendid magnanimity he has kept the United States out of war or intervention. If intervention is finally forced upon him by the utter destruction of law and order in Mexico, he will at least have proved to the most skeptic that he is not a meddler nor a bully in foreign affairs.



The superb territory of Mexico, four times as large as France, is capable of being the home of fifty million contented and prosperous people. It has twenty-seven states and three territories, and in every state and territory, except Tabasco, there are mines. (In Tabasco is still manufactured the famous sauce that Montezuma served to Cortez on thirty different dishes at his banquet, one course of which was of human flesh—a delicate fricassee of spring baby!) Mexico is said to have the largest silver mine in the world,

abundant dark hair, lovely arms and exquisite hands and feet. The Indian women sometimes have a perfect figure, glowing complexion and teeth as white as snow. Among the high classes, the early fading of their beauty, I was told, is due to want of exercise and a meat diet three times a day, with sweetmeats and Chili at frequent intervals.

Among the splendid Mexican women of our time is Senora Diaz, the wife of the old president. She was at one time supposed to be the most beautiful woman in



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CATHEDRAL ON TOP OF THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA, MEXICO

the largest gold mine in the world, and the largest iron mine in the solar system. The iron mine is at Durango and has six hundred million tons of iron. There are twenty-one thousand mines and six hundred thousand miners in times of peace. Four-fifths of the country is five thousand feet above the sea, and has a climate of perpetual summer. It is the real El Dorado of which the Spaniards dreamed.

A word ought to be said about the Mexican women. My first impression was that they were lacking in beauty. But on a closer inspection, it was evident that beautiful types are found in all the castes. This beauty consists in superb black eyes,

Mexico and one of the best women in the world. Her given name is Carmen, but the common people called her Carmelita, a pet name for "Carmen." Her carriage could be seen every day leaving the almost regal gardens of Chapultepec Castle, driving down to the orphan asylums and the institutions of charity. She was interested in everything that concerned the welfare of the women and children of the capital. The people used to throw roses into her carriage as she passed. The wise critics said she was trying to conciliate the church, which had been alienated by the stern edicts of her husband. "They say—what do they say?—let them say."

The principal cities of Mexico have advanced to quite a high degree of civilization. For example, the city of Monterey has as fine a street-car system and water supply as any city in North America. These were put in by the Canadians. In the south, the city of Oaxaca, with forty thousand inhabitants, has a cathedral that cost five million dollars more than St. Paul's in London. The city of Puebla, with one hundred thousand inhabitants, lies at the foot of the great volcano Popocatepetl, from whose saltpetre deposits

most beautiful city in North America. It has great boulevards, imposing hotels, lofty cathedrals, palaces and banks, an eight million dollar opera house; and all around it are the saffron-colored hills. It is said that a hundred thousand carloads of pulque a day are drunk by the people in Mexico City alone. I tasted some of this stuff, and it seemed to me like a mucilaginous catastrophe, but to the Mexicanos it is the nectar of the high gods. It is made from the juice of the century plant, or American aloe. A Mexican peon,



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WOODEN OX-CART IN MEXICO; A TYPICAL PEON OF THE FARMER OR WORKING CLASS

Cortez made the powder with which he conquered Mexico. The small town of Cuernavaca has the ideal climate of the world. Guadalajara and Guanajato are well known to American travelers in the republic. Tampico and Vera Cruz have become the common words of our day; and Vera Cruz was the famous harbor where Cortez sank his ships, that his men might not return to Spain until they had marched two hundred and sixty-seven miles and captured the city of Mexico.

Mexico, the capital of the republic, seventy-three hundred feet above the sea, with five hundred thousand inhabitants, is, with the exception of Washington, the

if he can have a cigarette, a banana and a glass of pulque, considers himself a happy and a fortunate man. It is astounding the load that a Mexican can carry on his back after such a frugal repast. I have actually seen a peon carrying a piano.

These people of the Mexican race, in spite of their blighted mentality and sodden lives, may yet survive to be a mighty nation. Their forefathers must have had powerful intellects to build the cities of Mitla and of Yucatan. It seems impossible to believe that fifteen million people should be thrown away. Nature is wasteful enough, but she has never been accused of being a maniac mother who murders her

own babes. I can think of no greater army for the invasion of Mexico than fifty thousand American school teachers. Our instructors in the Philippines and at Panama and Porto Rico have won the most notable victories thus far gained in the twentieth century. I make no doubt that if intervention is ever forced upon Uncle Sam, the school teacher will be the principal artillery he will use against this defenceless race.\*

And this suggests to me a good solution of our intervention in Mexico, if chaos finally comes. I should think a voluntary receivership might be established, say, for thirty years. Self-government is extremely difficult even for the most highly developed communities. Some of our own states are far from perfect in this regard. Mexico needs reconstruction much on the plan

\*Since this paragraph was written Senors Suarez, Da Gama and Naon, representing Argentine, Brazil and Chili, have offered to mediate in behalf of their respective governments. The offer was accepted by President Wilson. I was greatly interested to see that their first suggestion was a temporary government of Mexico by a commission something like what I had already suggested. The mediation by the A. B. C. republics is a new epoch in the history of the two Americas.

used by the United States for the temporary organization of Cuba. It does not of necessity need Americans to do the work, but it needs a guarantee of stability and protection, while a picked group of Mexicans are reconstructing the institutions of their country. There are plenty of untouched resources in Mexico to pay the bills. But taxation must be reformed, lands subdivided, education diffused, agriculture made scientific. Order and justice must be assured; the public health must be dealt with as in the Canal Zone. Administration in every direction must be made honest; resources must be conserved and developed; as good opportunities for development and progress must be guaranteed as we have given the Filipinos. And if, at the end of thirty years, not one Mexican desired longer an American administration of their affairs, that would be the surest test of our triumphant success; for it would show that we had not crushed the people and that we had conserved their highest national consciousness.

## THE FIRE DIVINE

WHO goes with song behind the plow  
Turning all day the soil  
With bird that builds upon the bough  
He shares the joy of toil.

Who works with glee in the red glare  
Of forge or furnace flame,  
Has healthfulness and strength to spare  
Tho' lacking wealth and fame.

Who sweeps a room with right good cheer  
Or weeds a garden close—  
Fate's insolence need never fear  
Companioned of the rose.

Who builds a mousetrap or a song  
Shaping with frenzy fine,  
He has a joy both sure and long—  
He has the fire divine!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

# A Passage at Arms

## in the Another Senate Old-Fashioned Debate

AS long ago as the era of the McKinley administration a third Assistant Postmaster-General, Joseph L. Bristow, began to help to make history. The Senator from Kansas who has of recent years enlivened the Congressional Record with trenchant debate is the same aggressive, forceful and hustling Joe Bristow. The intrepid spirit of investigation, of keen satire suggesting John J. Ingalls—in short, the characteristic dauntless Kansas spirit still lives in Senator Bristow. Tall in stature, somewhat stooped, with piercing black eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles astride his nose—he is one of the figures in the Senate easily recognized by the visitor. There is scarcely a debate in which he participates that the colloquy is not lively and persistent. In his notable speech on rates on sugar he spoke “as one having authority,” having examined the sugar tariffs of forty-five nations, but his amendments and comments do not always deal with sugar and flour. When it comes to facts and figures Senator Bristow revels in them and during midsummer a duel with Senator Johnson of Maine occurred over the proposed duty on potato dextrine, in which he declared the bill an unwarranted discrimination against American producers—especially the farmers of the West.

MR. BRISTOW. Mr. President, I desire now to renew the question I asked the Senator in charge of the bill before the last amendment was disposed of. That is, Why was the duty fixed at a cent and a half per pound on dextrine made from potato starch or potato flour?

MR. JOHNSON of Maine. Mr. President, the evidence before us satisfied us that the cost of making potato starch is greater than that of making the other kinds of starch, and also that there is a good deal of competition in the manufacture of potato starch. It is not a starch that is used for food. It is a starch that is largely used by the textile manufacturers, particularly the cotton manufacturers, in starching their goods. It differs from cornstarch and the other kinds of starch. The importations under the present rate of one and one-half cents per pound are quite large. I have forgotten just what they are.

MR. BRISTOW. I understand, then, that in fixing the duty the Senator took into consideration the cost of producing this starch. Was that the attitude of the committee?

MR. JOHNSON of Maine. The duty was fixed in the first instance by the Ways and Means Committee. The bill came to us with a duty of 1 cent per pound upon potato starch and one-half cent per pound upon the other kinds of starch. Upon reading the discussion in the House and also before the Ways and Means Committee, the testimony seemed to be sufficient to warrant that distinction in the duty; and the committee felt that the Ways and Means Committee had acted wisely in making that distinction.

MR. BRISTOW. Yes. I have not gone into the question as to whether or not a cent and a half protection on the dextrine made from potato starch is necessary. The point that has attracted my attention is the discrimination. In the present law there is no differential in favor of the dextrine starch, and farmers have the benefit of a duty of twenty-five cents per bushel on the potatoes from which these products are made. Now, if the duty of a cent a pound on starch is an advantage to the manufacturer of potato starch and enables him to sell his product in the American market for more money than

otherwise he could sell it for, if it protects him from destructive foreign competition, which the Senator indicates it is necessary to do, if such a duty is necessary and is not excessive, I am not going to object to it.

#### TO TREAT THE FARMER RIGHT

*If the purpose of imposing duty on starch that is made from the potatoes is to increase the price of the commodity so that the manufacturers may get a better price for what they manufacture, I want to know why it is not fair and just to impose a duty on the potatoes which the farmer produces and sells to the manufacturer, who converts those potatoes into the starch and the dextrine. Is it not just to treat the farmer from the same point of view and apply to his labor and to his production the same law and the same principle?*

I have not taken up that phase of it to see whether it is or not. But if the purpose of imposing the duty on starch that is made from the potatoes is to increase the price of the commodity so that the manufacturers may get a better price for what they manufacture, I want to know why it is not fair and just to impose a duty on the potatoes which the farmer produces and sells to the manufacturer, who converts those potatoes into the starch and dextrine. Is it not just to treat the farmer from the same point of view and apply to his labor and to his production the same law and the same principle?

MR. JOHNSON of Maine. Mr. President, it seems to me we are entering upon another field of discussion in that matter. We will reach that when we reach the agricultural schedule, but here when we are dealing with dextrine made from different kinds of starch the question which the Senator raises is aside and does not at present concern the Senate in its consideration of this schedule.

MR. BRISTOW. As I said last night, the thing I am complaining of in regard to this bill is its absolute injustice; its indefensible discrimination against certain industries in the United States. Here is a plain illustration of it.

I will say to the Senator from Maine if he will look it up I think he will find I am right in this. If not, the figures can be readily at hand. There have been greater importations of potatoes in the United States during recent years than of either dextrine or starch.

MR. BRISTOW. I appreciate all the disadvantages which the Senator from Maine has narrated that are imposed by nature and conditions upon the American farmer, but it seems to me, struggling as he does against such adverse conditions that are beyond his control, it comes with poor grace to take from him—

MR. JOHNSON of Maine. Mr. President—  
MR. BRISTOW. Will the Senator pardon me? That advantage is now given him. He is now placed on an equality with the manufacturers, who take his product and transform into it a commodity which they sell to the American people. He certainly has a right to the same consideration from Congress as the factories which take and handle the product. When you put a duty of a cent and a cent and a half a pound upon the starch and the dextrine that is made from the potatoes, he has a right to ask that you treat him according to the same rules and apply to him the same methods in legislation.

Senator Bristow's sarcastic exclamations of "ah" occurring in the debate at certain junctures are a distinctive punctuation mark. His conviction that the Underwood bill is a sectional measure always roused his fighting qualities, and his discussion of civil service at the time of the flood-tide of presidential appointments—an ever-recurring incident of each new administration—was delivered on schedule time.

MR. BRISTOW. Mr. President, the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Shively] undertook to create the impression, as I infer from what he has said, that the covering of Federal employees into the civil service by executive order has resulted in hundreds of thousands of Republicans being now in the service who would not be there if the civil-service law had been properly administered. The Senator from Indiana ought to know that it has been the custom of the Presidents for a generation, at least since the civil-service law was enacted, to extend it. Provision was made in the law for its extension by Executive order.

MR. GALLINGER. In a separate law.

MR. BRISTOW. And when it is extended by Executive order it covers all those who are then employed and are affected by the

#### IS CIVIL SERVICE PARTISAN?

*To endeavor to create the impression by remarks here that the civil service had been made partisan is an unjust reflection upon the Executives of the past, as well as upon the administration of the Civil Service Commission.*

order. Mr. Cleveland, when he was President, extended it very largely, and his example has been followed by the Presidents who have succeeded him. In one order issued a few months before Mr. Cleveland retired from the Presidency, he covered into the service thousands of men who had been appointed upon political recommendation without examination. I do not complain of that;



that was the method that was established by the Congress for extending the civil service. Other Presidents who have followed him have extended the law and covered in members of their own political parties. To endeavor to create the impression by remarks here that the civil service had been made partisan is an unjust reflection upon the Executives of the past, as well as upon the administration of the Civil Service Commission.

MR. JAMES. I should like to ask the Senator from Kansas if he can state the exact date when President Taft covered into the civil service about thirty thousand fourth-class postmasters.

MR. BRISTOW. I do not care to state the date he did it.

MR. JAMES. Does the Senator approve it? MR. BRISTOW. Of course I approve it.

MR. JAMES. Does he approve the covering in of all the fourth-class postmasters throughout the Southern States who robbed Roosevelt of the Republican nomination for President?

MR. BRISTOW. That has nothing to do with this question before us now.

MR. JAMES. That is a fact, nevertheless.

MR. BRISTOW. I do not care whether it is a fact or not. What has that got to do with the civil service provision we are discussing?

MR. JAMES. I know the Senator does not care whether or not it is a fact. That is the reason I brought it out.

MR. OVERMAN. Can the Senator from Kansas tell me, when Mr. Cleveland went out of office and his successor came in, how many thousand who had been covered into the civil service by Mr. Cleveland were turned out of office by his successor?

MR. BRISTOW. Very few.

MR. OVERMAN. Were there any?

MR. BRISTOW. Yes, I think there were some.

MR. OVERMAN. I am here to tell the Senator that I believe there were hundreds of them.

MR. BRISTOW. Oh, no; not that many.

MR. OVERMAN. I know of one case of my own knowledge, where I saw an affidavit of the chairman of the Republican National Committee, which has been placed on file,

#### LAY THEIR TROUBLES ONTO POLITICS

*It is a familiar practice when any Federal employee gets into trouble to attribute that trouble to political reasons instead of to the real reasons.*

setting forth the fact that a certain man in my state was turned out of office after he had been covered into the civil service simply and solely because he was a Democrat. It was done in that case, and it was done in thousands of other cases.

MR. BRISTOW. Well, "thousands" are too many.

MR. OVERMAN. Well, hundreds.

MR. BRISTOW. "Thousands" are too many. I will not say that on the incoming of the McKinley administration men were not removed occasionally for political purposes who should not have been removed; I think

#### CONGRESS NOT FRIENDLY

*The extension of the civil service has been brought about by the executive department in the face of hostility on the part of the Congress, because Congress has not been friendly to civil service reform. Its extension has been in the face of pronounced opposition time after time by Congress. I want to say that I think we have made greater progress by giving the Executive the power to extend it than we would have made if that authority had been reserved to Congress itself, because the Executive realizes the necessity of having men to perform the clerical work of this great government who are not controlled by political motives, but who are selected because of their competency, irrespective of their political affiliations.*

a few of them were, but not many. I think also that a number were removed for cause who convinced their political friends that they were removed for political purposes, when in fact they were removed for inefficiency or for malfeasance in office. It is a familiar practice when any Federal employee gets into trouble to attribute that trouble to political reasons instead of to the real reasons. That occurs under all administrations.

So far as the civil service is concerned, I believe that, with few exceptions, during the last twenty-five years it has been administered honestly and efficiently. I believe that there should be some changes in the law. The extension of the civil service has been brought about by the executive department in the face of hostility on the part of the Congress, because Congress has not been friendly to civil service reform. Its extension has been in the face of pronounced opposition time after time by Congress. I want to say that I think we have made greater progress by giving the Executive the power to extend it than we would have made if that authority had been reserved to Congress itself, because the Executive realizes the necessity of having men to perform the clerical work of this great government who are not controlled by political motives, but are selected because of competency, irrespective of political affiliations.

Mr. Bristow's broad experience in public life and wide knowledge of matters subjected to national legislation has given Kansas a prominent place in Senatorial deliberations, and Kansas voters have a way of wanting to have a man in the Senate that can say things in a Kansan way and keep them supplied with material to talk over at home.

(Dedicated to the memory of General Daniel E. Sickles,  
Major-General United States Army)

# The Roll Call

By John McTammany  
Co. E, 115, O. V. I. (The Soldier Poet)

The House Committee on Pensions at Washington reports that one hundred war pensioners die every day. Mr. John McTammany, "The Soldier Poet," has written in "The Roll Call" the veteran's vision of the march of the vanishing armies of the Blue and the Gray, which has been selected to be read at Decoration Day exercises in public schools throughout the country.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



THE bugles are sounding o'er mountain and plain,  
The veterans are gathering for muster again,  
With flags gayly flying, the old soldiers come  
With bugles and fifes and loud, boisterous drum.

We hear the command, "Men, fall into line";  
They quickly respond to the drum's martial time  
"Reply to your names, speak prompt, one and all,  
While the orderly-sergeant repeats the roll call."

"Thomas Jones"—there's no answer, for Tom's passed away;  
"James Smith"—all is silent, Jim's absent today;  
"Samuel Brown"—no reply, just a shake of each head,  
For Sam is no more; he sleeps with the dead.

Again sounds the bugle, the "Vets" march away  
To the graves of their comrades, their tributes to pay;  
But they do not keep step; some are feeble—half blind,  
Some stagger and reel, while some fall behind.

How long can they last at this fast-dying rate?  
How far can they march at such slow, limping gait?  
How long will it be till each veteran surrenders,  
And death claims the last of these nation defenders?

The black flag is flying on both land and sea,  
Before it the veteran refuses to flee.  
He asks for no quarter; no mercy is shown,  
He has "fought the good fight"; let death have its own.

The clock that is striking in yonder church tower,  
Repeating its toll at each quarter hour,  
Every fell stroke is sounding the knell  
Of another old soldier—a funeral bell.

*They fall in the workshops, collapse in the street,  
They sink by the fireside and drop at our feet,  
They hobble along, death camped on their way,  
They tramp, tramp along—to the Judgment Day.*

*Each day as the earth on its axis turns 'round  
One hundred old soldiers are laid 'neath the ground.  
A full-equipped company—an even five score  
Have marched through death's portals to muster no more.*

*Ten days but elapse! How short is the time!  
There's one thousand men now stepped into line!  
Ten regular companies, one hundred strong,  
Leaving life's ranks, and enrolled with Death's throng.*

*One month! O see how the ranks shrink and fade!  
Three thousand have gone, a full-sized brigade.  
At fate's stern orders, march they proudly ahead,  
To join in the great bivouac of the dead.*

*Two months! Ah, yes, now Death's requisition  
Demands two brigades, a full-sized division.  
Two full-ranked brigades—six thousand in all—  
March to their quarters and answer the call.*

*Four months! Unvanquished, Death calls for a corps,  
Two full-sized divisions, twelve thousand or more  
Must join the procession—the staunch and the brave—  
The pathway to glory leads but to the grave.*

*A year! At last the cycle's complete.  
Thirty-six thousand veterans, who ne'er knew defeat,  
Have joined Death's army, with never a doubt  
That the God of their fathers mustered them out.*

*Of four million men, once in battle array;  
Of four million men, the Blue and the Gray;  
Three million have fallen and sleep with the slain,  
While death casts its shadow o'er those who remain.*

*Just ten shrunken years at this dying rate,  
Till each straggling veteran surrenders to fate.  
A decade, that's all, and then comes the end,  
When the last of both armies to the grave will descend.*

*Fate's clock strikes the hour—its hand points the time,  
When the last lonely veteran shall have fall'n from line;  
With no comrade left to bear him away;  
Let him rest, let him sleep, where he fell by the way.*



# Twenty-five Years of Osteopathy

by Flynn Wayne

LOOKING back over a quarter of a century, the changes and readjustments of everyday life associated with human health are astonishing. Progress in sanitation, public and private, has been the outgrowth not only of a study of individual, but of public welfare.



DR. A. T. STILL, FOUNDER OF OSTEOPATHY

There are many contributing causes to this general progress, but even its most bitter opponents will not deny that Osteopathy has played an important part in the modern idea of harmonizing adjustments, looking for the causes of disease and studying the effects of misplaced and maladjusted anatomical parts. Osteopathy is relatively a new movement. Dr. A. T. Still, a physician of the "old school," who had served as a surgeon in the Union Army, originated Osteopathy, and his visions of its influence have been realized during his busy life.

Distinctly American in its origin, the development of Osteopathy as related by Dr. Still is a fascinating bit of history, associated with the growth of a distinctive school of practice. Meeting and mingling among osteopaths one does not find anything mysterious in the idea. The proposition is simply that the body-machine may have its parts displaced and this causes disease, on the same principle that misplaced joints or gears would cause trouble in any other machine; for lack of adjustment is violating the fundamental law of nature. The boy in school who has studied the human skeleton knows of the bones and joints of the body with their numerous and strong ligaments and muscles, which if dislocated or strained cause trouble throughout the human system. The vital organs supplied by nerves and blood vessels passing in close proximity to these



FIRST SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY



MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY





THE PACIFIC COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

various points may become greatly impoverished, which explains why grave troubles may be averted and corrected by simple adjustment. Along the spinal column are joints with bones placed one on top of each other supporting the weight of the body, and these are involved in every bodily movement. It is logical to infer when there is a misstep or sprain from infancy to old age, there may be misplacements that result later in a puzzling cause of diseases, which no medical treatment can reach. Between the bones of the spine are found thirty-one pairs of spinal nerves controlling all the organs in the body, so it can be readily realized how the slightest malposition of these bones may irritate the nerves having direct connection with the internal organs. It all seems so simple; just to use the hands to replace the maladjustments. It sounds like a new story of primitive man.

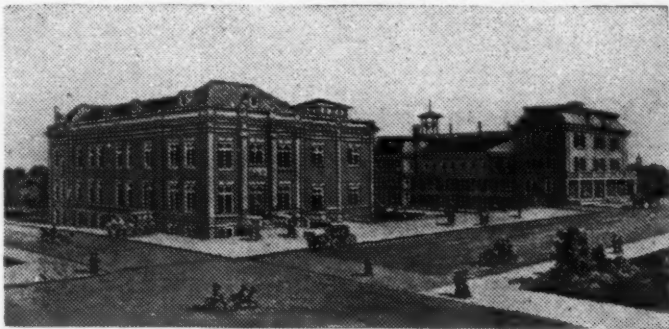
In the osteopathic office there is no smell of drugs, but

a table on which the tissues of the body are manipulated into position. When these irregularities are removed, Nature asserts herself and the patient recovers. When benefit is realized, controversy or doubt ends with that individual. Osteopathic treatment normalizes and strengthens, for it has been shown that the bodily resistance to germs is increased from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent by this method.

The earnest desire of Dr. A. T. Still and his followers to perfect the application of osteopathic treatment has been indicated in the active campaign being made to raise an endowment for the research institute they have established to produce laboratory proof of the truth of their theories. Hardly more than a score of years ago the first school of osteopathy was established in a small, one-story frame building



LOS ANGELES COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY



HOSPITAL OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY, SHOWING SCHOOL  
IN THE DISTANCE

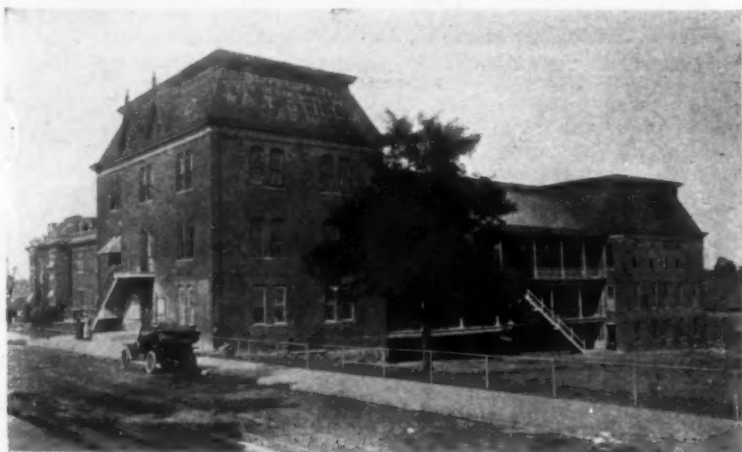


CENTRAL COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

at Kirksville, Missouri. At the present time there are eight osteopathic colleges, each owning its own building, and equipped with modern chemical, microscopical and pathological laboratories and clinical facilities. In connection with most of these institutions are hospitals where acute diseases are treated and necessary surgical operations performed. The various osteopathic colleges are now located in Los Angeles, Chicago, Des Moines, Boston, Kansas City, Philadelphia and Kirksville. Six thousand practitioners have been

eighty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Still's birthday was celebrated at his home in Kirksville with over 2,500 devoted and enthusiastic admirers in attendance. It was altogether an occasion of world-wide importance, being the tribute of a profession to its founder, in the flesh.

At the meetings of the Association, it is again and again emphasized and demonstrated that osteopathy is not a remedy or a treatment for some particular class or group of diseases, nor a branch of medicine or surgery, but a complete and inde-



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY, KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI  
Smaller building is the hospital

graduated from these colleges; in fact, doctors of osteopathy now hold second place in the United States, the number of their students being exceeded only by the so-called allopathic school, they having more men in college than the homeopaths and eclectics together. The American Osteopathic Association has a membership of four thousand, outside of the numerous state, district, and city associations containing active and enthusiastic memberships. Meetings of the National Association are held every year and are attended by more than a thousand members. The next one is to be in Philadelphia in August. On August 6, 1913, the

pendent system of treatment more extended in its application than drug medication, and applicable to all curable diseases.

\* \* \*

The keynote of osteopathy is adjustment. The one purpose of an osteopathic examination is to find the maladjustment that is causing the obstruction to the free play of nature's forces and consequent diseases. The mere manipulation in readjustment of the structure out of place is not all of osteopathy, but only the beginning of a treatment. The body-machine is overhauled. Each of the gears, so to speak, is examined and a diagnosis is made, in the same manner as that of a

physician in any other method of treatment. While even the novice may be able to manipulate large joints in misplacements, the scientific knowledge comes in knowing the minute joints as well. The osteopath must have an even more exhaustive knowledge of the body than the ordinary surgeon.

The human body is at best a delicate mechanism, and yet it is a subtle entity. Heredity, environment, habits, thoughts, over-use or abuse of organs have much to do in controlling the health and activity



CHICAGO COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

of various organs, and play an important part in overcoming disease. In osteopathy, all natural methods of healing according to scientific and hygienic laws are utilized. As has often been stated by common practitioners, all that is natural and efficient is sought in order to eliminate the use of drugs. While opposed to useless operations, there is no conflict between surgery and osteopathy, but emphasis is laid on the necessity of trying other treatments and adjustments before hazardous operations are undertaken. The germ theory of disease is accepted by osteopaths to some extent. The truth of the dictum of



DES MOINES STILL COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

the other schools that "germs cannot live in healthy tissues" is admitted, but it is insisted that prior to the germ infection some agency has so reduced resistance or vitality at the point affected as to render the tissues susceptible to germ infection.

All schools of medicine and nearly every mode and method of treatment agree that the earth, air and water are full of germs; that we drink and breathe untold millions of them, while our bodies are havens of retreat for them. To escape the invasion of these germs is impossible, but one can prepare the natural defences against them by the circulation of good, fresh blood.

Osteopathy is opposed to the internal



DES MOINES STILL HOSPITAL

administration of drugs to cure diseases, but does use them as anesthetics, as antiseptics and as antidotes for poisoning. You cannot talk long with an osteopath without realizing that his belief is based on the fundamental contention that healing power is inherent in the body, and that if the body is supplied with food, air and water in proper quality and quantity, it will produce in its own laboratories all the chemicals necessary for growth and repair, provided mechanical order is maintained. After an investigation of the curriculum in the different osteopathic colleges, it is found that the requirements are as stringent as at medical institutions. There are many incidents where medical and osteopathic graduates have taken identical examinations, and a larger percentage of osteopathic graduates have successfully passed the examinations.

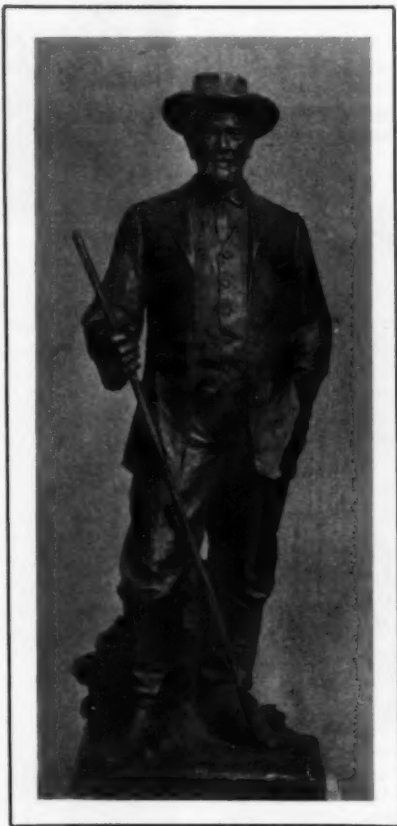
It is not many years since osteopathic physicians entered practice without a legal status, which resulted in persecution and in some cases in arrest. There has been a long and bitter fight against the most intense opposition, but with the aid and influence of the people osteopathy has triumphed, and now there is not a state in the Union where it is not practiced under the full warrant and protection of the law. In fact, there are many states where osteopathic representatives are on the

medical boards, while in nineteen states there are osteopathic boards of examination and registration. It is felt there should be independent boards in all states, for it seems unfair that osteopathy should have its affairs regulated by an antagonistic school of practice which might manifest unconscious prejudice.

Again and again it is proven that osteopathy is a complete and independent treatment of disease by mechanical adjustment, and that while curative it is not dependent on these alone. Use is made of all the natural means of cure that prove of undoubted value. Osteopathic adjustment serves also to increase or decrease the activity of any tissue or organ through mechanical treatment of its governing center in the spinal cord.

It must be conceded that a movement that has enlisted the enthusiastic life-work of so many bright and intelligent men and so many thousands of appreciative patients has some virtue deserving of more than a passing

sneer. An appreciation of the intense and sound common sense of those interested in osteopathy has dissipated the bitter opposition that met them at the outset, and has given osteopathy and its practitioners a proper and fair place in its laudable efforts to prolong life and to promote the health and happiness of the human race.



DR. ANDREW TAYLOR STILL  
Founder of osteopathy. Bronze statue recently erected by the women of Kirksville, Missouri, in the city square



# *A Coming Power in Congress*

*By Frederick A. Emery*

CONGRESSMEN are legion, but statesmen are sparse. Some of the people's representatives up on Capitoline Hill, so to speak, at the National Capitol, flit into Washington, establish their names on Uncle Sam's payroll, plunge their thumbs into the shoulder holes of their weskits, shoot a skyrocket into the air once a session, play messenger to their constituents, and go home feeling they have performed their duty to the nation and to their consciences. Not all, but some. Others simply look serious, occupy a seat in the ill-ventilated House chamber, vote as their leaders tell them and go back to their "deestricks" with the expectation of a brass band at the depot to meet them. Look over the membership of the House and you can spot here and there this element in the perfunctory class of the national sanhedrin. But the real statesmen, the men who take the business of federal legislation in a way that counts, that treat seriously the serious and lightly the light, with a judgment and a conscience that keep them true to a path that leads through a region called Pure Patriotism, are different.

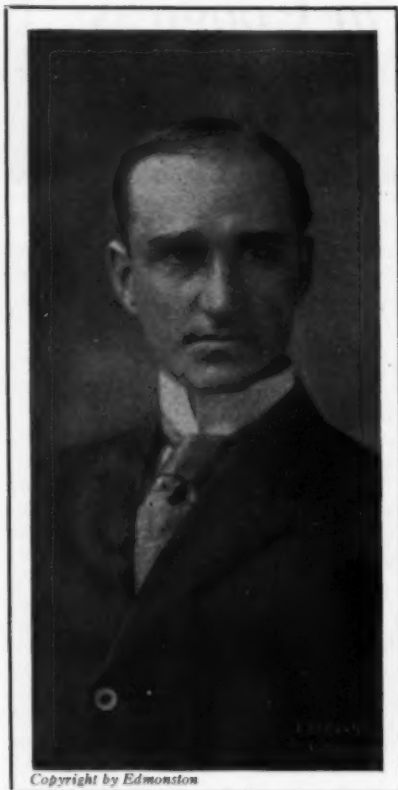
Finis J. Garrett is one of these last. He is a young Tennessean. He is a long-featured, modest manner of man, whose conceptions of fellow-men are as noble as his ideas of statecraft are broad-calibered. He never plays with pyrotechnics. No mushroom politics for him. He never preaches the doctrine of the bell-wether. He is a blend of straight party man and

independent, forceful, aggressive initiative. He doesn't like the petty details. His ideals are constructive. He likes to come out into the open, play fair, give credit to the other side and let the best man win. There is nothing of the hypocritical or disguise about him. He has rich, red corpuscles in the veins under that calm quiescence. His friends are his friends, and they know it and he knows it. That's Garrett, Finis Garrett, the Tennessean who ranks with the soundest in Congress, a coming man among the substantial element who play the Congressional game rightly.

I have known a host of them in most of the Congresses of the past twenty years, some of them intimately, and I like them, but among them all there are none whose real principles of statesmanship I appreciate more than Garrett's. His work has placed him among the really worth-while men at Washington, in among the foremost spirits that direct the tides of legislation, a shining light among some of the splendid folks that have come out of the South to represent that section in the assemblage of four hundred and thirty-five men who represent the plain people of the land.

Aback yonder the ninth Congressional district of Tennessee had sent to Congress Rice A. Pierce, a political strategist who had held the district for twenty-five years and accounted himself impregnable for twenty-five more. Along came a young lawyer, a quondam farmer boy who had graduated with high honors at Bethel College and hung out his shingle at Dres-

den, a town whom no one would accuse Hernando de Soto of having in mind when he set sail for an unknown continent, because it's not a teeming metropolis, but a hustling, live southern community with fine folks in it, as they say south of Mason and Dixon's line. This was young Garrett,



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HON. FINIS J. GARRETT

The able and popular statesman who represents the Ninth Congressional District of Tennessee at Washington

then clerk and master of the Weakley County chancery court. Pierce and Garrett met in joint debate, making speeches in every county in the district. Garrett handled the veteran rival with ease and grace, for that's Garrett's way, but he became stronger with every speech, and the primaries dumbfounded the wisacres by registering victory for Garrett

in every county save one. He is now serving his fifth term in Congress.

Once Garrett essayed a journalistic role. For a year he published a Democratic paper at Dresden, Weakley County, weekly in publication and weakly in resources. He was editor-in-chief, reporter, printer and business manager. He taught school and practised law. He is thirty-eight years old. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Harris Burns, of McKenzie, Tennessee.

Once I sat talking with Speaker Clark on the floor of the House, and we were talking about orators in Congress. "Who are the best presiding officers in the House in your judgment?" I asked the Speaker. The Missouri statesman who holds undisputed the Speakership of the House as a tower of strength to the Democratic party, who once scored more than a majority of votes for President at a national convention of his political faith at Baltimore, and later electrified the House with an anti-Panama repeal speech that will go down into history as one of the great speeches in the annals of the nation, pointed over to Garrett, sitting across the hall, and said, "There's one." And the Speaker backs that opinion on many occasions, for he frequently calls Garrett to the rostrum of the House to preside over its deliberations. Garrett presided over the complicated, trying tariff debates when the Underwood tariff bill was being considered in the House, and his rulings were marvels of quick, solid judgment, of fairness and analytical ability. He has been "acting Speaker" often.

When President Wilson flung out a challenge to the tariff opposition that an insidious lobby was at work, and the House followed it up by creating a special committee to investigate into the whole subject, it was Garrett, the conservative, the thoughtful, the deliberate, indefatigable delver into things, that was chosen by Speaker Clark to head the committee as chairman, and when his committee had finished there was nothing left to say. Garrett had made good again.

Garrett is a good speaker, deliberate and easy, and he never talks in Congress without having something really to say. His speeches have taken a wide range, from tariff reform and currency and Philippine

independence to minor matters of Congressional concern. He is a good debater, polished and tactful, with judicial temper and unflagging vigilance. He has rendered valuable service to his state and to the country.

He is a captivating public speaker, wrote Savoyard, who once predicted that some day he would be the Speaker of the House. So long as Champ Clark stays in the House, which means so long as he wants to stay, and so long as the Democratic party controls the lower house of Congress, just so long will Champ Clark be the undisputed Speaker, but if the Missourian should elect to quit Congress at any time, keep your eye upon the brilliant, sagacious, polite and popular young Tennessee Democrat with a record as clean and square as ever vested a legislator. And, speaking of record, I will let you into a secret, which Garrett, so far as I know, has never told anyone. Garrett, ever since he entered public life, has been offered a variety of corporate favors—franks of various kinds—and some folks from his town who are

close to him tell me that never has he used a railroad, telegraph, telephone or express frank, and that he has avoided putting himself under obligations of that sort, which is a fairly good record.

"I am a partisan, but I try to be a polite one," he told the National Democratic Club at New York during the campaign two years ago. And he is, and when he speaks in the House he commands respect from all three parties.

Garrett is a member of the powerful House Committee on Rules, which could, if it wished, report a rule at any moment for immediate consideration in the House of any measure in the whole category. It has right of way, though of course it is up to the House to adopt or reject the rules it reports for facilitation of particular measures. He is now ranking member of the House Committee on Insular Affairs, and he has been on a host of important committees. He is in a class by himself, a class that promises greater political honors and that augurs well for the confidence and judgment of Tennessee.

## MOON DREAMS

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

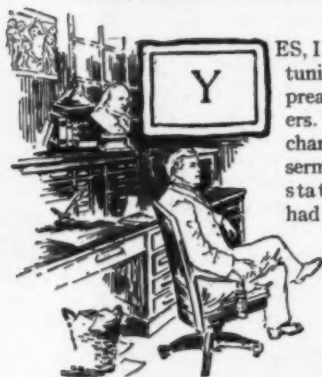
GLEAM of the moon on the mountain,  
Scent of the roses' sweet musk;  
Twinkle and plash of a fountain,  
Starring the gloom of the dusk.  
Moon mists, and star mists, and flowers,  
Lulling the wind's soft refrain;  
Singing of olden time hours,  
Songs of a far-away Spain.

Glimpse of the sea, in the gloaming,  
Over the court's crumbling wall;  
Glint of the wave's endless foaming,  
Lilt of a mocking-bird's call.  
Flame of the pomegranate, gleaming  
Deep in the moonflower's white heart;  
Poppy buds, drowsily dreaming;  
Rose-leaves, slow drifting apart.

Flash of a blade thro' the moonbeams,  
Dash of a bold cavalier;  
Waking the slumbering love dreams,  
With the swift clash of a spear.  
Under a tangled rose arbor  
Sound of a lover's guitar;  
Over the white misted harbor  
Melodies murmur, afar.

Slow fade the visions of midnight,  
Breathing a sad minor strain,  
Vanish the songs in the dawn-light,  
Gone are the dreams of old Spain.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER



ES, I had the opportunity to actually preach to preachers. Here was my chance to reply to sermons, texts and statements that had been fired at me in the past without an opportunity to retaliate. A tribute to the clergy of America was

inevitable, for it means something to be a clergyman in these days when other callings are financially so much more alluring. The clergyman of the present occupies an entirely different position from that of the old-time pastor who did not make class appeals. The ministers of today are inclined to take a sympathetic interest in the poor and unfortunate, and are generally more interested in political and economic questions than in religion. The tendency of clergymen is to look at that side of the question which supports the spectacular appeal. The thousands of heroes struggling with business propositions that furnish work are not considered in the philosophy of some of the modern clergy. When I have listened to ministers relating stories concerning public men which I knew to be absolutely false, how could I be expected to believe other things they preached? Some of the information from the yellow press, as utilized by some

clergymen rivals the dime novel in its dire results on the mind of the young boy filled with wild west stories and tales of crime. To ruthlessly assault, from the pulpit, the personal character of public men is often actuated by the same impulses that lead to corruption and graft.

The dazzle of accumulated wealth and property has attracted assaults from the envious in pulpit and pew, and both parties, the assaulted and the assaulting, often find that while there was apparently a wide divergence of opinion, there is some point on which all can agree in the message of the Man of Galilee. When I had finished talking to the clergymen, I found myself preaching for all I was worth, and pounding the desk in a way that rattled the contribution plates.

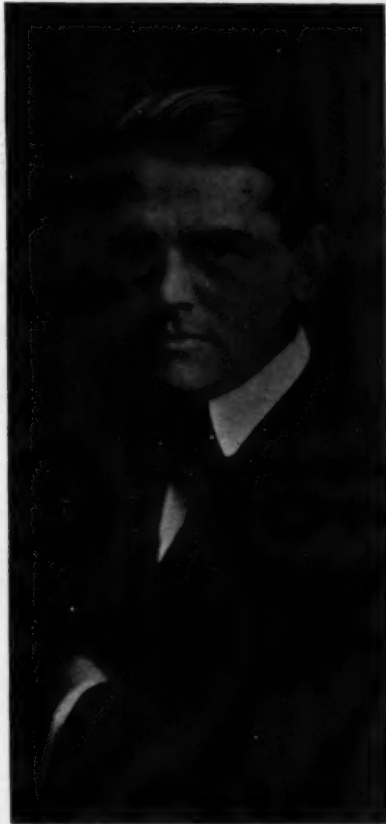
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SINCE the memorable fire of Chicago, of October 8, 1871, which laid the greater portion of the city of Chicago in ashes, hundreds of men filled with the "I Will" spirit which predominates, have performed yeoman service in restoring the city to its natural self. So well have these men of stout heart, backed by civic pride, done their work that Chicago long ago received the sobriquet of "the city marvelous." Its growth has been characterized one of the wonders of the world, and its beauty in construction and design, it seems, will never end, as practically every new building, and there are hundreds monthly, is a little more attractive than the last.

These wonders in architecture, which add so much to the city's beauty, are due to the mind of such men as Benjamin H. Marshall. As one of the youngest architects of the city, his reputation as designer would seem to be slight, but it is exactly the contrary. Not only in Chicago is his ability given proper recognition, but his works have made him famous as an architect throughout the civilized world. In practically every large city can be found some beautifully constructed building, a monument to its owner, but which came from the mind and pencil of Ben Marshall.

Mr. Marshall was born thirty-nine years ago. Providence has been kind to him. First, because he was reared in the home of wealthy parents, and latterly because nature bestowed so much ambition, staying powers and talent in his body and mind. The fact that he was the son of wealthy parents appears that he was rather unfortunate, as his professional career has been an independent one, and the reputation he has achieved has come through close study and experience. His life's record is really a noted one. He was an architect at birth. At the age of nine years he began his life's work. His maternal grandfather was a Frenchman, and was a designer of tapestries. In going over the family tree for centuries back, architects and artists are found in the Marshall household. He has never taken a lesson in architecture, but has inherited it, which makes him a valuable asset to the profession. As a child he studied and made architectural drawings which were marvelous for one of his years. At the age of seventeen he became associated with a prominent Chicago architect as an office boy. During his apprenticeship, he worked long hours and made excellent use of his evenings through the study of works by his employer, and by reading the most advanced works of authorities on architecture. He studied design, line color and every phase of architectural beauty, with the thought always uppermost that substantiality and convenience must pre-

cede mere adornment. In this manner he has fought a winning battle against almost unsurmountable competition of old established houses. He has proved his worth, demonstrated his power and



MR. BENJAMIN H. MARSHALL

The able Chicago architect whose artistic mind has evolved the design of many of Chicago's finest buildings

ability and has given every evidence of his resourcefulness.

He advanced in a few years, at his chosen profession, so rapidly that his ability was recognized at the age of twenty-one, and he became a member of the firm, where he met with spectacular and almost unbelievable success. One of his first



works was the Illinois theatre of Chicago and the Nixon theatre of Pittsburgh. In 1905 the firm was reorganized and he was joined by Charles E. Fox, which resulted in the firm name being changed to Marshall & Fox.

Congeniality prevails in its fullest extent between these two partners. Their ideas, conceptions and aspirations and even their very natures blend and harmonize. They supplement each other in the attainment of their wonderful success, which has rapidly developed from this concordant association.

Principal among the achievements of this company are the Blackstone Hotel of Chicago; the Maxine Elliott theatre, New

Minnesota; the South Shore, Chicago, Automobile and Elm Clubs of Chicago. The great majority of the fine apartment buildings erected there are also products from his original, inventive and artistic mind.

\* \* \*

**D**URING the past decade wonderful advances have been made in photography, and photographers play a most important part today in the development of business and civilization. What would millions know of the Civil War if Brady had not reproduced its scenes? Today in all parts of the country and throughout the world keen photographers are taking pictures of current events and scenery, thus preserving important records and illustrations for the history of the future. In fact, the desire for preserving to posterity scenes of historical interest has impelled the ubiquitous "moving picture" man to set up his camera even on the battlefield.

Years ago a young man started out from Dayton, Ohio, and after working in many of the Southern cities, finally located in Parkersburg, West Virginia, in charge of the Kerr studio. Mr. William Blatz has been a prominent member of various photographic associations, and is vice-president of the Associated Photographers of West Virginia. He has a camera for taking pictures feet long and for photographing the fastest express trains. He has been assigned gold medals at many conventions, is a delegate to the National Photographer's Convention at Atlanta, and is one of the most successful photographers



MR. WILLIAM BLATZ

York; the Segar Building; the Hub building; general offices of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, the new Northwestern Life Insurance Company building at Milwaukee, which is considered one of the finest designed buildings in the country; the Charles G. Gates house, Minneapolis,

in the state. Many of the finest scenic pictures of West Virginia were made by Mr. Blatz, and his studio, centrally located in Parkersburg, has been the center of home portraiture, while he receives calls for special work in various parts of the country wherever expert photography is required.



### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**FOR** the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

#### TO KEEP IRONS HOT

BY W. I. C.

An old granite tea kettle with the entire bottom removed, placed over flat irons when heating, will conserve the heat quite effectually. They heat quicker and with much less fuel.

#### CARE OF OILCLOTH

BY MRS. R. W. E.

A tablespoonful of painter's size added to a pail of water, when washing oilcloth, will give it a glossy surface and make it wear much better than when washed in the ordinary way. White oilcloth that has become defaced by hot cooking vessels or stains may be cleansed by rubbing it with a slice of raw potato.

#### Fresh Flowers

A bit of starch placed in the water will keep flowers fresh for a long time.

#### TO KEEP NICKEL TRIMMINGS BRIGHT

BY J. M. B.

When putting away stoves in the spring, rub all nickel lightly with vaseline. After replacing stoves in the fall, remove vaseline with soft cloth, and polish nickel with cham-  
 ois skin.

#### TAGGING KEYS

BY F. B. P.

Instead of wasting valuable time trying to find the right key to a trunk or a drawer, it would simplify matters to have a set of key tags, one of which may be attached to a key and be marked as to what it belongs.

#### Selecting a Milk Pitcher

Pick out a wide-mouthed pitcher, so that it may be easily wiped out and kept sweet and clean.

#### FLAKY PIE CRUST

BY MRS. M. K.

A noted chef is responsible for this hint for his famous pastry. Use hot water (not boiling) rather than cold, for mixing the dough. The crust will be flaky, tender and crisp.

#### To Open Fruit Jars

Place a hot stove lid on top of the cover for two minutes. The top can be easily unscrewed without injury and may be used again without fear of the fruit spoiling.

#### ANOTHER USE FOR COURT PLASTER

BY MRS. J. D. W.

When featherbone collar stays work through and cause annoyance, stick bits of court plaster over the sharp ends to prevent them from scratching the neck.

**TO REMOVE SPOTS**

BY S. E. R.

Spots of paint, pitch, oil or grease may be removed from silk or linen by rubbing with purified benzine applied with a cloth or sponge. To destroy the unpleasant odor of benzine, add a little oil of lemon.

Fruit stains may be removed from clothing by pouring boiling water through them.

Remove ink spots from clothing with sour milk and afterwards rub a piece of lemon, on which some salt has been sprinkled, upon the spot.

Printer's ink may be taken from clothing by soaking it with turpentine for two or three hours and then rubbing and brushing it thoroughly.

Remove tar spots by putting butter upon them, and then wash out the grease spot with soap and water.

To take ink out of white linen, dip the spotted parts immediately in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will have disappeared.

**Value of Vegetables**

Rhubarb is a most efficient stomachic. By its use the stomach is strengthened and incited to healthy action.

The squash has a great food value. Its properties are similar to those of the sweet potato.

The medicinal qualities of the radish stimulate, cleanse and tone the system.

**HARDWOOD FLOORS**

BY MRS. J. A. B.

One of the easiest ways to clean hardwood floors is to use two tennis flannel bags on a broom, a thicker one underneath. Beat out often, as it fills with dust. In that way the floors are not scratched and keep a nice polish.

**A Canning Help**

In canning fruits and vegetables in cans with screw tops, they will keep much better if rubbers are dipped in hot liquid before sealing. This excludes all the air.

**USES OF CARROTS**

BY F. B. N.

Aside from using carrots as vegetables, the following uses may be mentioned:

As a coloring for cream, butter or cake, grate a requisite number of carrots and add sufficient milk or water to give the desired color. As a medicine, grated carrots applied to sores and ulcers may result in a cure of obstinate cases.

**SLIPPERY ELM POULTICE**

BY A. A. C.

A poultice made of ground slippery elm, stirred up with cold water, is excellent for taking out inflammation and a very comfortable application to raw flesh and deep sores.

**TO REMOVE CORK**

BY O. L. D.

To remove a cork when it has been pushed through the neck down into the bottle, take a strong string and tie knot over knot until you have a large knot just the size of inside of bottle neck. Cut off a part of the string, leaving the knot on one end and the other end to pull by. Push the knot end of the string down into the bottle and turn the bottle upside down, letting the cork fall into the neck of bottle, then pull your string and it will draw the cork out in front of the knot.

**Potato Bug Prevention**

To prevent potato bugs is best accomplished when planting. When the potatoes are cut ready for planting, take powdered sulphur and roll the seed in it, leaving all the sulphur on that will stick readily. Plant as usual and you will not be bothered with bugs when the potatoes come up.

**COOKING VEGETABLES**

BY F. H. D.

Always wash a dozen pea pods to cook with the peas.

Cook vegetables which have a strong odor or taste in a large amount of water. Cook delicately flavored vegetables in a small amount of water.

**To Pop Corn**

When corn does not pop quickly, put it in a sieve and pour cold water over it, not allowing the water to stand on the corn. It will not only pop quickly, but the open kernels will be larger, lighter and more flaky.

**TO DRIVE OUT VERMIN**

BY MRS. H. H. B.

Slices of cucumber placed where ants are found will surely drive them away. For roaches take equal parts of corn meal and red lead, mix with molasses and spread on plates. This will clear them out when everything else fails.

**Sweet Peppers May Be Canned**

Halve the peppers, remove the seeds, and place in a saucepan, cover with water, boil until tender and place in fruit jars. These make excellent sandwiches, sprinkled generously with salt.

**FOR THE COOK**

BY A. E. F.

When making muffins, cup cakes, cookies, or any batter which must be dropped, dip your spoon in milk before each spoonful and the batter will not stick.

**About Rugs**

When a Brussels rug rolls up at the edges, turn it over and apply a thick coat of glue. Let it dry before turning and there will be no more trouble.